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One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

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HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,

who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

**THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES**

Extra Numbers 1-4

VOL. I

WILLIAM ABBATT

141 EAST 25TH STREET,

NEW YORK

1908

1379-26

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers 1-4

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THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 1

COMPRISING

WASHINGTON AS AN ANGLER - - - - - *George H. Moore*

HISTORICAL NOTES ON THE EMPLOYMENT
OF NEGROES IN THE AMERICAN ARMY
OF THE REVOLUTION - - - - - *George H. Moore*

A MONOGRAPH ON THE REV. ISRAEL EVANS,
CHAPLAIN IN THE REVOLUTIONARY
ARMY - - - - - *John C. Thorne*

WILLIAM ABBATT

141 EAST 25TH STREET,

NEW YORK

EXTRA NUMBERS OF THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

UNDER this title it is proposed to issue, at irregular intervals, various scarce items of Americana which in their original form are practically unobtainable. In size these numbers will be as near as possible to that of the MAGAZINE itself (sixty-four pages), the type the same, or larger, and the cover similar.

In this way the subscriber will be able to secure, at small cost, many valuable out-of-print monographs, memoirs, etc.

The price will vary according to size and illustrations. The initial issue will consist of two pamphlets in one (separate titles and paging) by the late GEORGE H. MOORE, once librarian of the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—later and for many years superintendent of the Lenox Library. These are:

“Washington as an Angler,”

and

“Historical Notes on the Employment of
Negroes in the American Army of
the Revolution.”

Of the first, Mr. Moore printed (1887) only a few copies, for distribution among his friends. It is consequently very scarce, and the copies which occasionally turn up at auction bring good prices.

The second was issued at a memorable epoch—1862—deals with a little-known subject, and is also scarce.

The price of this (for the two) number will be seventy-five cents—that of future issues will be announced from time to time. As only enough copies of each issue to supply the subscribers to the MAGAZINE itself, will be printed, it is obvious that these publications will never become common and the editor will be glad to hear promptly from those interested.

Address Magazine of History, with Notes and Queries, William Abbatt, Publisher, 141 East 25th Street, New York.



Israel Evans

REV, ISRAEL EVANS, A.M., 1747--1807.
Chaplain in the Army of the Revolution, 1776--1783.
Concord's Second Settled Minister, 1789--1797.

From a Miniature by Kosciusko. (Inscribed :
"Washington's Chaplain.")

WASHINGTON AS AN
ANGLER

WITH
EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARIES
1787-89

BY
GEORGE HENRY MOORE

MEMBER OF THE AMMAUSKEAG FISHING CLUB

"All that are lovers of Virtue
Be quiet and go a-Angling."

ISAAC WALTON.

NEW YORK
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR
1887

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WILLIAM ABBATT
141 East 25th Street, New York
1907

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BRIGHT FUND
(I)

TO GROVER CLEVELAND, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

It is known to me that there have been skilful fishermen, more than one, among the Chief Magistrates of the nation. Your immediate predecessor has left an unsurpassed record among them, and it is with no ordinary pleasure that those of us who profess the faith and follow the precepts of *The Compleat Angler* have been assured that you are inclined to indulge in similar recreation betimes. No good fisherman was ever a bad man, and history will bear out the assertion that the best Presidents have been the best fishermen. No one of the many biographers of the first President of the United States has done justice to the character of Washington in this important feature; and the present publication of extracts from his diaries is intended to be a timely tribute to his fame as a Man among Men, a Fisherman among Fishermen, in which it will be no disparagement to you to share. In the first century of this Nation's life, he was the first and you have been called to be the last President. I trust that the beginning of the new era will find as good a fisherman as you are in office, and that the line may continue to stretch out, like that of the blood-boltered Banquo, till the crack of doom.

GEORGE H. MOORE.

Lenox Library, July, 1887.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, July 31, 1887.

Dr. GEORGE H. MOORE:

My Dear Sir,

Please accept my thanks for the little book you sent me entitled *Washington as an Angler*.

I am much pleased to learn that the only element of greatness heretofore unnoticed in the life of Washington is thus supplied.

I am a little curious to know whether the absence of details as to the result of his fishing is owing to bad luck, a lack of toleration of fish stories at that time among anglers, or to the fact that, even as to the number of fish he caught, the Father of his Country could not tell a lie.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

WASHINGTON AS AN ANGLER

MR. Sparks, in his *Life of Washington*, has mentioned the report of tradition, that he displayed in his boyhood a passion for active sports and a fondness for athletic amusements, which he did not relinquish in mature life. Other writers have repeated this general statement, but no one has pointed out his claim to be recognized as a "Brother of the Angle." Among his manuscripts hitherto unpublished he has left a very interesting record of his recreations at a period of his life when he was engaged in a service hardly less important to his country than that of his military career. Without him there would have been no United States to need a Constitution, and without him no Constitution would have been formed or established. He the saviour of his country in peace as well as in war. As President of the Federal Convention at Philadelphia in the summer of 1787 he was punctually in his place during the arduous deliberations of that renowned assembly. After a very close application to business for more than two months, the convention appointed a committee of detail to whom they referred the results of their previous action, with orders to prepare and report them in the form of a constitution. The Convention then adjourned on Thursday, the twenty-sixth of July, until Monday, the sixth day of August, 1787.

It was duly reported in the newspapers of the day that on "Monday last (July 30th, 1787) His Excellency, General Washington, set out for Moore Hall, in order to visit his old quarters at the Valley Forge."

Moore Hall was the ancient stone mansion of William Moore, who has been characterized as "the most conspicuous and heroic figure in the County of Chester" in his day and generation. The building is still standing, overlooking the Schuylkill and, three

miles distant, the Valley Forge. Judge Moore, who was born in 1699, died in 1788, leaving a widow who survived him several years.

At the time of General Washington's visit on this occasion, Moore Hall and Estate had already been offered for sale, by the following advertisement:

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 5, 1787.

TO BE SOLD.

Moore Hall.

The estate of the late *William Moore*, Esquire, situated upon the river Schuylkill, in the township of Charles Town, in the County of Chester, distant 23 miles from this city. The estate consists of upwards of 600 acres of most excellent lands, 300 of which are arable, the remainder is woodland and meadow. The Mansion House is spacious, convenient and airy; it is situated upon a high and healthy spot, and commands a most delightful view. The Barn is large; the Stables and Offices are commodious. There is a very valuable Grist Mill on the premises, near the Mansion House, on a never-failing stream, called Pickering, running through the estate, and watering a great body of meadow; this stream empties itself into the Schuylkill in front of the house; it formerly supplied water for a saw-mill, which might with much ease, and at a little expense, be replaced and carried on to great advantage.

This Estate may, with great convenience, be divided into three compact

Farms, with a competent portion of arable land, woodland and meadow for each farm.

For terms apply to LEWIS WEISS, in Arch street, or PETER MILLER, Esq., in Third street.

* * * * *

To be sold by Public Vendue.

At the Old Coffee House in the City of Philadelphia, on Wednesday the 17th day of October next, at six o'clock in the evening, if not previously disposed of at private sale * * * (the same premises).

Any person inclining to treat for the whole or a part of the Premises, before the day of sale, may know the terms by applying to * * * (as above). September 17, 1787.

This ancient homestead, known in 1787 as the Widow Moore's, was the objective point of General Washington's outing, when he set out to visit his old quarters at the Valley Forge. What a flood of recollections must have overwhelmed him as he fulfilled this purpose and reviewed those scenes of past trials, sorrow and distress, in the great light of patriotic hope after the hours of triumph! The contrast must have been more impressive than even that presented in the suggestions of his visit to Lexington, neglected by historians even of Massachusetts, when in his first vacation as President of the United States, he "viewed the spot on which the first blood was drawn in the late glorious war," where

"Once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

But historic places and reminiscences were by no means the

only thing in view upon this excursion—perhaps not the main thing. What it all was cannot be better told than in General Washington's own brief, sententious records of each day:

Monday, 30th July.

“In company with M^r Govern Morris went into the neighborhood of the Valley Forge to a Widow Moore's a fishing, at whose house we lodged.”

Tuesday, 31st July.

“Before breakfast I rode to the Valley Forge and over the whole Cantonment and works of the American Army in the winter of 1777-8 and on my return to the Widow Moore's found Mr. & Mrs. Rob. Morris—Spent the day there fishing, &c. & lodged at the same place.

Wednesday, August 1.

“Returned at 11 o'clock with the above Company to Philadelphia.

Friday, 3d Aug., 1781.

“Went up to Trenton on a Fishing Party with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Morris and Mr. Gov'r Morris. Dined and lodged at Col^o Sam Ogden's. In the evening fished.

Saturday 4th (Aug. 1781).

“In the morning and between breakfast and dinner fished. Dined at General Dickinson's and returned in the evening to Col^o Ogden's.

Sunday, 5th (Aug., 1781).

“Dined at Col^o Ogden's and about

4 o'clock set out for Philadelphia, halted an hour at Bristol and reached the city before 9 o'clock."

These were very notable fishing parties. The companions of Washington were old, tried and constant friends, always true and never found wanting.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS of New York, one of the noblest of her sons, a great man and a good citizen, who could truly say that the welfare of his country was his single object during a conspicuous career. He never sought, refused, nor resigned an office, although there was no department of government in which he was not called to act; and it was the unvarying principle of his life that the interest of his country must be preferred to every other interest. Such a man was Gouverneur Morris, the inspired penman of the Federal Constitution.

ROBERT MORRIS, of Pennsylvania, the great Financier of the Revolution, whose services to his country have never been rightly appreciated, for his biography has never been justly written.

MRS. ROBERT MORRIS, whose charming face, in the most beautiful and well-preserved portrait of a woman ever painted by Gilbert Stuart, smiles on the vain effort of the writer to tell what is the real secret of its winning grace and lasting impression on every visitor to the Gallery of the Lenox Library, which is now its permanent home, and of which it is one of the principal ornaments.

The WIDOW MOORE, the loyalty and devotion of whose husband is the best testimony to her merits. He has left the record in his will—"happy woman, a pattern of her sex, and worthy the relationship she bears to the Right Honorable and noble family from whence she sprang."

GENERAL PHILEMON DICKINSON, a distinguished officer of the New Jersey Line, a brother of that famous writer and patriot who was the author of the "Farmer's Letters," both "Petitions to the King" and the "Declaration of the Continental Congress on Taking up Arms in 1775."

COLONEL SAMUEL OGDEN, the brother-in-law of Gouverneur Morris, and like Dickinson, a worthy representative of that grand army of the Revolution, whose practical lessons of disinterested patriotism are so full of wisdom and rich in instruction to every true-hearted American.

Truly this was a goodly company for any place or pursuit, with much of profitable entertainment therein for all concerned. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether anything recorded in the annals of angling anywhere can challenge it for distinction, all things considered. Certainly no American fishing party hitherto described can vie with it for a moment, in historical interest and importance.

Another fishing excursion is mentioned in a later diary of Washington. When he made his great Northern and Eastern tour, already alluded to, in 1789, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was the extreme point of his journey. While he was there he was taken out to view the harbor, and to try his skill and luck in salt water. On Monday, November 2, they went down to the outer harbor, beyond the fort and the Light-House, where as he says himself:

“Having lines, we proceeded to the Fishing Banks a little without the Harbour, and fished for Cod, but it not being a proper time of tide, we only caught two, with w’ch, about 1 o’clock, we returned to Town.”

There is pretty satisfactory evidence that Washington caught one of these two codfish himself. Young John Drayton, of South Carolina, who visited Portsmouth in the summer of 1793, makes the following record in one of his letters:

“When the President of the United States was here, instead of wedding the sea as the Doge of Venice does, he may be said to have received a tribute from it; for, I am informed,

he caught a codfish himself, when indulging in one of these parties."

His visit to Lexington, to which I have alluded, took place on his return toward New York. He had intended to go to that historic locality while he was yet in Boston, but on the day appointed, Monday, October 26th, his record is:

"The day being Rainy and Stormy, myself much disordered by a cold and inflammation in the left eye, I was prevented from visiting Lexington, where the first blood in the dispute with G. Brit'n was drawn.

Returning from Portsmouth, he left that place on Wednesday, the fourth of November, passing through Exeter, Haverhill and Andover, where on the fifth he was received and escorted by the Hon. Samuel Phillips, Jr., President of the Senate of the Commonwealth, and other gentlemen of the town. He made a short visit to Mr. Phillips, who attended him as far as Lexington, where they "dined and viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilt in the dispute with G. B. on the 19th of April, 1775." His further route was continued through Watertown, and by what was known as the "middle road," to Hartford, Conn. He arrived in New York on Friday, the thirteenth November.

Future research may or may not reveal particulars of these fishings in the Schuylkill and the Delaware or their tributary streams, the character and weight of the catch, the methods of the sport in those days and all the incidents which crowd such fleeting hours of charming recreation. I am content to have been the first to claim for GEORGE WASHINGTON his rightful place as an Angler—a genuine disciple of Izaak Walton

GEORGE H. MOORE.

HISTORICAL NOTES

ON THE

EMPLOYMENT OF

NEGROES

IN THE

AMERICAN ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY
GEORGE HENRY MOORE
LIBRARIAN OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEW YORK
1862

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WILLIAM ABBATT
141 East 25th Street, New York
1907

HISTORICAL NOTES

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF NEGROES IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE employment of negroes became a subject of importance at an early stage of the American War of Independence. The British naturally regarded slavery as an element of weakness in the condition of the colonies, in which the slaves were numerous, and laid their plans to gain the blacks, and induce them to take up arms against their masters, by promising them their liberty, on this condition. One of the earliest and most powerful American writers against Slavery (the famous Dr. HOPKINS) wrote thus in 1776:

“God is so ordering it in his providence, that it seems absolutely necessary something should speedily be done with respect to the slaves among us, in order to our safety and to prevent their turning against us in our present struggle, in order to get their liberty. Our oppressors have planned to gain the blacks, and induce them to take up arms against us, by promising them liberty on this condition; and this plan they are prosecuting to the utmost of their power, by which means they have persuaded numbers to join them. And should we attempt to restrain them by force and severity, keeping a strict guard over them and punishing them severely who shall be detected in attempting to join our opposers; this will only be making bad worse, and serve to render our inconsistency, oppression and cruelty more criminal, perspicuous and shocking, and bring down the righteous vengeance of Heaven on our heads. The only way pointed out to prevent this threatening evil is to set the blacks at liberty ourselves, by some public acts and laws; and then give them proper encouragement to labour, or take arms in the defence of the American cause, as they shall choose. This would at once be doing them some degree of justice, and defeating our enemies in the scheme they are prosecuting.”

These were the views of a philanthropic divine, who urged them upon the Continental Congress and the owners of slaves throughout the Colonies with singular power, showing it to be at once their duty and their interest to adopt the policy of Emancipation.

Such, however, were not the ruling ideas in administration of any of the Colonies—not even in Massachusetts, although the subject was prominent at an early day. In October, 1774, a formal suggestion was made in their first Provincial Congress of “the propriety, that while we are attempting to free ourselves from our present embarrassments and preserve ourselves from slavery, that we also take into consideration the state and circumstances of the negro slaves in this province.” A motion for a committee to take the subject into consideration produced some debate, when “the question was put, whether the matter now subside, and it passed in the affirmative.”

But while the general question of emancipation was thus allowed to “subside,” the exigencies of the contest again and again brought up the practical one of employment for negroes, whether bond or free; and still Massachusetts continued to adhere to the conservative policy.

In May, 1775, the Committee of Safety (Hancock and Warren’s committee)* came to a formal resolution, which is certainly one of the most significant documents of the period:

“Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Committee, as the contest now between Great Britain and the Colonies respects the liberties and privileges of the latter, which the Colonies are determined to maintain, that the admission of any persons, as soldiers, into the army now raising, but only such as are freemen, will be inconsistent with the principles that are to be supported, and reflect dishonor on this Colony, and that no slaves be admitted into this army upon any consideration whatever.”

* It may be gratifying to persons in similar official positions at this day to know that a citizen of Massachusetts was called to the bar of the Provincial Congress, and “admonished” for having made use of the following expression, viz: “By God, if this province is to be governed in this manner, it is time for us to look out; and ’tis all owing to the Committee of Safety, a pack of sappy-head-fellows. I know three of them myself.”

This resolution being communicated to the Provincial Congress (June 6, 1775) was read, and ordered to lie on the table for further consideration. It was probably allowed to "subside," like the former proposition.

Washington took command of the army around Boston on the 3d July, 1775.

The instructions for the recruiting officers of the several regiments of the Massachusetts Bay Forces, 10th July, 1775, from his head-quarters at Cambridge, prohibited the enlistment of any "negro." It may also be noticed that they were forbidden to enlist "any Person who is not an American born, unless such Person has a Wife and Family and is a settled Resident in this Country."

Notwithstanding all this, the fact is notorious, as Bancroft says, that "the roll of the army at Cambridge had from its first formation borne the names of men of color." Free negroes stood in the ranks by the side of white men. In the beginning of the war they had entered the provincial army: the first general order which was issued by Ward had required a return, among other things, of the 'complexion' of the soldiers; and black men, like others, were retained in the service after the troops were adopted by the continent."

On the 26th September, 1775, a debate occurred in the Continental Congress, upon the draft of a letter to the Commander-in-Chief, reported by Lynch, Lee and Adams, to whom several of Washington's previous letters had been referred, and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, moved that the General should be instructed to discharge all the negroes, as well slaves as freemen, in his army. He was strongly supported by many of the Southern delegates, but so powerfully opposed that he lost the point. Again,

"At a council of war, held at head-quarters, October 8th, 1775, present: His Excellency, General Washington; Major-Generals Ward, Lee, and Putnam; Brigadier-Generals Thomas, Spencer, Heath, Sullivan, Greene, and Gates—the question was proposed:

'Whether it will be advisable to enlist any negroes in the new army? or whether there be a distinction between such as are slaves and those who are free?'

It was agreed unanimously to reject all slaves; and, by a great majority, to reject negroes altogether."

Soon after this, a Committee of Conference, consisting of Dr. Franklin, Benjamin Harrison and Thomas Lynch, met at Cambridge (October 18, 1775), with the Deputy-Governors of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and the Committee of the Council of Massachusetts Bay, to confer with General Washington, and devise a method for renovating the army. On the 23d October, the negro question was presented and disposed of as follows:

"Ought not negroes to be excluded from the new enlistment, especially such as are slaves? all were thought improper by the council of officers.

Agreed that they be rejected altogether."

In general orders, November 12, 1775, Washington says:

"Neither negroes, boys unable to bear arms, nor old men unfit to endure the fatigues of the campaign, are to be enlisted."

General Washington, however, in the last days of the year, upon representations to him that the free negroes who had served in his army were very much dissatisfied at being discarded, and fearing that they might seek employment in the Ministerial army,* took

* Washington's apprehensions were grounded somewhat on the operations of Lord Dunmore, whose proclamation had been issued declaring "all indented servants, negroes, or others (appertaining to rebels) free," and calling on them to join his Majesty's troops. It was the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief that, if Dunmore was not crushed before Spring, he would become the most formidable enemy America had; "his strength will increase as a snowball by rolling, and faster, if some expedient cannot be hit upon to convince the slaves and servants of the impotency of his designs."

the responsibility to depart from the resolution respecting them, and gave license for their being enlisted.

In General Orders, December 30, he says:

"As the General is informed that numbers of free negroes are desirous of enlisting, he gives leave to the recruiting officers to entertain them, and promises to lay the matter before the Congress, who, he doubts not, will approve of it."

Washington communicated his action to Congress, adding, "If this is disapproved of by Congress, I will put a stop to it."

His letter was referred to a committee of three (Mr. Wythe, Mr. Adams and Mr. Wilson) on the 15th January, 1776, and upon their report on the following day, the Congress determined—

"That the free negroes who have served faithfully in the army at Cambridge may be re-enlisted therein, but no others."

This limited toleration seems to have exhausted the power in direct action of the United States on the subject of black levies in the army of the Revolution; but it is by no means to be regarded as a final settlement of the question. Their subsequent action was by recommendation to the States, with a most conservative caution not to infringe upon State rights.

Early in 1779, a proposal was made which promised the best results, had it been fairly put in operation. The following letter from Alexander Hamilton to the President of Congress, written from head-quarters, embodies the views which may be presumed to have prevailed there:

(Hamilton to Jay.)

HEAD-QUARTERS, *March 14, 1779.*

DEAR SIR: Colonel Laurens, who will have the honor of delivering you this letter, is on his way to South Carolina, on a project which I think, in the present situation of affairs there, is a very good one, and deserves every kind of support and encouragement. This is, to raise two, three, or four battalions of negroes, with the assistance of the government of that State, by contributions from the owners, in proportion to the number they possess. If you should think proper to enter upon the subject with him, he will give you a detail of his plan. He wishes to have it recommended by Congress to the State; and, as an inducement, that they would engage to take their battalions into Continental pay.

It appears to me, that an expedient of this kind, in the present state of Southern affairs, is the most rational that can be adopted, and promises very important advantages. Indeed, I hardly see how a sufficient force can be collected in that quarter without it; and the enemy's operations there are growing infinitely serious and formidable. I have not the least doubt, that the negroes

will make very excellent soldiers with proper management; and I will venture to pronounce, that they cannot be put in better hands than those of Mr. Laurens. He has all the zeal, intelligence, enterprise, and every other qualification, requisite to succeed in such an undertaking. It is a maxim with some great military judges, that, with sensible officers, soldiers can hardly be too stupid; and, on this principle, it is thought that the Russians would make the best soldiers in the world, if they were under other officers than their own. The King of Prussia is among the number who maintain this doctrine, and has a very emphatic saying on the occasion, which I do not exactly recollect. I mention this because I have frequently heard it objected to the scheme of embodying negroes, that they are too stupid to make soldiers. This is so far from appearing to me a valid objection, that I think their want of cultivation (for their faculties are as good as ours), joined to that habit of subordination which they acquire from a life of servitude, will enable them sooner to become soldiers than our white inhabitants. Let officers be men of sense and sentiment, and the nearer the soldiers approach to machines, perhaps the better.

I foresee that this project will have to combat much opposition from prejudice and self-interest. The contempt we have been taught to entertain for the blacks, makes us fancy many things that are founded neither in reason nor experience; and an unwillingness to part with property of so valuable a kind, will furnish a thousand arguments to show the impracticability, or pernicious tendency, of a scheme which requires such sacrifices. But it should be considered, that if we do not make use of them in this way, the enemy probably will; and that the best way to counteract the temptations they will hold out, will be to offer them ourselves. An essential part of the plan is, to give them their freedom with their swords. This will secure their fidelity, animate their courage, and, I believe, will have a good influence upon those who remain, by opening a door to their emancipation.

This circumstance, I confess, has no small weight in inducing me to wish the success of the project; for the dictates of humanity and true policy equally interest me in favor of this unfortunate class of men.

While I am on the subject of Southern affairs, you will excuse the liberty I take in saying, that I do not think measures sufficiently vigorous are pursuing for our defence in that quarter. Except the few regular troops of South Carolina, we seem to be relying wholly on the militia of that and two neighboring States. These will soon grow impatient of service, and leave our affairs in a miserable situation. No considerable force can be uniformly kept up by militia, to say nothing of the many obvious and well-known inconveniences that attend this kind of troops. I would beg leave to suggest, sir, that no time ought to be lost in making a draught of militia to serve a twelve-month, from the States of North

and South Carolina and Virginia. But South Carolina, being very weak in her population of whites, may be excused from the draught, on condition of furnishing the black battalions. The two others may furnish about three thousand five hundred men, and be exempted, on that account, from sending any succors to this army. The States to the northward of Virginia, will be fully able to give competent supplies to the army here; and it will require all the force and exertions of the three States I have mentioned, to withstand the storm which has arisen, and is increasing in the South.

The troops draughted must be thrown into battalions, and officered in the best possible manner. The best supernumerary officers may be made use of as far as they will go. If arms are wanted for their troops, and no better way of supplying them is to be found, we should endeavor to levy a contribution of arms upon the militia at large. Extraordinary exigencies demand extraordinary means. I fear this Southern business will become a very *grave* one.

With the truest respect and esteem,

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

ALEX. HAMILTON.

His Excellency, JOHN JAY,
President of Congress.

This project of Laurens was most timely. The Southern States were threatened by the enemy, and the circumstances of the army would not admit of the detaching any force for their defence.

The Continental battalions of South Carolina and Georgia were far from being adequate to the work.

Three battalions of North Carolina Continental troops were at that time on the Southern service, but they were composed of drafts from the militia for nine months only—and the term of service of a great part of them would expire before the end of the campaign. All the other force then employed for the defence of these States consisted of militia, who could not justly be relied on for continued exertions and a protracted war.

These views were illustrated and enforced in Congress by a committee, who evidently favored the views of Laurens, sustained as they were by the accredited representatives of his native State, and her government.

On the 29th of March, 1779, a committee of Congress, who

had been appointed to take into consideration the circumstances of the Southern States and the ways and means for safety and defence made their report. South Carolina had made a serious representation of her exposed condition in consequence of the great number of her slaves. She was unable to make any effectual efforts with militia, by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home to prevent insurrections among the negroes, and their desertion to the enemy, who were assiduous in their endeavors to excite both revolt and desertion. Under these circumstances the delegates from that State and a special envoy from the Governor suggested, "that a force might be raised in the said State from among the negroes, which would not only be formidable to the enemy from their numbers, *and the discipline of which they would very readily admit*, but would also lessen the dangers from revolts and desertions, by detaching the most vigorous and enterprising from among the negroes. That, as this measure may involve inconveniences peculiarly affecting the States of South Carolina and Georgia, the committee are of opinion that the same should be submitted to the governing powers of the said States; and if the said powers shall judge it expedient to raise such a force, that the United States ought to defray the expenses thereof; Whereupon,

Resolved, That it be recommended to the States of South Carolina and Georgia, if they shall think the same expedient, to take measures immediately for raising three thousand able-bodied negroes.

That the said negroes be formed into separate corps, as battalions, according to the arrangements adopted for the main army, to be commanded by white commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

That the commissioned officers be appointed by the said States.

That the non-commissioned officers may, if the said States respectively shall think proper, be taken from among the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the Continental battalions of the said States respectively.

That the governors of the said States, together with the commanding officer of the Southern army, be empowered to incorporate the several Continental battalions of their States with each other respectively, agreeably to the arrangement of the army, as established by the resolutions of May 27, 1778; and to appoint such of the supernumerary officers to command the said negroes, as shall choose to go into that service.

Resolved, That Congress will make provision for paying the proprietors of

such negroes as shall be enlisted for the service of the United States during the war, a full compensation for the property, at a rate not exceeding one thousand dollars for each active, able-bodied negro man of standard size, not exceeding thirty-five years of age, who shall be so enlisted and pass muster.

That no pay or bounty be allowed to the said negroes; but that they be clothed and subsisted at the expense of the United States.

That every negro, who shall well and faithfully serve as a soldier to the end of the present war, and shall then return his arms, be emancipated, and receive the sum of fifty dollars."

Such was the project and such its origin. Full of zeal and enthusiasm in his design, which was the public good, Laurens himself proposed to bear a part in this business by taking the command of a battalion, and on the same day on which the resolutions were adopted, was appointed by Congress a Lieutenant-Colonel. The resolution is significant:

"Whereas John Laurens, Esq., who has heretofore acted as aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, is desirous of repairing to South Carolina, with a design to assist in defence of the Southern States:

Resolved, That a commission of lieutenant-colonel be granted to the said John Laurens, Esq."

He proceeded at once to Charleston to urge upon the authorities of South Carolina the adoption of the proposed plan. A letter from him at this date says: "It appears to me that I should be inexcusable in the light of a citizen, if I did not continue my utmost efforts for carrying the plan of the black levies into execution, while there remains the smallest hope of success.

... The House of Representatives... will be convened in a few days. I intend to qualify, and make a final effort. Oh that I were a Demosthenes! The Athenians never deserved a more bitter exprobration than our countrymen."

Major-General Greene entertained the same opinions with reference to the black levies, and very emphatically said that he had not the slightest doubt that the blacks would make good soldiers.

But the project encountered at once that strong, deep-

seated feeling, nurtured from earliest infancy among that people, which was ready to decide with instinctive promptness, against "a measure of so threatening an aspect, and so offensive to that republican (?) pride, which disdains to commit the defence of the country to servile bands, or share with a color to which the idea of inferiority is inseparably connected, the profession of arms, and that approximation of condition which must exist between the regular soldier and the militia man."

These words are those of the Southern historian who tells us how South Carolina and Georgia were "startled" by this proposal of one of the most gifted of their children.

The Legislature, under the influence of such sentiments, thought the experiment a dangerous one, and the plan was not adopted. Laurens renewed his efforts at a later period of the war, and urged the matter very strenuously both to the privy council and legislative body. His own account of his second failure is the best that can be given:

"I was outvoted, having only reason on my side, and being opposed by a triple-headed monster, that shed the baneful influence of avarice, prejudice and pusillanimity in all our assemblies. It was some consolation to me, however, to find that philosophy and truth had made some little progress since my last effort, as I obtained twice as many suffrages as before."

Washington comforted Laurens with the confession that he was not at all astonished by the failure of the plan, adding:

"That spirit of freedom, which at the commencement of this contest would have gladly sacrificed everything to the attainment of its object, has long since subsided, and every selfish passion has taken its place. It is not the public, but private interest, which influences the generality of mankind, nor can the Americans any longer boast an exception. Under these circumstances it would rather have been surprising if you had succeeded."

In the beginning of the war, the Georgia delegates gave to John Adams, as recorded in his diary at the time, "a melancholy

account of the state of Georgia and South Carolina. They said if one thousand regular troops should land in Georgia, and their commander be provided with arms and clothes enough, and proclaim freedom to all the negroes who would join his camp, twenty thousand negroes would join it from the two Provinces in a fortnight. The negroes have a wonderful art of communicating intelligence among themselves; it will run several hundreds of miles in a week or fortnight. They said their only security was this; that all the King's friends, and tools of Government, have large plantations, and property in negroes, so that the slaves of the Tories would be lost, as well as those of the Whigs."

Ramsay, the historian of South Carolina, estimates the loss of negroes during the war by thousands; and states: "It has been computed by good judges that, between the years 1775 and 1788, the State of South Carolina lost twenty-five thousand negroes." This was a fifth part of all the slaves in the State at the beginning of the war, and equal to more than half the entire white population.

In Georgia the loss was greater in proportion, the best authority estimating it at from three-fourths to seven-eighths of all in the State. The British there organized and made use of the negroes. At the siege of Augusta, in 1781, Fort Cornwallis "was garrisoned by four hundred men, in addition to two hundred negroes."

As late as 1786, a corps of runaway negroes, the leaders of which, having been trained to arms by the British during the siege of Savannah, still called themselves the "King of England's soldiers," continued to harass and alarm the people on both sides the Savannah river by their own depredations and the fear that their countenance might lead to a general and bloody insurrection of the slaves in that vicinity. The historian of the State of Georgia, who records their final suppression, speaks of them as "one of the most dangerous and best-disciplined bands of marauders which ever infested its borders."

Notwithstanding all his previous discouragements, Laurens, in 1782, took new measures in Georgia on the subject of the black

levies, and, as he himself expressed it, "with all the tenacity of a man making a last effort on so interesting an occasion."

But all was of no avail. Though the wisdom of the statesman, the gallantry of the soldier, and the self-devotion of the patriot, which formed the character of John Laurens, were never more conspicuous than in his efforts on this occasion, South Carolina was almost as little able to appreciate them then as she would be to-day. Always hostile to free government, the majority of her population were steeped in toryism, and so wedded to their system then as to refuse to make use of the most certain means of defence against their own oppressors. Grand and glorious names live in the pages of her Revolutionary history, but the sentiments and opinions which are their most lasting claims to honor were then unheeded, and have long since ceased to find an echo in the hearts of their degenerate children.

There can be no doubt that negroes, bond and free, were in the ranks of the American army during the entire period of the war, or that they continued to be enlisted or enrolled in most of the States, especially as the pressure for recruits increased in the later years of the struggle.

Graydon, whose *Memoirs* are so familiar to the students of our Revolutionary history, in his famous description of the army at New York in 1776, makes a favorable exception of Glover's regiment from Marblehead, Mass., among the "miserably constituted bands from New England." "But," he adds, "even in this regiment there were a number of negroes, which, to persons unaccustomed to such associations, had a disagreeable, degrading effect."

It is to be hoped that the researches of our historical scholars will develop more accurate information as to this class of our Revolutionary patriots. At present, a deficiency must be noted in this respect. The returns of their numbers, it is to be presumed, were rarely made separately, as they appear to have been scattered through the entire forces; or if made, have almost entirely escaped notice.

The following return is one of the most interesting memorials of the negro service in the American army of the Revolution, and may be relied on as authentic, as it was official:

RETURN OF NEGROES IN THE ARMY, 24TH AUG., 1778

BRIGADES	PRESENT	SICK ABSENT	ON COMMAND	TOTAL
North Carolina	42	10	6	58
Woodford	36	3	1	40
Muhlenburg	64	26	8	98
Smallwood	20	3	1	24
2d Maryland	48	15	2	60
Wayne	2	2
2d Pennsylvania	[33]	[1]	[1]	[35]
Clinton	33	2	4	39
Parsons	117	12	19	148
Huntington	56	2	4	62
Nixon	26	..	1	27
Paterson	64	13	12	89
Late Learned	34	4	8	46
Poor	16	7	4	27
Total	586	98	71	755

ALEX. SCAMMELL,
Adj.-Gen.

This return embraces the negroes with the main army, under General Washington's immediate command, two months after the battle of Monmouth.

Similar returns from the other armies in other departments would doubtless show a larger proportion in many brigades. The black regiment of Rhode Island slaves is not included in the above return, although it had been already organized. Its history is as remarkable as any part of the subject under consideration.

Early in 1778 it was proposed by General Varnum to Washington that the two Rhode Island battalions in camp at Valley

Forge should be united, and that the officers of one, Colonel Greene, Lieutenant-Colonel Olney, and Major Ward, with their subalterns, be sent to Rhode Island to enlist a battalion of negroes for the Continental service. The plan was approved, and the officers were sent home for that purpose.

The Rhode Island Assembly accordingly resolved to raise a regiment of slaves, who were to be freed upon their enlistment, and their owners to be paid by the State according to the valuation of a committee of five (one from each county)—one hundred and twenty pounds being the highest price for the most valuable slave. Six deputies protested against this act, on the ground that there were not enough slaves to make an effective regiment; that the measure would be disapproved abroad; that the expense would be greater, and the owners be dissatisfied with the indemnity offered by the State.

The preamble of the act recites the fact that "history affords us frequent precedents of the wisest, freest, and bravest nations having liberated their slaves and enlisted them as soldiers to fight in defence of their country."

Governor Cooke, in reporting the result to Washington, said: "Liberty is given to every effective slave to enter into the service during the war; and upon his passing muster he is absolutely made free, and entitled to all the wages, bounties, and encouragements given by Congress to any soldier enlisting into their service, The number of slaves is not great but it is generally thought that three hundred and upwards will be enlisted."

His expectations were not disappointed; and these slaves who were to win their own freedom in fighting for American Independence took the field in force. Before the end of the year, these men were tried and not found wanting. In the battle of Rhode Island, August 29, 1778, said by Lafayette to have been "the best fought action of the whole war," this newly raised black regiment, under Colonel Greene, distinguished itself by deeds of desperate valor, repelling three times the fierce assaults of an overwhelming force of Hessian troops. And so they continued to discharge their duty

with zeal and fidelity—never losing any of their first laurels so gallantly won. It is not improbable that Colonel John Laurens witnessed and drew some of his inspiration from the scene of their first trial in the field.

It will be noticed, that in the absence of a formal system under Continental authority, black men continued to find their way into the service, under various laws, and sometimes under no law or in defiance of law. Probably every State had its colored representatives among the soldiery—and there are acknowledgments of services expected or rendered among the records of nearly all the States.

In New Hampshire, those blacks who enlisted into the army for three years, were entitled to the same bounty as the whites. This bounty their masters received as the price of their liberty, and then delivered up their bills of sale, and gave them a certificate of manumission. Most of the slaves in New Hampshire were emancipated by their owners, with the exception of such as had grown old in service and refused to accept their freedom, remaining with their masters, or as pensioners on the families of their descendants.

In Massachusetts, whose earlier action has been noted, a committee of the Legislature, in 1778, reported in favor of raising a regiment of "negroes, mulattoes, or Indians"—in which one sergeant in each company, and all the higher officers, were to be white men.

Connecticut, too, is said to have resorted to the expedient of forming a corps of colored soldiers when the difficulties of recruiting became pressing, and the late General Humphreys, who was attached to the military family of the Commander-in-Chief, like Laurens, accepted the command of a company of these men, who are said to have "conducted themselves with fidelity and efficiency throughout the war."

In New York, where the system of domestic slavery was as firmly and rigorously established as in any part of the country, under the Colonial laws—certainly with more severity than in either

Massachusetts or Connecticut—the first act that went to relax the system was the act of 1781, which gave freedom to all slaves who should serve in the army for the term of three years, or until regularly discharged. The enlistment was to be with the consent of the owner, who received the land bounty, and was discharged from any future maintenance of the slave.

It is a singular contrast that in New Jersey the enlistment of slaves was prohibited in the same year, 1781.

In 1780, an act was passed in Maryland to procure one thousand men, to serve three years. The property in the State was divided into classes of £16,000, each of which was, within twenty days, to furnish one recruit, who might be either a freeman or a slave. In 1781, the Legislature resolved to raise, immediately, seven hundred and fifty negroes, to be incorporated with the other troops.

Among the inducements offered to recruits in the Southern States, “a healthy sound negro, between the ages of ten and thirty years, or sixty pounds in gold or silver, at the option of the soldier in lieu thereof,” as well as the land bounty, were given (in Virginia) to soldiers already enlisted, or who should enlist and serve to the end of the war.

South Carolina gave a similar bounty,—“one sound negro between the age of ten years and forty,” “for each and every year’s service,” to soldiers enlisted for three years or during the war.

The idea that the negroes might be put to a better use did not escape all the statesmen of Virginia. James Madison, at that time a member of the Continental Congress, expressing his satisfaction with the determination of the Legislature of that State to recruit their line of the army for the war, refers to the “negro bounty” as follows:

“Without deciding on the expediency of the mode under their consideration, would it not be as well to liberate and make soldiers at once of the blacks themselves, as to make them instruments for enlisting white soldiers? It would certainly be more consonant to

the principles of liberty, which ought never to be lost sight of in a contest for liberty; and with white officers and a majority of white soldiers, no imaginable danger could be feared from themselves, as there certainly could be none from the effect of the example on those who should remain in bondage; experience having shown that a freedman immediately loses all attachment and sympathy with his former fellow-slaves."

In Virginia, an act was passed in 1777, that no negro should be enlisted without a certificate of freedom, the preamble to which declares that slaves had deserted their masters, and under pretence of being freemen had enlisted as soldiers.

In the "Old Dominion," too, many persons during the course of the war caused their slaves to enlist, having tendered them to the recruiting officers as substitutes for free persons whose lot or duty it was to serve in the army, at the same time representing that these slaves were freemen. On the expiration of the term of enlistment, the former owners attempted to force them to return to a state of servitude, with equal disregard of the principles of justice and their own solemn promise.

The infamy of such proceedings aroused a just indignation, and led to an Act of Emancipation of all slaves who had been thus enlisted and served their term faithfully. The act acknowledged that such persons having "contributed towards the establishment of American liberty and independence, should enjoy the blessings of freedom as a reward for their toils and labors;" and authorized them to sue *in forma pauperis* and to recover damages, if detained in slavery.

Even in South Carolina, an Act was passed in 1788, enfranchising the wife and child of a negro slave, who had been employed by Governor Rutledge as a spy during the war. The diligence and fidelity which he displayed in executing the commissions with which he was intrusted, and the important information which he obtained from within the enemy's lines, frequently at the risk of his life, are duly commemorated in the act; and the emancipa-

tion of his wife and child was his "just and reasonable" reward. It does not appear whether the slave himself ever became a freeman.

Another document will serve to illustrate the subject still further—*fas est ab hoste doceri*. Lord Dunmore's offers, in 1775, have already been alluded to, and are familiar to most readers; those of Sir Henry Clinton in 1779, which follow, have hitherto attracted less attention:

"By his Excellency, Sir HENRY CLINTON, K. B., General, and Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's Forces within the Colonies lying on the Atlantic Ocean, from Nova Scotia to West Florida, inclusive, &c., &c., &c.:

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The Enemy have adopted a practice of enrolling NEGROES among their troops: I do hereby give Notice, that all NEGROES taken in Arms, or upon any military Duty, shall be purchased for [*the public service at*] a stated price; the Money to be paid to the Captors.

But I do most strictly forbid any Person to sell or claim Right over any NEGROE, the Property of a Rebel, who may take refuge with any part of this Army: And I do promise to every NEGROE who shall desert the Rebel Standard full Security to follow within these Lines any occupation which he shall think proper.

Given under my Hand, at Head-Quarters,
PHILIPSBURGH, the 30th day of June,
1779.

H. CLINTON.

By his Excellency's Command,
JOHN SMITH, Secretary."

When this proclamation was first issued, the words enclosed within brackets were not in it. They were added in the publication two months later—with a statement that the omission was a mistake of the printers.

This proclamation does not appear to have elicited any official notice by the American authorities, but there is a spirited article on the subject, by an "American Soldier," in one of the newspapers of the day, in which he says:

"Justice, honor and freedom are concerned for all men, of whatever nation or kindred, who are in the service of the United

States, and fight under the banner of freedom; therefore I have long expected some notice from authority would have been taken of that insulting and villainous proclamation. Justice demands retaliation for every man in the service of these States, who may be injured by the ruffian tyrant or any of his slaves; and his slave Sir Harry ought to be told what retaliation he is to expect from the insulted majesty of our nation in this instance."

These notes might be extended—but enough has been presented to illustrate the importance of the subject, and in part to show how it was treated in the ancient "times of trial." It requires little ingenuity to invent historical parallels—not very profound research to find historical precedents—but it is the highest wisdom to know how to apply the lessons of the Past. As Mr. Ruffhead said of the ancient statutes, "though they do not *govern*, they have been found proper to *guide*."

NEW YORK, July, 1862.

[See also *The Colored Patriots of the American Revolution*, by W. C. Nell, Boston, 1855, and G. W. Williams' *History of the Negro Race in America*, New York, 1888 .
ED. MAGAZINE.]

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A MONOGRAPH

ON THE

REV. ISRAEL EVANS, A.M.

CHAPLAIN IN THE AMERICAN ARMY
DURING THE ENTIRE REVOLUTIONARY WAR
1775-1788

The Second Settled Minister of Concord, New Hampshire
1789-1797

BY
JOHN CALVIN THORNE
GOVERNOR OF THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS IN THE STATE
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

CONCORD, N. H.
1902

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REVEREND ISRAEL EVANS, A. M.

THE Reverend Israel Evans was of Welsh descent, born in Tredyffrin, Chester county, state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1747. Tredyffrin township is situated in the "Great Valley," so-called, in the eastern part of Chester county, near Philadelphia. The name signifies "valley town." Here in this beautiful, fertile, and smiling region, our Israel was born. We find in the records a variety of ways for spelling his family name. Ap * Evan, Evan, Even, Evens, Evans.

In 1701 several Welsh families, among them those by the name of Evans, came to Pennsylvania and settled in "Great Valley." Here, this religious people, true to their custom, at once built a church, named the "Great Valley church." We know that the father and grandfather of Israel Evans were ministers in this country, and that his great-grandfather was a minister in Wales. But a thorough search of the many records of church and state, as gathered in the city of Philadelphia, has failed to bring *positive* proof of our subject's ancestry. A correspondent, Mr. Frank Brooks Evans, of Philadelphia, writes as follows: "If you have done much in Welsh genealogical work, you probably have found that it is a very different matter from the running down of the pedigree of an English family, as the surnames given to Welshmen were derived from an entirely different method than was employed by the English. It is at times a most difficult task to trace connections among Welshmen, even though they have a common surname—in fact, a surname in common does not necessarily indicate a relationship."

Another valued correspondent says: "I cannot find the particular Israel among the hundreds of Evans names scattered

* Ap signifies son of.

throughout Pennsylvania. It is strange, that for so noted a chaplain as he became, the fact of his ancestry does not show itself. The more I learn of him and of the service he rendered as chaplain and preacher in the army, the more I wonder that so little can be found in regard to his early life."

Says another writer, "Probably no [other] chaplain in the Revolution followed its fortunes so steadily from its commencement to its close, sharing in all its perils and hardships, yet about whom so little is known as of Reverend Israel Evans."

I hope, however, in this monograph, to add some information, gathered from many sources, in regard to his most useful life.*

* Since the above was written, I have learned some additional facts in regard to Mr. Evans, and especially of his ancestry, which should be preserved.

On sending to Yale College a copy of the earlier publication, I received the following:

"For notices of the father and grandfather of the Rev. Israel Evans, both of whom were graduates of Yale, which you state you were unable to find, see Yale College Biographies and Annals, 1701 to 1745, by Franklin Bowditch Dexter, M. A., Vol. I, pages 111-118, also 623-624.

Very respectfully,

A. VAN NAME, Librarian."

Thus, after searching in vain for the information there given, for perhaps a year or more, I found in the volume mentioned a very full and satisfactory account, which is here given in substance, and which I am glad to state was in harmony with surmises made from my previous investigations.

The Rev. Israel Evans was the son of Rev. Samuel Evans of Great Valley, Chester county, Pennsylvania, a graduate of Yale College, class of 1739, with degree of A. M. Samuel was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, January 8, 1741. On the 7th of October he accepted a call from the Great Valley church. On May 5th of the following year he was ordained and installed as its pastor. Samuel's father, the Rev. David Evans, Jr., who had been settled over this same church from 1720 to 1740, preached the installation sermon. In 1747 Samuel left his pastoral charge and made two or more voyages to England. His later career is unknown. He died about the year 1766.

His son Israel was born in 1747; was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1772; and was pastor of the First Congregational church in Concord, N. H., 1789 to 1797.

Rev. David Evans, Jr., the grandfather of Israel, was the son of David Evans, who emigrated from Wales to Philadelphia in 1701. He was of course

The United States Census Bureau, with its record of the first census, 1790, proved useless, as only the names of the heads of families were recorded, the children being indicated by number. Also the Record and Pension office, at Washington, has been searched without satisfactory results in this direction. Some day the names of his parents may be accidentally discovered and his earlier ancestors traced—until then we have no positive assurance of the line of his descent. We can well rest upon the established fact, already stated, that his ancestors in the male line, were for three generations, ministers of the gospel. Following these noble men we see why Israel must have inherited a love for the ministerial profession, and in preparation for what he considered his life-work, he sought and gained his education at "Nassau Hall" (now Princeton University), and was graduated therefrom in the class of 1772, at the age of twenty-five years, receiving the degree of A. M. in 1775. It was noteworthy that fourteen of the twenty-two members of this class of 1772, in which Israel Evans graduated, entered the ministry. The subsequent career of the members,

the father of Samuel previously mentioned. David, Jr., was one of a class of two only who were graduated from Yale College in 1713, with the honor of A. M. He received an unanimous call to the church of the Welsh Tract, so called, in Pennsylvania, September 8, 1714, and was ordained November 3 following. In 1720 he was called to the Tredyffrin or Great Valley congregation, and a church was erected for him. In 1740 he was dismissed. He next organized and became pastor of a church at Pilesgrove, Cumberland county, N. J., and was installed April 30, 1741, where he continued until his death in 1751.

Two of his sons were graduated at Yale, Samuel in 1739 and Joel in 1740. He was said to be of an eccentric and high-spirited nature.

He published:

(1) The Minister of Christ and his Flock. A sermon (from I Thess. v. 12, 13) preached at the ordination of Richard Treat (Y. C. 1725) at Abingdon, December 30, 1731. Philad. 1732. Printed by B. Franklin, 16mo, pp. 108.

(2) Help for Parents. At Philad. Franklin Press. 1732.

(3) Law and Gospel; or Man wholly ruined by the Law, and Recovered by the Gospel. Being the substance of some sermons preached at Tredyffrin in 1734, and again at Pilesgrove in 1745. Phil.: Printed by B. Franklin and D. Hall. 1748. 16mo, pp. 52.

as far as known, has been kindly furnished me by V. Lansing Collins, Esq., Reference Librarian at Princeton, as follows:

Isaac Alexander became the first president of Liberty Hall Academy, North Carolina.

Moses Allen, chaplain in the army, captured at Savannah, and for his patriotic exhortations was confined in a loathsome prison ship, from which he escaped, but was drowned before reaching shore.

William Bradford, of Philadelphia, became colonel in the army, studied law with Chief Justice Edward Shippen, became Attorney-General and Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Attorney-General of the United States under Washington.

Aaron Burr, lieutenant-colonel in the army, member of New York legislature, president of Constitutional Convention of New York, United States Senator, Vice-President of the United States, came within one vote of being elected President.

Joseph Eckley, minister of the gospel, pastor of the Old South Church in Boston from 1779 to 1811, the date of his death.

Philip Vickers Fithian, chaplain in the army, died of camp fever in 1776. His letters and journals have recently been published by the Princeton Historical association.

Andrew Hodge became a member of Washington's Life guard.

Andrew Hunter, chaplain in the army, professor and trustee of the College of New Jersey, chaplain in the United States Navy.

Robert Keith, chaplain in the Army.

William Linn, chaplain in the Army, regent of Union Seminary, New York, president of Washington college, Maryland, president of Rutgers College, New Jersey, first chaplain of the United States House of Representatives.

William Smith Livingston, colonel in the Revolutionary Army.

Samuel E. McCorkle, professor of Moral Philosophy at University of North Carolina.

John McMillan, founder of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, and professor and vice-president of the college.

The class, as here briefly reviewed, was certainly composed of strong men, many of whom we see became noted in after life, by the prominent positions to which they attained.

As Mr. Evans had thus prepared for the ministry, when the war of the Revolution broke out, being an ardent patriot he offered himself as a chaplain in the army. We learn from the Presbyterian Library records in Philadelphia, "that he was licensed to preach by the First Philadelphia Presbytery in 1775, and by the same ordained as chaplain in 1776. He went at once to the field, and was not at another meeting of the Presbytery until 1786, when he was dismissed to take a church in Weymouth, Mass." *

On July 1, 1776, Washington writing Congress, "Respecting the chaplains of the army, the need of affixing one to each regiment, with salaries competent to their support," Congress immediately adopted his views, and at New York on July 9 he issued the following general order:

The honorable Continental Congress having been pleased to allow a chaplain to each regiment, with the pay of thirty-three and one third dollars per month, the colonels, or commanding officers, of each regiment are directed to procure chaplains—persons of good character and exemplary lives—to see that all inferior officers and soldiers pay them a suitable respect, and attend carefully upon religious exercises. The blessing and protection of heaven are at all times necessary, but especially is it in times of public distress and danger. The general hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor so to live

* The facts in regard to the Weymouth pastoral call are these: Says Rev. Mr. Houghton: "According to the records of the Weymouth Historical Society, the Rev. Israel Evans did receive an invitation in 1786 to become the pastor of the First Congregational Church—the church of which I have the honor to be pastor at the present time. I send you an extract from these Historical Records, as follows: 'On the 16th of Jan., 1786, the parish made choice of Mr. Israel Evans to fill the vacancy of the pastorate. This invitation he accepted under date of 24th of March; but some unfortunate reports reaching his ear before settlement, he felt obliged to decline, which he did in a letter dated 28th Sept.' The 'unfortunate reports' above alluded to have reference to a legal trouble between the town of Weymouth and the Parish, over the parsonage property, which culminated in a suit. The parish was victorious eventually.

Very sincerely yours,

April 8, 1902.

RALPH J. HOUGHTON,
Pastor First Cong'l Church, Weymouth."

and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country.

Many of those who were appointed as chaplains served only for a short time and simply performed their prescribed routine of duties; others served for a longer period and became especially distinguished for their faithful labors and noble patriotism, to whom the country owes a great debt of gratitude. Says J. T. Headley, "The one who perhaps stood as prominently in history as a representative chaplain, and who with a clear head, a strong mind, and a patriotic zeal, assisted in sustaining the cause of the colonies, was the Rev. Israel Evans." He was appointed by the military authorities a chaplain in 1776, and served in that capacity throughout the entire period of the Revolutionary war—until peace was declared in 1783.

He was appointed chaplain of the First New York Regiment of the Line, on August 3, 1775, and served until appointed to the chaplaincy of the Second New York Regiment of the Line, on November 21, 1776. Re-appointed January 13, 1777.*

I have also received the following letter from the War Department, in statement of his services:

Record and Pension Office,
WASHINGTON, April 25, 1902.

SIR: The records of this office show that one Israel Evans served as chaplain in Nicholson's Regiment of New York Troops, Revolutionary war. His name appears on a list of officers of that organization, dated at Quebec, April 15, 1776—without special mention relative to his service.

The records also show that he served as chaplain, Second New York Regiment, commanded by Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt, Revolutionary war. He was appointed Nov. 21, 1776, and he is reported on a pay abstract for January, 1778, with remark: "Promoted." The records further show that he served as chaplain in the 3d New Hampshire Regiment, commanded by Colonel Alexander Scammell, Revolutionary war. His name appears on the records of that organization, with remarks showing that he received different amounts, on account of depreciation of pay of that regiment.

By authority of the Secretary of War:

F. C. AINSWORTH,
Chief Record and Pension Office.

* War Rolls of New York in the Revolution.

It is of record, in addition to the preceding, that he was made brigade chaplain of the New Hampshire troops in 1777, serving in this position until the close of the war, under command successively of Generals Enoch Poor, Sullivan, and Stark. It is said, and probably correctly, that he enjoyed the great distinction of being the only one holding the office of chaplain, who served continuously during the long and severe struggle of the American Revolution.

He was with the gallant Montgomery, who fell at the head of his troops, in his brave but disastrous midnight attack upon Quebec, December 31, 1775-'76. Mr. Evans was here accompanied by his classmate, Aaron Burr, also a son of a clergyman, who entered the army as a private at the same time our chaplain began his duties. We also know he was with General Gates, in camp at Ticonderoga, for the chaplain is referred to by Dr. Samuel Kennedy, the brigade surgeon, in a letter which I have read, of August 10, 1776. In this letter to his wife, the surgeon mentions the chaplain as having "favoured" a previous letter to "Great Valley, Chester County, Pennsylvania, to be left at the Coffee House, Philadelphia." He was present, under General Poor, at the capture of Burgoyne, at Saratoga, in 1777. He was with the Continental army in its winter encampment of suffering at Valley Forge, 1777-'78. Here he was enabled to do much by his ardent and patriotic spirit, to inspire the soldiers, in those darkest days of the war, with a love for liberty and country. In passing, it may be mentioned that Valley Forge was in Chester county, Pa., and was on the property of a Mr. Evans, probably a relative of the chaplain, whose early home was in this neighborhood. He accompanied General Sullivan, not only as chaplain, but also as his aide in the expedition against the Five Nations, in western New York in 1779. While serving in this dangerous capacity during the different engagements, he often, by his bravery and reckless daring, exposed his life in the preparation for and in the onset of battle. Says a historian of that time, "Chaplain Evans's imperturbable coolness in battle was proverbial, and he rather sought than shunned the post of danger." The fierce conflict resulted in either killing or dispersing the hordes of savages, and utterly destroying

their fields, orchards, and villages. On their return he delivered a discourse at Easton, Pa., October 17, 1779, to the assembled victorious army, from which extracts are made. I am able to quote from two or three of his public orations, which have come down in printed form to this day. As this article is being written, there lies before me a copy of this discourse at Easton, to which reference is made. This was once the property of the Hon. Meshech Weare* Esq., president of the Committee of Safety of New Hampshire, and was "Printed by Thomas Bradford, at the Coffee-House, Philadelphia, MDCCLXXIX." This discourse is preceded by the record of the following vote:

EASTON, October 18, 1779.

At a Meeting of the General and Field Officers of the Western Army, it was voted, That Brigadier General Maxwell, Colonel Courtlandt, Colonel Cilley, Lieutenant Colonel Forrest, and Major Edwards be a Committee to wait on the Reverend Mr. Evans, and return him the Thanks of the Army for his Discourse, delivered before the Troops, on the seventeenth Instant; and that they request of him a Copy for the Press; That a Number of Copies be procured and distributed amongst the several Corps of the Army gratis.

His text for this occasion was very appropriately selected from II Samuel xxii, 40, 50,—“For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle: them that rose up against me hast thou subdued under me—Therefore I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen: and I will sing praises unto thy name.”

He said in part: “I have been induced to make choice of a passage of the sacred writings, rather than of any other, because no other can be a rational foundation of your devotion. Many writings there are which may, indeed, teach you some excellent lessons of heroism and the love of freedom, but they cannot, like the sacred Scriptures, point out both the pure and divine duty we owe to God, and that generous and disinterested love and service which we should cheerfully render to our fellow-men. In the first place, God is the author of military skill and strength; secondly, that He ought to be praised for victory and success in war.”

The following extract shows his logical reasoning: “As God is all wise and His knowledge is infinite, He must be everywhere

* See MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, July, 1907.

present, must have all His works under His particular view and direction, and thus He governs the world. And since He governs the inanimate parts of creation, much more will He govern the animate, and especially the rational world, which is the noblest and most important part of this lower creation. The Supreme Being, who is a spirit, and has immediate and constant access to the mind of man, proposes motives and objects to influence their judgment and direct their will: and all this perfectly consistent with the free exercise of reason."

Again he is eloquent, as he represents America speaking to her sons in behalf of liberty. "Methinks I hear America pathetically addressing her sons, and venting the anguish of her heart in this mournful language: Am I not the only friend to liberty on all this peopled globe? And have I not, when she was excluded from every other region of the earth, opened the arms of my protection, and received the persecuted stranger to my friendly and virtuous shores? But when the tyrant of Britain, not satisfied with expelling her from his dominion, pursued her with hostile rage, did I not rouse you, my sons, in her defense, and make you the honorable protectors of insulted liberty?"

The chaplain closes his discourse with a prophetic outlook over the region, conquered by the glory of their arms from the wild savages. "Before I close, suffer me to remind you of other happy consequences of your success. You have opened a passage into the wilderness, where the gospel has never yet been received. That extensive region, which was never before traversed, except by wild beasts, and men as wild as they, shall yet have the gospel preached. Churches shall rise there and flourish, when, perhaps, the truth of the gospel shall be neglected on these eastern shores. For it cannot be supposed that so large a part of this continent shall forever continue the haunt of savages, and the dreary abode of superstition and idolatry. As the gospel, or sun of righteousness, has already glanced on the shores of this western world, and it is predicted of it, that it shall be universally propagated, it will probably, like the sun, travel to the western extremities of this continent. And when men from other nations, prompted by liberty and a love of the pure gospel of truth, shall cross the ocean to this extensive empire,

they will here find a safe asylum from persecution and tyranny. How honorable then must your employment appear, when considered in all these points of view. How happy to have been the instruments in the hand of God, for accomplishing so great a revolution and extending the kingdom of His Son so far. Liberty and religion shall have their wide domain from the Atlantic through the great continent to the western ocean. May you all, not only be the honorable instruments of promoting the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, but may more especially be the partakers of all the benefits and happiness with which Christ will crown his faithful and dutiful subjects."

This prophecy has been most remarkably fulfilled, we must admit, when we look at the West of to-day, and recall that these words were spoken one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

He pronounced the oration at the interment of General Poor, at Hackensack, Sept. 10, 1780. The following is an extract:

The State of New Hampshire in tears will lament the loss of a brave defender of her rights! To him she may not fear to decree the title, too rarely found, of a Patriot! When prospects of amassing wealth, with disgraceful temptations, bewitched so many Americans from the service of their country, and bound them with execrable chains of mean and contemptible self-interest; then might you have seen him shine with a soul of superior make; and no charms were powerful enough to allure him from the unutterable hardships of the American war and the dangers of the field of battle! He was an unchangeable friend of the moral and social virtues. His virtues laid the solid foundation of all his other excellences to build upon! During three years' service under his immediate command I never once knew him guilty of intemperance and profaneness. From the time when he with his country, first armed in opposition to the cruelty and domination of Britain, and precious American blood was first shed in defence of our rights near Boston—from Boston to Canada, and from Canada to those important fortresses on Lake Champlain, and from thence in various encounters in toils of marches, and pain of hunger, until his troops fought the army of Burgoyne on the heights of Bemus, where in repeated battles, and in the Convention at Saratoga, he was entitled to a large share of those laurels which crowned the American arms.

Our worthy chaplain also witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis, with all his troops at Yorktown, Virginia, October 19, 1781. In "Hugh Wynne," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, our chaplain is mentioned at this siege of Yorktown as one "who would fain see

more of the war and expose himself to greater danger than really belonged to a person in his office." In this work is told the anecdote of our brave chaplain, who standing with Washington at this siege, was somewhat disturbed for his companion, by a close striking cannon ball. This story as given by Mr. Headley, in the first instance, is as here appears:

At the battle of Yorktown, Mr. Evans was standing beside Washington when a cannon ball in full sweep struck the earth at his very feet and sent a shower of dirt over his hat. Washington glanced at the chaplain to see how he took it, but the latter was as imperturbable as himself. Without stirring from the spot, he took off his hat, and seeing it covered with sand, said quietly as he held it up, "See here, general." Washington smiled and replied, "Mr. Evans, you had better take that home and show it to your wife and children." The chaplain smiled in return, and replacing it on his head turned his attention once more to the cannonade that was shaking the field like an earthquake.

Immediately after the capitulation at Yorktown he preached a stirring sermon to the combined French and American forces, on invitation of Washington, who ordered "Divine service to be held at the head of the regiments on account of this particular interposition of Providence in their behalf." Chaplain Evans certainly attained to high honor, when on this day of great rejoicing he was invited to address his victorious soldiers upon the battle-field. On this memorable occasion the chaplain delivered a most patriotic discourse in praise of the glorious victory which had virtually brought to an end the English cause in this country.

Two sermons are ascribed to this occasion—the first one which is here given is from J. T. Headley's "The Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution," 1864. It was from the text, Psalm 115; beginning "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." He gives great praise to Washington, his character and ability; and he says "Oh! Americans, give glory to God for such a faithful hero." He speaks of Saratoga, describes Arnold "as a thunderbolt on that day," and closes by exhorting "to fidelity and sacrifice the lives of true Christians."

"It was a thrilling spectacle," says this writer, "to see that war-worn chaplain standing on the bloody field of Yorktown in the wreck of the fight, strewn all around him, and lifting his pæans

of praise to Washington and his shout of thanksgiving to God. The soldiers burst forth in huzzas at the eulogium of their gallant leader."

Mr. Headley must be mistaken in saying the above sermon was the one given at Yorktown; it was rather the one delivered at Lancaster, Pa., on December 18, 1777, the "Day of Thanksgiving" appointed by Congress. We have been able to refer to these sermons, printed at the time, to prove this. This is the correct one, on file in the Pennsylvania Historical Society's library in Philadelphia, from which we quote,—“A sermon by the Reverend Israel Evans, Preached at York, Virginia, on the Surrender of Cornwallis, October 20, 1781.” Dedicated “To the honorable Major General, the Marquis de la Fayette, whose disinterested service in the cause of America proves him to be the friend of mankind, and whose well-known and amiable virtues render all panegyric needless.”

Text—First Samuel 7:12. “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.” He refers to the bright prospects before the people and then illustrates the meaning of the text by reference to Samuel. After emphasizing the thought that we need to feel our dependence on God, he recalls the special mercies extended to us. Then he follows the soldiers in their long years of conflict and suffering—naming the different campaigns and battles in brief outline. “Secondly, we should desire to perpetuate the memories of these extraordinary mercies to coming nations. They should not be forgotten by us or by coming time. Oh, blessed day this, which calls us to the pleasing duty of praising God, for so many mercies conferred upon us! Oh, happy day whose sun rises not to compassionate us in some deplorable exile from our habitations, or more miserable flight from our victorious enemies! Happy sun that brightly shines this day to show the blessings of home and the triumphs of victory.” He recalls some of the names to be remembered, and especially mentions Louis XVI, who is called “the defender of the rights of man.” There is in the discourse a marked apostrophe to General Clinton, and to Lord Cornwallis, both of which are intensely vivid. In closing he says, “With these serious and pleasing words I end my discourse, after asking you to unite with me in ardently

praying that it may please the Almighty Governor of the universe to hasten the time when the use of hostile weapons shall cease, and the doctrine of the Blessed Redeemer effectually influence the minds of all men."

The discourse is very strong, direct, stirring. It is full of patriotic zeal and inspiration. It gives great praise to God for His mercy, and abundant tribute to the brave, patriotic men who endured so much and conquered so gloriously.

At a much later day, Whittier put into verse the scenes and events of the occasion:

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still, 7
 Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
 Who curbs his steed at head of one?
 Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
 Who bends his keen approving glance
 Where down the gorgeous line of France
 Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
 Thou, too, art victor, Rochambeau!
 The earth which bears this calm array
 Shook with the war-charge yesterday;
 Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
 Shot down and bladed thick with steel;
 October's clear and noonday sun
 Paled in the breath smoke of the gun;
 And down night's double blackness fell,
 Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.
 Now all is hushed; the gleaming lines
 Stand moveless as the neighboring pines:
 While through them, sullen, grim and slow,
 The conquered hosts of England go.

The tidings of the surrender reached Philadelphia at two o'clock in the morning. The people were awakened by the watchman's cry,—“Past two o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken.” Lights flashed through the houses, and soon the streets were thronged with crowds eager to learn the glad news. Some were speechless with delight; many wept; and the old doorkeeper of Congress died with joy. At an early hour in the morning Congress met, and in the afternoon marched in solemn procession to the Lutheran church to return thanks to Almighty God.

It is fortunate that we can give extracts from another of his published addresses, which exhibits so fully his intense patriotism and love of liberty; his thankfulness that the war has ceased and Peace has come and spread her wings of protection over the land.

Extracts from "a discourse," by Reverend Israel Evans, December 11, 1788, delivered in St. George's Chapel, New York. "A Day of Thanksgiving."

If there is glory in the victories of justice; if there is dignity in the possession of freedom; and if there is happiness in the enjoyment of peace: Let then this assembly invoke, not only all mankind, but even the powers of Heaven to unite with us, in the warmest strains of benevolence; and rejoice, that so many of the human race, and so large a portion of this world, are rescued from the calamities of slavery and war.

Fain would I communicate the joys of my soul, and add to your most lively devotion; but the subjects of our joy are too great for the human mind to comprehend at one view, and represent in their extensive magnitude; and yet who can be altogether silent, when blessings so rich and exalted invite our praise!

The spacious prospects of national happiness crowd themselves upon our imagination! The great Continent of America, is the widely extended theatre of our contemplations and our future actions. It is now free and independent! The blood and treasure of the sons of freedom have purchased these privileges! . . .

Oh, blessed day which brings us to the possession of all we have been contending for, and enables us to erect the standard, of liberty and glory, upon one of the four great divisions of the earth! Hail auspicious morning of the rising empire of this Western world! Hail arts and sciences, America is the new theatre of your improvement, and will, perhaps, be the last concluding scene of your perfection. Commerce and trade shall spread their sails and waft the riches of distant lands to this great continent. Now, without fear of an insulting enemy, the industrious husbandman shall sow his enlarged fields, and reap his rich and joyful harvests. Here the oppressed shall find a secure retreat, from all the poverty and misery of merciless tyranny. Religion and learning shall raise their drooping heads and flourish again. Now shall the brave soldier claim the honor of being a free and independent citizen of the United-States of America. The blessed soil of independence shall strive to reward him for his persevering valour. Plenteous harvests shall rise and crown his toils, and spacious fields shall offer their growing wealth in grateful tribute to the victorious Hero.

On this glad day we will not forget to be thankful for the faithful alliance and the unwearied services of the generous nation of France. She has served the cause of America, with large fleets and a gallant army. With us they have

fought, with us they have bled, and with us they have conquered! This pleasing name shall call up all that is grateful within us; & we will recollect our lasting obligations to the human protector of the rights of mankind!

The names of France and America shall make the page of history glorious, and their deeds of renown shall inspire future ages with the love of national prosperity. Posterity, through the long periods of time and futurity, shall open the mighty volume of American independence, and applaud the unexampled bravery and fortitude of the armies of the United States: Their examples of humanity and just defence, shall instruct mankind in the necessary use of war: And while their fame glides with a full strong tide, through the annals of time, nations shall be taught lessons of heroism, and grow great by our example.

These are some of the advantages we derive from that peace we have contended for, and for which we have not contended in vain. Hail blessed peace! heaven-born friend to man; deign to forgive the madness of mankind, and dwell once more on earth: The humane and compassionate mind shall be thy fair seat of bliss; and Oh! forever bar from that habitation, the hostile enemies of thy happiness. May peace and love, and humane affections, be once more planted in the human mind, and there grow and flourish till time shall be no more!

Thus through this long and laborious struggle for independence did our patriotic chaplain serve in the Continental army—marching with her troops from the heights of Quebec to the complete and final overthrow of the British power in this country, on the plains of Yorktown. “Of the fierce battles he witnessed, the long marches he made, and want and privation he endured, he apparently kept no record; and hence the incidents and details of the most interesting portion of his daily life are forever lost to posterity.” Occasionally he appears upon the shifting scenes of action, as the curtain rises now and then, sometimes in the lurid glare of battle; again at the head of the army preaching to the victorious soldiers in words of burning eloquence, and once again when peace comes to the country he raises his voice in prayer of thanksgiving. Much is swept away in oblivion, and this tribute is prepared to assist in preserving as full as may be a record of our hero's life-work.

The long seven years' war had come to an end, and Mr. Evans sought new fields of endeavor. Peace had come to the land, and he bade farewell to all the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.” With Othello he could say:

O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.

He now appears upon the records of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, December 28, 1780, as in the following:

Voted that Mr. Foster, Mr. Weeks and Col. Hale, with such as the Honorable Board shall join, be a Committee to consider of a letter from General Sullivan respecting some allowance to be made Mr. Evans, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Brigade, and other matters contained in the said letter, and report thereon. Sent up by Mr. Batchelder, Jan. 4, 1781.

Voted that the Rev. Israel Evans, Chaplain to the New Hampshire Brigade, have and receive out of the Treasury, by order of the President, one hundred pounds in Bills of the new Emission and that the same be charged to the Continent to whom he is to be accountable for the said sum. Sent up by Mr. Dame.

There was a great depreciation in Continental money during the war, which caused much deprivation and suffering among the troops. Mr. Evans, with the many others, sought relief from the State under those circumstances. The following letter from President Weare, upon the Depreciation of Currency, exhibits something of the condition of financial affairs:

State of New Hampshire,
EXETER, June 6th, 1783.

In answer to your several Queries respecting a settlement with the Army would inform you, that the State of New Hampshire in Settling with their Troops, supposed the Paymaster paid them their wages in Continental money to Jan. 1st, 1780, and that it amounted in the year 1777 to one half, in 1778, to one sixth, and in 1779 to one twentieth of the sum promised, and accordingly made up Depreciation to the three Battalions of the New Hampshire Troops. I am &c

M. WEARE,
Presidt.

(Mr. John Pierce, Paymaster Genl.)

(R.6—182)

(Rev. Israel Evans to President Weare)

PORTSMOUTH, Octo: 14th 1784.

Sir—The resolutions of Congress which I take the Liberty of enclosing, will inform your Excellency, that the United States in Congress assembled, have directed me to look up to the State of New Hampshire, and to request a settlement for that pay which is due for my Services as Chaplain, from the first of January 1777 to the first of August 1780,—and here I beg leave to observe,

that when I made application to the Congress for the Settlement above mentioned, it was the meaning and intention of all the members of Congress with whom I conversed, and especially of those who represented this State, that, the Settlement of my account should begin & conclude with the same periods of time which were observed, when the other officers of this State were settled with—

Were I not afraid of intruding too much on the time and goodness of your Excellency, I should be induced to show that many circumstances of necessity, both in time past and at this moment, urge me to beg that my request, and the resolution of Congress, may be complied with; having been destitute of that Support, which other officers have obtained from Notes of depreciation, I found myself oftentimes not far from a very suffering condition.

The long time in which I have been destitute of that little emolument, which I so much needed, and the many hundreds of Miles, which I have traveled for the sake of it, with no small expence; The great length of time which I have waited for the present opportunity; my unwearied, and long Services, in the cause of our country, during more than eight years; these Considerations all plead for me, and give me reason to hope that the Honorable Legislature, will hear my petition and answer it favorably—

Should a Settlement take place agreeable to my desire I cannot help making one more and it is, that the Interest due, may be paid in such money as will be of immediate Service to me, on my long Journey—

A Representation from your Excellency, to the Honorable Legislature agreeably to what I have requested, will very much benefit, and oblige Your Excellency's most obedient & most humble Servant,

ISRAEL EVANS.

(His Excellency President Weare.)

In 1780 the "Depreciation" was so great that £9,000 were voted to be raised to pay the minister's salary in Concord, and not finding that sufficient the parish voted to raise £30,000 additional. In 1781 they voted to raise £50,000.

This petition was evidently forwarded to the general court, then assembled, by President Weare. For in the Journal of the House, of October 28, 1784, "The Committee on the petition and memorial of the Reverend Mr. Evans, reported as their opinion, that the request be granted so far as it respects depreciation, and that he have order therefor accordingly. Signed John Wentworth for the Com. Which report being read and considered, Voted, That it be received and accepted." The same day it was "brought up, read and concurred" in by the honorable senate.

While chaplain of the New Hampshire brigade he seems to have been reported on the rolls as particularly of the Third regi-

ment commanded by Colonel Alexander Scammell, during the years 1777-'78-'79-'80, for certain amounts are paid him on account of depreciation of the continental money.

Numerous instances are on record, in the journals of the house and senate, of votes passed allowing Mr. Evans different sums for his services as "chaplain to the general court." He served in this office for some five years, 1788-'92.

He was invited in 1791 to deliver the Election Sermon, so called, before the legislature. We cannot do better than to present the vote as appears upon the records:

Thursday, Feb. 1791.

Voted, That his Excellency the President be desired to give information to the Revd. Mr. Evans of Concord that it is the desire of the legislature that he would prepare and deliver an Election Sermon before the General Court that may assemble on the first Wednesday in June next and in case it should so happen that the Revd. Mr. Evans cannot attend, that the Revd. Mr. Morrison of Londonderry be requested to prepare for the above purpose. Sent up by Mr. Emerson.

This sermon must have pleased the members of the legislature, to quote still further from the recorded proceedings:

Friday, June 3, 1791.

Voted, That Mr. Foster, Mr. Parker & Mr. MacGregore with such of the Honbl. Senate as they may join be a Committee to present the Revd. Mr. Evans with the thanks of the General Court for his excellent discourse delivered Yesterday before the Court and request of him a Copy for the press and also desire him to attend and Officiate as Chaplain to the Legislature the present Session." Concurred in by the Senate, the same day.

Thursday, June 14, 1791.

Voted, that the committee appointed the third Instant to present the Revd. Mr. Evans with the thanks of the General Court &c be requested to receive from Mr. Evans the Copy therein mentioned and agree with Mr. Hough to print 250 copies of the Same.

Of the 250 copies then printed, one has come down to our day, and from it I quote:

Galatians v, 1. "Stand fast, therefore, in the Liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled with the yoke of Bondage."

Friends and Fellow-Citizens, Religious Liberty is a divine right, immediately derived from the Supreme Being, without the intervention of any created authority. . . . A free, willing, industrious, and virtuous people, well united

and well pleased, are the strength of a nation; while the great wealth of a few luxurious, idle drones, are the great bane of Liberty. . . .

The Liberties of a people cannot be lasting without knowledge. The human mind is capable of a great cultivation. Knowledge is not only useful, but it adds dignity to man. Freemen should always acquire knowledge; this is a privilege and pleasure unknown to slaves. The happiness of mankind has been much advanced by the arts and sciences; and they have flourished the most among freemen. Liberty is enlightened by knowledge; and knowledge is nurtured by Liberty. Where there is wisdom, virtue, and Liberty, then mankind are Men. . . . Ye people of North America, let the example of all nations, who have gone before you, serve for your instruction. Fear the affluence of gold; fear a too unequal distribution of riches. Secure yourselves against the spirit of conquest. The tranquility of an empire diminishes in proportion to its extension. Have arms for your defence; have none for offense. Let Liberty have an immovable foundation in the wisdom of your laws, and let it be the indestructible cement to bind your states together. May your duration, if it be possible, equal the duration of the world.

From the prominence gained by serving so long as brigade chaplain of the New Hampshire troops, Mr. Evans was often called to positions of service and honor by the state. He was chaplain of the Convention for revising the Constitution 1791-'92. He was requested at the organization of the convention by vote, September 7, 1791, "to attend and officiate as chaplain during the session." A year later, September 5, 1792, it was voted, "That the Secretary be directed to certify to his Excellency the President of the State, the number of days that the Reverend Mr. Evans attended the Convention as Chaplain, and inform him that it is the desire of the Convention that he be compensated therefor out of the Treasury of this state. The Convention then dissolved."

Chaplain Evans married Miss Huldah Kent of Charlestown, Mass., sister of Colonel William A. Kent, afterwards a prominent citizen of Concord, N. H. Moody Kent says in his diary: "Huldah Kent, b. 18 (bapt. 19) June 1763, m. 1786 Rev. Israel Evans."

The Kent genealogy, p. 53, says,—“Huldah IV child of Ebenezer Kent and his second wife Mary Austin, born 18 June 1763, mar. 2nd May 1786 (to Rev. Israel Evans) by Rev. Jos. Eckley, died 19 Oct. 1846 ae. 84. Eben. Kent d. at London, England, 1766, and his widow, Mary, d. at Concord, N. H., 1827, aet. 91.” Mr Evans had no children.

As chaplain he served his country in time of war, and as pastor his adopted state in time of peace. As a settled minister in Concord let us now consider him. It was his connection with the New Hampshire brigade and acquaintance with its officers and soldiers that undoubtedly introduced him to Concord. He had been under the command of the brave New Hampshire generals, Poor, Sullivan, and Stark. The Capital city was in need of a pastor, for on September 1, 1782, the Rev. Timothy Walker had passed away. On December 17, 1786, one Deacon Jonathan Wilkins received a call to settle, which he declined. He says, "Taking into view your local situation with its attendant circumstances, it rather appears the encouragements you offered, are in fact, and as they are now stated, will prove deficient to the proposed end,"—that is, that the salary was inadequate. On September 1, 1788, Reverend Israel Evans was called by both the church and town to settle as its minister. In his answer of March 17, 1789, quoting from that reply, he says, "On my part, I declare my approbation of you as a people, though your written proceedings are not to my mind." His salary was stated at £90 "during his performing the work of the ministry in this town"; £15 more was added, "in lieu of settlement." The whole equal to about \$350.

This meager amount, with its conditions, was evidently quite unsatisfactory. He further frankly said, "Let me hope you will not continue to deviate from the honorable and generous customs and manners of our pious and worthy forefathers. I hope you will think it of infinitely more importance to encourage the ministers of the Gospel in their arduous work, than to give your sanction to a method of settling ministers, which, in the very entrance of their labors, does in a manner tell them that after 20, 30, 40, or even 50 years, of the most faithful service, they may be the most miserable beggars. . . . I hope when my labors cease that if it be the will of God, my life may not last long. Like a good soldier, it would be much better to die on my post." Having premised these few things, he accepts the call and agrees to become their pastor. He expresses the thought "that the pastoral charge of a congregation is one of the most solemn and important charges on earth." Hence, in closing his somewhat lengthy letter, of which

only part is given here, he "asks their prayers. I have often heard that a praying people will make a praying, a preaching, and a successful minister. I sincerely ask your prayers. I hope you will not deny them. Pray that I may not shun to declare the whole counsel of God to you. Pray that I may be a blessing, and that by preaching and living Jesus Christ I may both save myself and you."

The town concurred with the church in appointing the first Wednesday in July, 1789, as the time for the ordination services. Introductory prayer was by Rev. Jeremy Belknap. Rev. Joseph Eckley, pastor of the Old South church, Boston, from 1779 to 1811, the date of his death, preached Mr. Evans's installation sermon. He knew the chaplain well, as he was a classmate in Princeton college, and thus spoke of him to the people: "In consequence of the long acquaintance I have had with your pastor elect, I have the pleasure to congratulate you that we this day settle a gentleman with you, who, added to the natural gifts and improvements of his mind, has afforded every reasonable evidence of his being a sincere friend of our common Lord." The ordaining prayer was by Rev. Mr. Woodman; charge by Rev. Dr. McClintock.

His pastorate in Concord continued for eight years; during that time we see that he served as chaplain to the general court some five years, and chaplain of the constitutional convention for its session of one year. He occupied a prominent place in the community, as did the ministers of the olden time, honored by both church and town. Often called upon to serve the public, they responded to the demand. For instance, we note in the Concord *Mirror*, November 3, 1792, the following notice:

NEW HAMPSHIRE, CONCORD, Nov. 5, 1792.

Regimental Lecture. Thursday next the Rev. Mr. Evans, with the concurrence of Colonel John Bean and other Field Officers of the Eleventh Regiment, will deliver a lecture at the Meeting House in this town—on which the attendance of the Officers of said Regiment in their Regimental Dress, is requested by the Colonel.

At the town meeting in September, 1796, held for the purpose

of giving their suffrages for representatives to Congress, Israel Evans received a goodly number of votes.

While pastor, and after his resignation, he held his connection with his ministerial brethren, as clerk of the Ecclesiastical Convention of the State of New Hampshire.

The family of Mr. Evans, during his life in Concord, according to the United States census of 1790, as quaintly and briefly recorded, was as is here copied literally:

Census 1790, Concord, Rockingham Co. New Hampshire, Vol. 2. Isl. Evans [9th. name p. 249] 1 Free white male of 16 yrs and upwards, 1 Free white male under 16 yrs, 2 Free white females [no ages given] Total, 4 Free white persons, including head of family.

Census 1800, Concord, Rockingham Co. N. H. Vol. 1. Israel Evans [17th name p. 338] 1 Free white male of 45 yrs. and upwards 1 Free white male of 10 yrs and under 16 yrs, 1 Free white female of 26 yrs, and under 45 yrs. Total 4 Free white persons, including head of family.

The town in its corporate capacity had provided for the maintenance of its minister since 1780 but had failed to give very liberally for that purpose.* The question of the support of the minister was gaining in importance, for it was difficult for him to get even the small amount voted him. Owing to the town's delinquency in paying his predecessor's salary, in 1782, a committee of three was appointed "to request the Rev. Mr. Walker to *sue* those persons who have been delinquent in paying his salary." In 1794 Mr. Evans found equal difficulty in obtaining the small sum due him. The same question which delayed his acceptance as pastor, that of proper financial support, appeared once and again. It did not accord with his ideas and feelings as to the way ministers supposed to be supported by the town should be treated. A committee of five was appointed "to wait on Mr. Evans and inquire of him the reasons for his uneasiness with the town about the payment of his salary, and receive his answer in writing." That which he claimed was just and should have been allowed, is shown by the votes passed by the town, and they also exhibit the loose manner in which parish matters had been managed. Acted upon September 22:

* The town method ceased in 1825.

Voted, That the Selectmen pay the whole that is due to the Rev. Israel Evans immediately, or give said Evans a note upon interest till paid.

Voted, To accept the second proposition of the Rev. Mr. Evans, viz: the money appropriated to the use of the pulpit shall not in future be applied directly or indirectly to any other use.

Voted, To accept the third proposition of the Rev. Mr. Evans, viz: the collectors themselves shall pay to him, as often as can be done conveniently, all the money they collect for the use of the pulpit, and if possible within the year for which the money aforesaid was assessed.

These votes were, evidently, not very strongly enforced, and this was undoubtedly the cause of his bringing his pastorate to a close. April 21, 1797, Mr. Evans positively expressed his "intention of resigning to the town their pulpit and of finishing his work of the ministry in this place on the first of July next." His resignation was accepted by the town, and he was regularly dismissed by an ecclesiastical council on July 5, 1797. They stated "that in their opinion it was expedient that the pastoral relations be dissolved." They also "recommended him to the churches, and to the work of the ministry, wherever God in his providence may open a door, and wish him divine assistance and success."

Parson Evans preached during his ministerial life in the Old North church, so prominent in New Hampshire history. It was a large structure, capable of accommodating some thousand to twelve hundred people. Here in 1778 a convention was held to form a plan of government for the state; the first time the legislature met in Concord, in 1782, it assembled in this house, and continued to hold its sessions here until 1790; here on the 21st of June, 1788, gathered the state convention which ratified the Federal constitution; here, too, were held the conventions of 1791-'92 to revise the state constitution. From 1784 to 1831, thirty-nine times did the legislature march in grand procession to this meeting-house to hear the annual election sermon, which preceded its organization. From 1765-'90 all the town meetings were held in this house. In 1831 were held protracted religious meetings which resulted in a great revival. In 1834-'35 occurred the memorable trial of Abraham Prescott for murder. A eulogy on General Lafayette was delivered here before the general court in 1835, by Hon. N. G. Upham. Here took place that great political debate between

Franklin Pierce and John P. Hale. Not another edifice in New Hampshire has held within its confines so many notable gatherings of the olden time, or heard so great eloquence as resounded from its walls for nearly a hundred years.

No records of the church, except of 128 baptisms, can be found of Parson Evans's pastoral works. Although he had resigned his pulpit in July, 1797, he continued to reside in Concord until his death, March 9, 1807, at the age of sixty years.

Mr. Evans was considered a very popular preacher in his day, and children were often named for him. An old resident informs me that Moses Carter, a member of one of the old families, named his youngest son, born April 8, 1810, Israel Evans Carter.

In considering Mr. Evans's character, we should say with Headley, "that he was by nature better fitted for the stern duties of a military life, its strict subordination and exact method, and for the battle-field, than for the quiet routine of a pastor's calling. Humility was not a prominent trait in his character, and military experience did not make him yielding and tractable." Dr. Bouton says of him in his *History of Concord*, 1856, "With the feelings and habits acquired in a seven years' service in the United States army, Mr. Evans entered upon the duties of a pastor among this quiet, industrious, and unostentatious people. His manners were in perfect contrast to those of his predecessor. His sentiments and style of preaching were also different. Mr. Evans was a ready, fluent, and earnest preacher. Several sermons which he preached and published while in the army were distinguished for their patriotic spirit, and acquired for him an honorable reputation throughout the country. The minister was a man of distinction, too, in the town, for it is related, that although a chaise [two-wheeled vehicle] was used some in Concord Mr. Evans had a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two horses, in which he rode, wearing a wig and tri-cornered hat upon public occasions." It was said he was "fond of a good horse, good music, and good living. He was a gentleman of fine personal appearance, of dignified and martial manner." That this is true may be seen by the excellent portrait which appears herewith. This picture shows a highly intelligent,

refined and poetic temperament—a lover of literature and music, and an orator of national fame. As you look at the fine curves which outline his features, the beaming eye, and noble forehead you exclaim, “It is that of a Goethe!” This likeness is photographed from an oil painting, life size, by Ulysses D. Tenney, in Representatives’ hall, State House, Concord, presented by George Porter, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa.*

The painting was copied from an original miniature on ivory, probably by Kosciusko, painted during the encampment at Valley Forge, and which bore the inscription, “Washington’s Chaplain.” Mrs. Rebecca Kent Packard, a niece of Mr. Evans, now (1902) living in Brunswick, Me., at the age of 94, in a recent letter writes of that portrait:

From the photograph sent I recognized at once the familiar face, the same my childish eyes looked upon as it hung just under the looking glass in my Aunt Evans’s parlor. It is a fine, handsome face, with a look of determination in its expression, befitting a soldier living in fellowship with George Washington. My uncle adored Washington and felt his nearness to him, through the scenes of the war, to be a crown of honor—his name was often upon his lips when dying.

When Lafayette visited Concord in 1825 he recognized the miniature at once, and immediately exclaimed, “That is our worthy chaplain!”

Mr. Evans lived in the same house, bought at his settlement, of one Stephen Kimball. The home was number 200 North Main street. After Mr. Evans’s death his widow removed to Pleasant street to be near her brother. The old place was owned and occupied by Hon. Samuel Morrill, later and more recently by his daughter, Miss Clara Morrill. It was taken down some few years ago, and the lot is now vacant, except some noble elm trees which still stand guard in their strength and majesty. The house was originally constructed with two stories and what is called hip-roof, a door in the middle, and hall running through, with an L, one story. This style of house was called of the “third order,”—it appeared soon after the Revolutionary War. The widow, Mrs. Huldah Kent Evans, purchased the Farrington house, where she lived with

* Mr. George Porter was a son of Isaac Porter, who married Mr. Evans’s adopted daughter, a niece of Mrs. Evans, Mary Kent, who inherited the Evans estate. Henry Kirk Porter, son of George, now resides in Pittsburg.

her mother until her death, December 5, 1827. Later David G. Fuller owned the property. (The lot is now covered by the Wonalancet Club building.) She afterwards built a mansion on the opposite corner, afterwards occupied by Colonel William Kent. Mrs. Evans was aided by a pension from the government, in virtue of her husband's long and valuable services as chaplain of the army during the entire Revolutionary War. I add here a letter received from Washington upon this subject:

O. W. & N. Div. J. R. W.
No. 23016-Wid. Rev. War.

Department of the Interior,
Bureau of Pensions,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1902.

SIR: In reply to your request for a statement of the military history of Israel Evans, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, you will find below the desired information as contained in his widow's application for pension on file in this Bureau.

The widow stated that her late husband was ordained at Philadelphia in 1775, and in same year entered service as Chaplain and marched with N. Y. troops into Canada under Gen. Montgomery, and in 1777 was appointed Chaplain to Gen. Poor's brigade N. H. Line and was at Burgoyne's surrender; in 1779 was with Gen. Sullivan on Indian Campaign in the Genesee Country and acted as Aide during the battle; in Sept. 1780 officiated as Chaplain at the grave of Gen. Poor; in 1781 was with Poor's brigade at the surrender of Cornwallis; probably served until 1783.

Residence of soldier at enlistment, not stated. Date of application for pension by widow, February 1, 1831, her age at that date 68 years, and her residence, Concord, N. H.

Soldier married Huldah Kent, May 4, 1786, at Charlestown, Mass. and died March 9, 1807, at Concord, N. H. Date and place of his birth and names of his parents not stated.

Pensioned at \$600 per annum from March 4, 1831.

Very respectfully,

H. CLAY EVANS,
Commissioner.

Mr. John C. Thorne,
Concord, New Hampshire.

"Mrs. Evans lived in her new home," says Dr. Bouton, "in elegant simplicity, retired yet cheerful, highly esteemed by all who knew her," until death came October 19, 1846, at the age of eighty-three.

I have before me at this time—the property of the New Hampshire Historical Society—the true legal copy of Parson Evans's last will, comprising three closely written pages of foolscap, made at Exeter, June 15, 1807, by William Walker, register of probate. To this will is appended the certificate of approval of Nathaniel Rogers, Esq., judge of probate. It begins as follows:

“In the name of God, Amen. I Israel Evans, of Concord in the county of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire, Clerk, do this Eight day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and six, make and publish this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following; . . .” After giving some two hundred dollars in all to his sister, Hannah Robbins of Philadelphia, her daughter and grandchildren, and making suitable provision for his widow, he gives “all his other Estate, whether real or personal, to the Trustees of Dartmouth College, subject to the rights of his wife during her natural life, for the support of a Professor at said College to be called and known in his office by the name of the Evans Professor of Oratory and the Belle-lettres.” He appoints his wife Huldah Evans, Executrix, and John Wheelock, William Woodward, and Philip Carrigain, Jr., Esq., executors.

John Wheelock, mentioned as executor, was undoubtedly Dr. John Wheelock, the second president of Dartmouth College, in office from 1779 to 1817. Dr. Samuel C. Bartlett, ex-president of Dartmouth, said in an address before the New Hampshire Historical Society, March 20, 1895, “That the chief accession of productive funds during Dr. John Wheelock's administration of thirty-eight years, was the bequest, in 1807, by Rev. Israel Evans of Concord, of the Evans Professorship, now yielding an income of six hundred dollars.”

From recent information gained by correspondence with the college authorities, we learn “that Mr. Evans left a fund of some six to seven thousand dollars, but that it was subject to the use of his widow. Part of it was in land in Ohio. The ‘Evans Professorship of Oratory and Belles Lettres’ was established in 1838, but as far as can be ascertained no money was received until 1849,

three years after the decease of Mrs. Evans. The present value of the fund is twelve thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars. The chair is occupied, Mr. Craven Laycock being the assistant professor on that fund, which has been combined with others, and is still known as the 'Evans foundation.'"

Mr. Evans was made A. M. by Dartmouth College in 1792, and served as trustee from 1798 until his death in 1807.

Many anecdotes are related of Chaplain Evans, which, says his niece, Mrs. Packard, are undoubtedly true. It is said that in one of his petitions, offered just before the army engaged in conflict, he prayed as follows:

O Lord of Hosts, lead forth thy servants of the American army to battle, and give them the victory; or if this be not according to Thy sovereign will then we pray Thee—stand *neutral*, and let flesh and blood decide the issue.

Under the ministry of Parson Evans, who was very fond of good music, instrumental accompaniments were introduced by him to assist in the church singing. These consisted of the bass viol and the flute. "This was a great innovation," says Dr. Boulton, "and was attended with so much excitement and opposition, that according to tradition, some persons left the meeting-house rather than 'hear the profane sounds of the fiddle and the flute.'"

In his last sickness he showed his strong military spirit and love for the father of his country, even at the approach of death. Rev. Mr. McFarland, his successor in the pulpit, visiting and praying with him, asked, "that when he should be called from this to the other world he might sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." Mr. Evans added, "and with Washington, too!" He could not bear the thought, in his great friendship and admiration for Washington, of being separated from him in the eternal world.

He and his wife were buried in the Old Concord cemetery. "Over his grave stands the first *marble* monument erected in the old burying ground." This marble slab belongs to what is called the fourth class, succeeding the dark slate stones of a previous generation.

Upon the slabs in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Evans may be seen these inscriptions, copied *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*,

Sacred
to the Memory of
the Rev. Israel Evans,
who departed this life
March 9, 1807;
Aged 60
years.
There is rest in Heaven.

—
Mrs. Huldah Evans,
wife of
Rev. Israel Evans,
died
Oct. 19, 1846,
Æ. 83.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall
see God."

Mr. Evans's publications, as far as known, in the order of their delivery, are as follows:

1st. "A Discourse, Delivered on the 18th Day of December, 1777, the day of Public Thanksgiving, Appointed by the Honorable Continental Congress, By the Reverend Israel Evans A. M. Chaplain to General Poor's Brigade, And now published at the Request of the General and Officers of the said Brigade, to be distributed among the Soldiers, Gratis. Lancaster: Printed by Francis Bailey, M,DCC,LXXVIII." (24 pp. 16°.) (In Library of Princeton University.)

2d. "A Discourse, Delivered at Easton, on the 17th. of October, 1779, to the Officers and Soldiers of the Western Army, After their return from an Expedition against the Five Nations of hostile Indians, By the Reverend Israel Evans A. M. and Chaplain to General Poor's Brigade, Now Published at the particular Request of the Generals and Field Officers of that Army: And to be distributed among the Soldiers—Gratis. Philadelphia, Printed by Thomas Bradford, at the Coffee-House, M,DCC,-LXXIX." (40 pp. 16°.) (New Hampshire State Library.)

3d. "An Oration, Delivered at Hackensack, on the tenth of September, 1780, at the interment of the Honorable Brigadier Enoch Poor, General of the New Hampshire Brigade, By the Reverend Israel Evans, A. M., and Chaplain to the said brigade, Published by desire of the Officers of the New Hampshire troops, and a number of gentlemen in Exeter, Newbury Port: Printed and sold by John Mycall, MDCCLXXXI." (36 pp. 4°.)

4th. "A Discourse delivered near York in Virginia, on the Memorable Occasion of the Surrender of the British Army to the Allied Forces of America and France before the Brigade of New York Troops and the Division of American Light Infantry, under the command of the Marquis de la Fayette, by Israel Evans, A. M. Chaplain to the troops of New Hampshire. On the 13th day of December, the day of General Thanksgiving. This Discourse nearly in its present form was delivered in the second Presbyterian church at Philadelphia. The author is indebted for its publication to the generosity of a number of gentlemen in their city; and it is principally intended for the gratification of the brave soldiers fighting in the cause of America and mankind. Philadelphia: Printed by Francis Bailey, in Market street. M,DCC,LXXXII." (45 pp. 12°.) (Pa. Hist. So. Library.)

5th. "A Discourse delivered in New York, Before a Brigade of Continental troops, and a number of citizens assembled in St. George's chapel on the 11th December 1783. The Day set apart by the Recommendation of the United States in Congress as a Day of public Thanksgiving for the Blessings of Independence, Liberty and Peace, By the Rev. Israel Evans, A. M. Chaplain in the American Army. Published and sold by John Holt, Printer to the State of New York." (23 pp. 8°.) (Princeton University.)

6th. "A Sermon, Delivered at Concord, before the Hon. General Court of the State of New Hampshire, at the Annual Election, Holden on the First Wednesday in June, M,DCC,XCI, By the Rev. Israel Evans, A. M. Pastor of the Church in Concord. Concord: Printed by George Hough, for the Honorable General Court, M,DCC,XCI." (85 pp. 16°.) (New Hampshire State Library.)

Bright Fund.

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 2

COMPRISING

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE <i>ALABAMA</i> AND THE <i>KEARSARGE</i> - - - - -	<i>Frederick Milnes Edge</i>
THE CAREER OF THE <i>ALABAMA</i> FROM JULY 29, 1862, TO JUNE 19, 1864 - - -	<i>Anonymous</i>
ABOARD A. SEMMES PRIZE - - - - -	<i>H. S. Canfield</i>

WILLIAM ABBATT

141 EAST 25TH STREET,

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

1908

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW
OF THE
BATTLE
BETWEEN THE
ALABAMA AND THE *KEARSARGE*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL ON
SUNDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1864. FROM INFORMATION PERSONALLY OB-
TAINED IN THE TOWN OF CHERBOURG, AS WELL AS FROM
THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE UNITED
STATES SLOOP OF WAR KEARSARGE, AND
THE WOUNDED AND PRISONERS
OF THE CONFEDERATE
PRIVATEER.

BY
FREDERICK MILNES EDGE

NEW YORK
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH
1864

NEW YORK
Reprinted.
WILLIAM ABBATT
1908

(Being Extra No. 2 of the Magazine of History with Notes and Queries)

The writer of this pamphlet is an English gentleman of intelligence, now residing in London, who has spent some time in this country, and is known and esteemed by many of our best citizens. He visited Cherbourg for the express purpose of making the inquiry and investigation, the results of which are embodied in the following pages, and generously devotes the pecuniary results of his copyright to the funds of the SANITARY COMMISSION.

THIS RECORD
OF
A MOST GLORIOUS VICTORY
GAINED IN THE CAUSE OF
JUSTICE AND HUMANITY
IS
DEDICATED TO
THAT NOBLE OFFSPRING OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE,
THE SANITARY COMMISSION OF THE UNITED STATES,
BY
THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

London, July 14, 1864.

PREFACE

LETTER OF CAPTAIN WINSLOW.

U. S. S. S. "KEARSARGE," OFF DOVER,

July 18, 1864.

FRED'K M. EDGE, ESQ.,

LONDON,

My Dear Sir:

I have read the proof sheets of your pamphlet entitled "*The Alabama and the Kearsarge—An Account of the Naval Engagement in the British Channel on Sunday, June 19, 1864.*" I can fully endorse the pamphlet as giving a fair, unvarnished statement of all the facts, both prior and subsequent to the engagement.

With my best wishes, I remain, with feelings of obligation,

Very truly yours,

JOHN A. WINSLOW.

THE KEARSARGE

THE importance of the engagement between the United States sloop-of-war *Kearsarge* and the Confederate privateer *Alabama* cannot be estimated by the size of the two vessels. The conflict off Cherbourg on Sunday, the 19th of June, was the first decisive engagement between shipping propelled by steam, and the first test of the merits of modern naval artillery. It was, moreover, a contest for superiority between the ordnance of Europe and America, whilst the result furnishes us with *data* wherefrom to estimate the relative advantage of rifled and smooth-bore cannon at short range.

Perhaps no greater or more numerous misrepresentations were ever made in regard to an engagement than in reference to the one in question. The first news of the conflict came to us enveloped in a mass of statements, the greater part of which, not to use an unparliamentary expression, was diametrically opposed to the truth; and although several weeks have now elapsed since the *Alabama* followed her many defenceless victims to their watery grave, these misrepresentations attain as much credence as ever. The victory of the *Kearsarge* was accounted for, and the defeat of the *Alabama* excused or palliated upon the following principal reasons:

1. The superior size and speed of the *Kearsarge*.
2. The superiority of her armament.
3. The "chain-plating" at her sides.
4. The greater number of her crew.
5. The unpreparedness of the *Alabama*.
6. The assumed necessity of Captain Semmes' accepting the challenge sent him (as represented) by the commander of the *Kearsarge*.

Besides these misstatements, there have been others put forth, either in ignorance of the real facts of the case, or with a purposed intention of diminishing the merit of the victory by casting odium upon the Federals on the score of inhumanity. In the former category must be placed the remarks of *The Times* (June 21st); but it is just to state that the observations in question were made on receipt of the first news, and from information furnished probably by parties unconnected with the paper and desirous of palliating the *Alabama's* defeat by any means in their power. We are informed in the article above referred to that the guns of the latter vessel "had been pointed* for 2,000 yards, and the second shot went right through the *Kearsarge*," whereas no shot whatever went through as stated. Again, "the *Kearsarge* fired about 100 (shot) chiefly eleven-inch shell," the fact being that not one-third of her projectiles were of that calibre. Further on we find—"The men (of the *Alabama*) were all true to the last; they only ceased firing when the water came to the muzzles of their guns." Such a declaration as this is laughable in the extreme; the *Alabama's* guns were all on the spar-deck, like those of the *Kearsarge*; and to achieve what the *Times* represents, her men must have fought on until the hull of their vessel was two feet under water. The truth is—if the evidence of the prisoners saved by the *Kearsarge* may be taken—Captain Semmes hauled down his flag immediately after being informed by his chief engineer that the water was putting out the fires; and within a few minutes the water gained so rapidly on the vessel that her bow rose slowly in the air, and half her guns obtained a greater elevation than they had ever known previously. It is unfortunate to find such cheap-novel style of writing in a paper which at some future period may be referred to as an authoritative chronicler of events now transpiring.

It would be too long a task to notice all the numerous misstatements of private individuals, and of the English and French press, in reference to this action: the best mode is to give the facts as they occurred, leaving the public to judge by internal evidence on which side the truth exists.

* Sighted (Ed.).

Within a few days of the fight, the writer of these pages crossed from London to Cherbourg for the purpose of obtaining by personal examination, full and precise information in reference to the engagement. It would seem as though misrepresentation, if not positive falsehood, were inseparable from everything connected with the *Alabama*—for on reaching the French naval station he was positively assured by the people on shore that nobody was permitted to board the *Kearsarge*. Preferring, however, to substantiate the truth of these allegations from the officers of the vessel themselves, he hired a boat and sailed out to the sloop, receiving on his arrival an immediate and polite reception from Captain Winslow and his gallant subordinates. During the six days he remained at Cherbourg, he found the *Kearsarge* open to the inspection, above and below, of any and everybody who chose to visit her; and he frequently heard surprise expressed, by English and French visitors alike, that representations on shore were so inconsonant with the truth of the case.

I found the *Kearsarge* lying under the guns of the French ship-of-the-line *Napoleon*, two cables' length from that vessel and about a mile and a half from the harbor; she had not moved from that anchorage since entering the port of Cherbourg, and no repairs whatever had been effected in her hull since the fight. I had thus full opportunity to examine the extent of her damage, and she certainly did not look at all like a vessel which had just been engaged in one of the hottest conflicts of modern times.

SIZE OF THE TWO VESSELS.

The *Kearsarge*, in size, is by no means the terrible craft represented by those who, for some reason or other, seek to detract from the honor of her victory; she appeared to me a mere yacht in comparison with the shipping around her, and disappointed many of the visitors who came to see her. The relative proportions of the two antagonists were as follows:

	ALABAMA	KEARSARGE
Length over all,	220 feet	232 feet.
“ of keel,	210 “	198½ “
Beam,	32 “	33 “
Depth,	17 “	16½ “
Horse-power, two engines of 300 each		400 h. p.
Tonnage,	1040	1081*

The *Alabama* was a bark-rigged screw propeller, and the heaviness of her rig, and above all the greater size and height of her masts would give her the appearance of a much larger vessel than her antagonist. The masts of the latter are disproportionately low and small; she has never carried more than topsail yards, and depends for her speed on her machinery alone. It is to be questioned whether the *Alabama*, with all her reputation for velocity, could, in her best trim, outsteam her rival. The log-book of the *Kearsarge*, which I was courteously permitted to examine, frequently shows a speed of upwards of fourteen knots the hour, and her engineers state that her machinery was never in better working order than at the present time. I have not seen engines more compact in form, nor apparently in finer condition; looking in every part as though they were fresh from the workshop, instead of being, as they are, half through the third year of the cruise.

Ships-of-war, however, whatever may be their tonnage, are nothing more than platforms for carrying artillery. The only mode by which to judge of the strength of the two vessels is in comparing their armaments; and herein we find the equality of the antagonists as fully exemplified as in the respective proportions of their hulls and steam-power. The armaments of the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge* were and are as follows:

ARMAMENT OF THE “ALABAMA”

One 7-inch Blakely rifle.

One 8-inch smooth-bore (68 pounder).

Six 32-pounders.

* The *Kearsarge* has a four-bladed screw, diameter 12 ft. 9 inches with a pitch of 20 feet.

ARMAMENT OF THE "KEARSARGE"

Two 11-inch smooth-bore guns.

One 80-pounder rifle.

Four 32-pounders.

It will, therefore, be seen that the *Alabama* had the advantage of the *Kearsarge*—at all events in the number of her guns; whilst the weight of the latter's broadside was only some twenty per cent. greater than her own.

This disparity, however, was more than made up by the greater rapidity of the *Alabama's* firing, and above all, by the superiority of her artillerymen. The *Times* informs us that Captain Semmes asserts "he owes his best men to the training they received on board the *Excellent**"; and trained gunners must naturally be superior to the volunteer gunners on board the *Kearsarge*. Each vessel fought all her guns, with the exception in either case of one 32-pounder on the starboard side; but the struggle was really decided by the two eleven-inch Dahlgren smooth-bores of the *Kearsarge* against the seven-inch Blakely rifle and the heavy 68-pounder pivot of the *Alabama*. The *Kearsarge* certainly carried a small 30-pounder rifled Dahlgren in pivot on her fore-castle, and this gun was fired several times before the rest were brought into play; but the gun in question was never regarded as aught than a failure, and the Ordnance Department of the United States Navy has given up its manufacture.

THE "CHAIN-PLATING" OF THE KEARSARGE.

Great stress has been laid upon the chain-plating of the *Kearsarge*, and it is assumed by interested parties that but for this armor the contest would have resulted differently. A pamphlet lately published in this city, entitled *The Career of the Alabama*,* makes the following statement:

"The Federal Government had fitted out the *Kearsarge*, a new vessel of great speed, *iron-coated*" (p. 28).

* British man of war. (Ed.)

* London, Dorrell & Son.

"She (the *Kearsarge*) appeared to be *temporarily* plated with iron chains" (p. 38). (In the previous quotation, it would appear she had so been plated by the Federal Government: both statements are absolutely incorrect, as will shortly be seen.)

"It was frequently observed that shot and shell struck against the *Kearsarge's* side and harmlessly rebounded, bursting outside and doing no damage to the Federal crew. Another advantage accruing from this was that it sank her very low in the water, so low in fact, that the heads of the men who were in the boats were on the level of the *Kearsarge's* deck. (p. 39). As before observed, the sides of the *Kearsarge* were trailed all over with chain cable." (p. 41).

The author of the pamphlet in question has judiciously refrained from giving his name. A greater number of more unblushing misrepresentations never were contained in an equal space.

In his official report to the Confederate Envoy, Mr. Mason, Captain Semmes makes the following statements:

"At the end of the engagement it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded, that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-coated; *this having been done with chain constructed for the purpose (!)*—placed perpendicularly from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armor beneath. This planking had been ripped off in every direction (!) by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places and forced partly into the ship's side. She was most effectually guarded, however, in this section from penetration. The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery and crew (!), *but I did not know until the action was over that she was also iron-clad.*

"Those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with our wounded." As soon as Captain Semmes reached the *Deerhound* the yacht steamed off at full speed towards Southampton,

and Semmes wrote his report of the fight either in England or on board the English vessel—probably the former, for he dates his communication to Mr. Mason—"Southampton, June 21, 1864." How did he obtain intelligence from those of his officers "who went alongside the enemy's ship," and who would naturally be detained as prisoners of war? It was impossible for anybody to reach Southampton in the time specified; nevertheless he did obtain such information. One of his officers, George T. Fullam—an Englishman unfortunately—came to the *Kearsarge* in a boat at the close of the action, representing the *Alabama* to be sinking, and that if the *Kearsarge* did not hasten to get out boats to save life, the crew must go down with her. Not a moment was to be lost, and he offered to go back to his own vessel to bring off prisoners, pledging his honor to return when the object was accomplished. After picking up several men struggling in the water, he steered directly for the *Deerhound*, and on reaching her actually cast his boat adrift. It was subsequently picked up by the *Kearsarge*. Fullam's name appears among the list of "saved" by the *Deerhound*; and he, with others of the *Alabama's* officers who had received a similar permission from their captors, and had similarly broken their troth, of course gave the above information to their veracious Captain.

The "chain-plating" of the *Kearsarge* was decided upon in this wise: The vessel lay off Fayal, towards the latter part of April, 1863, on the look-out for a notorious blockade runner named the *Juno*. The *Kearsarge* being short of coal, and fearing some attempts at opposition on the part of her prey, the First Officer of the sloop, Lieutenant-Commander James S. Thornton, suggested to Captain Winslow the advisability of hanging her two sheet-anchor cables over her sides, so as to protect her midship section. Mr. Thornton had served on board the flagship of Admiral Farragut,—the *Hartford*—when she and the rest of the Federal fleet ran the forts of the Mississippi to reach New Orleans; and he made the suggestion at Fayal through having seen the advantage gained by it on that occasion. I now copy the following extract from the log-book of the *Kearsarge*:

"HORTA BAY, FAYAL, (May 1st, 1863.)

"From 8 to Merid. Wind E. N. E. (F2). Weather b. c. Strapped, loaded and fused (5 sec. fuse) 18 XI inch shell. Commenced armor plating ship, using sheet chain. Weighed kedge anchor.

E. W. STODDARD, *Acting Master.*"

This operation of chain-armouring took three days, and was effected without assistance from the shore and at an expense of material of seventy-five dollars (£15). In order to make the addition less unsightly, the chains were boxed over with three-fourth inch deal boards, forming a case, or box, which stood out at right angles from the vessel's sides. This box would naturally excite curiosity in every port where the *Kearsarge* touched, and no mystery was made as to what the boarding covered. Captain Semmes was perfectly cognizant of the entire affair, notwithstanding his shameless assertion of ignorance; for he spoke about it to his officers and crew several days prior to the 19th of June, declaring that the chains were only attached together with rope yarns, and would drop into the water when struck with the first shot. I was so informed by his own wounded men lying in the naval hospital at Cherbourg. Whatever might be the value for defense of this chain-plating, it was only struck once during the engagement, so far as I could discover, by a long and close inspection. Some of the officers of the *Kearsarge* asserted to me that it was struck twice, whilst others deny that declaration; in one spot, however, a 32-pound shot broke in the deal covering and smashed a single link, two-thirds of which fell into the water. The remainder is in my possession, and proves to be of the ordinary five and a quarter inch chain. Had the cable been struck by the rifled 120-pounder instead of by a 32, the result might have been different; but in any case the damage would have amounted to nothing serious, for the vessel's side was hit five feet above the water-line and nowhere in the vicinity of the boilers or machinery. Captain Semmes evidently regarded this protection of the chains as little worth, for he might have adopted the same plan before engaging the *Kearsarge*; but he confined himself

to taking on board a hundred and fifty tons of coal *as a protection to his boilers*, which, in addition to the two hundred tons already in his bunkers, would bring him pretty low in the water.

The *Kearsarge*, on the contrary, was deficient in her coal, and she took what was necessary on board during my stay at Cherbourg.

The quantity of chain used on each side of the vessel in this much-talked of "armouring," is only a hundred and twenty fathoms, and it covers a space amidships of 49 feet, 6 inches in length, by 6 feet, 2 inches in depth.* The chain, which is single, not double, was and is stopped to eye-bolts with rope-yarn and by iron "dogs" (there was nothing whatever between the chain and the ship's sides).

Is it reasonable to suppose that this plating of 1 7-10 inch iron (the thickness of the links of the chain) could offer any serious resistance to the heavy 68-pounder and the 7-inch Blakely rifle of the *Alabama* at the comparatively close range of seven hundred yards? What then becomes of the mistaken remark of the *Times*, that the *Kearsarge* was "provided, as it turned out, with some special contrivance for protection," or Semmes' declaration that she was "iron-clad"? The *Career of the Alabama*, in referring to this chain-plating, says: "Another advantage accruing from this was that it sank her very low," etc. (see *ante*). It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the weight of two hundred and forty fathoms of chain could have any such effect upon a vessel of one thousand tons burden; whilst in addition, the cable itself was part of the ordinary equipment of the ship. Further, the supply of coal on board the *Kearsarge* at the time of action was only 120 tons, while the *Alabama* had 350 tons on board.

The objection that the *Alabama* was short-handed does not appear to be borne out by the facts of the case; while on the other hand, a greater number of men than were necessary to work the guns and ship would be more of a detriment than a benefit to the *Kearsarge*.

* Captain Winslow, in his first hurried report of the engagement, put the space covered at twenty or twenty-five feet, believing this to be rather over than under the mark. The above, however, is the exact measurement.

The latter vessel had 22 officers on board, and 140 men: the *Alabama* is represented to have had only 120 in her crew (Mr. Mason's statement), but if her officers be included in this number, the assertion is obviously incorrect, for the *Kearsarge* saved 67,* the *Deerhound* 41, and the French pilot boats 12, and this without mentioning the thirteen accounted for as killed and wounded,* and others who went down with the ship. When the *Alabama* arrived at Cherbourg, her officers and crew numbered 149. This information was given by captains of American vessels who were held as prisoners on board the privateer after the destruction of their ships; and this information is endorsed by the captured officers of the *Alabama* now on board the *Kearsarge*. It is known also that many persons tried to get on board the *Alabama* while she lay in Cherbourg; but this the police prevented as far as lay in their power. If Captain Semmes' representation were correct in regard to his being short-handed, he certainly ought not to be trusted with the command of a vessel again, however much he may be esteemed by some parties for his Quixotism in challenging an antagonist, to use his own words—"heavier than myself both in ship, battery, and crew."

The asserted unpreparedness of the *Alabama* is about as truthful as the other representations, if we may take Captain Semmes' report, and certain facts, in rebutting evidence. The Captain writes to Mr. Mason: "I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my First Lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition the ship was in when she went into action;" but if Captain Semmes were right in the alleged want of preparation, he himself is alone to blame. He had ample time for protecting his vessel and crew in all possible manners; he, not the *Kearsarge*, was the aggressor; and but for his forcing the fight, the *Alabama* might still be riding inside Cherbourg breakwater. Notwithstanding the horrible cause for which he is struggling, and the atrocious depredations he has committed upon helpless merchantmen, we can still admire the daring he evinced in sallying forth from a secure

* Including three dead.

* See post.

haven and gallantly attacking his opponent; but when he professes ignorance of the character of his antagonist, and unworthily attempts to disparage the victory of his foe, we forget all our first sympathies and condemn the moral nature of the man, as he has forced us to do his judgment.

Nor must it be forgotten that the *Kearsarge* has had fewer opportunities for repairs than the *Alabama*, and that she has been cruising around in all seas *for a much longer period than her antagonist*.^{*} The *Alabama*, on the contrary, had lain for many days in Cherbourg, and she only steamed forth when her Captain supposed her to be in, at all events, as good a condition as the enemy.

THE CHALLENGE

Finally, the challenge to fight was given by the *Alabama* to the *Kearsarge*, not by the *Kearsarge* to the *Alabama*.

The *Career of the Alabama* before referred to, makes the following romantic statement:

“ When he (Semmes) was challenged by the commander of the *Kearsarge*, everybody in Cherbourg, it appears, said it would be disgraceful if he refused the challenge; and this, coupled with his belief that the *Kearsarge* was not so strong as she really proved to be, made him agree to fight” (p. 41).

On the Tuesday after the battle, and before leaving London for Cherbourg, I was shown a telegram by a member of the House of Commons, forwarded to him that morning. The telegram was addressed to one of the gentleman's constituents by his son, a sailor on board the *Alabama*, and was dated “C. S. S. *Alabama*, Cherbourg, June 14th,” the sender stating that they were about to engage the *Kearsarge* on the morrow, or next day. I have not a copy of this telegram, but the *Career of the Alabama* gives a letter to the like effect, from the surgeon of the privateer, addressed to a gentleman of this city. The letter reads as follows:

^{*} The *Kearsarge* started on her present cruise February 4, 1862; the *Alabama* left the Mersey at the end of July following.

CHERBOURG, *June 14, 1864.*

DEAR TRAVERS: Here we are. I send this by a gentleman coming to London. An enemy is outside. *If she only stays long enough, we go out and fight her.* If I live, expect to see me in London shortly. If I die, give my best love to all who know me. If Monsieur A. de Caillet should call on you, please show him every attention.

I remain, dear Travers, ever yours,

D. H. LLEWELLYN.

There were two brave gentlemen on board the *Alabama*—poor Llewellyn, who nobly refused to save his own life by leaving his wounded, and a young lieutenant, Mr. Joseph Wilson, who honorably delivered up his sword on the deck of the *Kearsarge*, when the other officers threw theirs into the water.

The most unanswerable proof of Captain Semmes' having challenged the commander of the *Kearsarge* is to be found in the following letter addressed by him to the Confederate consul or agent, at Cherbourg. After the publication of this document, it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of Captain Winslow's having committed such a breach of discipline and etiquette as that of challenging a rebel against his Government:

SEMME'S CHALLENGE TO THE "KEARSARGE"

C. S. S. ALABAMA,

CHERBOURG, JUNE 14, 1864.

Ad. Bonfils, Cherbourg,

SIR: I hear that you were informed by the U. S. Consul that the *Kearsarge* was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me,* and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the U. S. Consul that my intention is to fight the *Kearsarge* as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than until to-mor-

* This information was incorrect. No such statement was ever made by the Consul of the United States at Cherbourg.—F. M. E.

row evening, or after the morrow morning at farthest.
I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. SEMMES, *Captain.*

Numerous facts serve to prove that Captain Semmes had made every preparation to engage the *Kearsarge*, and that widespread publicity had been given to his intention. As soon as the arrival of the Federal vessel was known at Paris, an American gentleman of high position came down to Cherbourg with instructions for Captain Winslow; but so desirous were the French authorities to preserve a really honest neutrality, that permission was only granted him to sail to her after his promise to return to shore immediately on the delivery of his message. Once back in Cherbourg and about to return to Paris, he was advised to remain over night, *as the Alabama intended to fight the Kearsarge the next day* (Sunday). On Sunday morning an excursion train arrived from Paris, and the visitors were received at the railway terminus by the boatmen of the port, who offered them boats for the purpose of seeing *a genuine naval battle which was to take place during the day*. Turning such a memorable occurrence to practical use, Monsieur Rondin, a celebrated photographic artist on the Place d'Armes, Cherbourg, prepared the necessary apparatus and placed himself on the summit of the old church tower which the whilom denizens of Cherbourg had very properly built in happy juxtaposition with his establishment. I was only able to see the negative, but that was quite sufficient to show that the artist had obtained a very fine view indeed of the exciting contest. Five days, however, had elapsed since Captain Semmes sent his challenge to Captain Winslow through the Confederate agent, Monsieur Bonfils; surely time sufficient for him to make all the preparation which he considered necessary. Meanwhile, the *Kearsarge* was cruising to and fro at sea, outside the breakwater.

The *Kearsarge* reached Cherbourg on the fourteenth of June, and her Captain only heard of Semmes' intention to fight him

on the following day. Five days, however, elapsed before the *Alabama* put in an appearance and her exit from the harbor was heralded by the English yacht *Deerhound*. The officer on watch aboard the *Kearsarge* made out a three-masted vessel steaming from the harbor, the movements of which were somewhat mysterious. After remaining a short time only, this steamer, which subsequently proved to be the *Deerhound*, went back into port, only returning to sea a few minutes in advance of the *Alabama* and the French ironclad *La Couronne*. Mr. Lancaster, her owner, sends a copy of his log to the *Times*, the first two entries being as follows:

“Sunday, June 19, 9 A. M.—Got up steam and proceeded out of Cherbourg harbour.

10:30, observed the *Alabama* steaming out of the harbour towards the Federal steamer *Kearsarge*.*

Mr. Lancaster does not inform us why an English gentleman should choose a Sunday morning, of all days in the week, to cruise about at an early hour with ladies on board, nor does he supply the public with information as to the movements of the *Deerhound* during the hour and a half which elapsed between his exit

* The following is the copy of the log of the *Kearsarge* on the day in question:

“June 19, 1864, from 8 to merid. Moderate breeze from the Wd., weather b. c. At 10 o'clock, inspected crew at quarters. At 10:20, discovered the *Alabama* steaming out from the port of Cherbourg, accompanied by a French ironclad steamer, and a fore-and-aft rigged steamer showing the white English ensign and a yacht flag. Beat to General Quarters and cleared the ship for action. Steamed ahead, standing off shore. At 10:50, being distant from the land about two leagues, altered our course and approached the *Alabama*. At 10:57 the *Alabama* commenced the action with her starboard broadside at 1000 yards range. At 11 we returned her fire, and came fairly into action, which we continued until Merid., when observing signs of distress in the enemy, together with a cessation of her fire, our fire was withheld. At 12:10 a boat with an officer from the *Alabama* came alongside and surrendered his vessel, with the information that she was rapidly sinking, with a request for assistance. Sent the Launch and 2d Cutter, the other boats being disabled by the fire of the enemy. The English yacht before mentioned, coming within hail, was requested by the Captain (Winslow) to render assistance in saving the lives of the officers and crew of the surrendered vessel. At 2:24 the *Alabama* went down in forty fathoms of water, leaving most of the crew struggling in the water. Seventy persons were rescued by the boats—two pilot boats and the yacht also assisted. One pilot boat came alongside us, but the other returned to the port. The yacht steamed rapidly away to the N.d., without reporting the number of our prisoners she had picked up.

(Signed) JAMES S. WHEELER, Acting Master.

from the harbor and the appearance of the *Alabama*. The preceding paragraph, however, supplies the omission.

THE ENGAGEMENT

At length the *Alabama* made her appearance, in company with *La Couronne*, the latter vessel convoying her outside the limit of French waters. (Here let me pay a tribute to the careful neutrality of the French authorities. No sooner was the limit of jurisdiction reached than *La Couronne* put down her helm, and without any delay, steamed back into port, not even lingering outside the breakwater to witness the fight. Curiosity, if not worse, anchored the English vessel in handy vicinity to the combatants. Her presence proved to be of much utility, for she picked up no less than fourteen of the *Alabama's* officers and among them the redoubtable Semmes himself.)

So soon as the *Alabama* was made out, the *Kearsarge* immediately headed seaward and steamed off the coast; the object being to get a sufficient distance from the land so as to obviate any possible infringement of French jurisdiction; and secondly, that in case of the battle going against the *Alabama*, the latter could not retreat into port. When this was accomplished the *Kearsarge* was turned shortly round, and steered immediately for the *Alabama*, Captain Winslow desiring to get within close range, as his guns were shotted with five seconds' shell. The interval between the two vessels being reduced to a mile or thereabouts, the *Alabama* sheered and discharged a broadside, nearly a raking fire, at the *Kearsarge*; more speed was given to the latter to shorten the distance, and a slight sheer to prevent raking. The *Alabama* fired a second broadside and part of a third, while her antagonist was closing; and at the expiration of ten or twelve minutes from the *Alabama's* opening shot, the *Kearsarge* discharged her first broadside. The action henceforth continued in a circle, the distance between the two vessels being about seven hundred yards; this at all events, is the opinion of the Federal commander and his officers, for their guns were sighted at that range and their shell burst in and over the privateer. The speed of the

two vessels during the engagement did not exceed eight knots the hour.

At the expiration of one hour and two minutes from the first gun, the *Alabama* hauled down her colors and fired a lee gun (according to the statements of her officers) in token of surrender. Captain Winslow, however, could not believe that the enemy had struck, as his own vessel had received so little damage; and he could not regard his antagonist as much more injured than himself; and it was only when a boat came off from the *Alabama* that her true condition was known. The eleven-inch shell from the *Kearsarge*, thrown with fifteen pounds of powder at seven hundred yards' range, had gone clean through the starboard side of the privateer, bursting in the port side and tearing great gaps in her timber and planking. This was plainly obvious when the *Alabama* settled by the stern and raised the forepart of her hull high out of water.

The *Kearsarge* was struck twenty-seven times during the conflict, and fired in all one hundred and seventy-three (173) shots. These were as follows:

SHOTS FIRED BY THE KEARSARGE

Two 11-inch guns	55	shots
Rifle on forecastle	48	"
Broadside 32-pounders	60	"
12 pounder boat howitzer	10	"
<hr/>		
Total	173	shots

(The last-named gun performed no part whatever in sinking the *Alabama*, and was only used in the action to create laughter among the sailors. Two old quarter-masters, the *Two Dromios* of the ship, were put in charge of this gun, with instructions to fire when they received the order. But the two old salts, little relishing the idea of having nothing to do while their messmates were so actively engaged, commenced peppering away with their

pea-shooter of a piece, alternating their discharges with vituperation of each other. This low-comedy by-play amused the ship's company, and the officers good-humoredly allowed the farce to continue until the single box of ammunition was exhausted.)

DAMAGE TO THE KEARSARGE

The Kearsarge was struck as follows:

One shot through starboard quarter, taking a slanting direction aft, and lodging in the rudder-post. (This shot was from the Blakely rifle.)

One shot, carrying away starboard lifebuoy.

Three 82-pounder shots through port bulwarks, forward of mizzen-mast.

A shell, exploding after end of pivot port.

A shell, exploding after end of chain-plating.

A 68-pound shell, passing through starboard bulwarks below main rigging, wounding three men—the only casualties among the crew during the engagement.

A Blakely rifle-shell, passing through the engine-room skylight, and dropping harmlessly in the water beyond the vessel.

Two shots below plank-sheer, abreast of boiler hatch.

One, forward pivot port plank-sheer.

One, forward foremast rigging.

One, striking launch's topping lift.

A rifle-shell, passing through funnel, bursting without damage inside.

One, starboard forward mainshroud.

One starboard forward shroud, mizzen rigging.

One, starboard after-shroud, main topmast rigging.

One, main-topsail tye.

One, main-topsail outhaul.

One, main-topsail runner.

Two, through port quarter boat.

One through furled spanker.

One, starboard mizzen-topmast back stay.

One, through mizzen peak-signal halyards, which cut the stops when the battle was nearly over, and for the first time let loose the flag to the breeze.

This list of damages received by the *Kearsarge* proves the exceedingly bad fire of the *Alabama*, notwithstanding the numbers of men on board the latter belonging to our Naval Reserve, and the trained hands from the gunnery ship *Excellent*. I was informed by some of the paroled prisoners on shore at Cherbourg that Captain Semmes fired rapidly* at the commencement of the action, "in order to frighten the Yankees"; nearly all the officers and crew being, as he was well aware, merely volunteers from the merchant service.

At the expiration of twenty minutes after the *Kearsarge* discharged the first broadside, continuing the battle in a leisurely, cool manner, Semmes remarked: "Confound them, they've been fighting twenty minutes, and they're as cool as posts." The probabilities are that the crew of the Federal vessel had learnt not to regard as dangerous the rapid and hap-hazard practice of the *Alabama*.

From the time of her first reaching Cherbourg until she finally quitted the port, the *Kearsarge* never received the slightest assistance from shore, with the exception of that rendered by a boiler-maker in patching up her funnel. Every other repair was completed by her own hands, and she might have crossed the Atlantic immediately after the action without difficulty. So much for Mr. Lancaster's statement that "the *Kearsarge* was apparently much disabled."

SEMME'S DESIGN TO BOARD THE KEARSARGE

The first accounts received of the action led us to suppose that Captain Semmes' intention was to lay his vessel alongside the enemy, and carry her by boarding. Whether this information came from

* According to the statement of prisoners captured, the *Alabama* fired no less than three hundred and seventy times (shot and shell), more than twice the number of the *Kearsarge*.

the Captain himself or was "made out of whole cloth" by some of his admirers, the idea of boarding a vessel under steam—unless her engines, screw or rudder be disabled—is manifestly ridiculous. The days of boarding are gone by, except under the contingencies above stated; and any such attempt on the part of the *Alabama* would have been attended with disastrous results to herself and crew. To have boarded the *Kearsarge*, Semmes must have possessed greater speed to enable him to run alongside her, and the moment the pursuer came near her victim, the latter would shut off steam, drop astern in a second of time, sheer off, discharge her whole broadside of grape and canister, and rake her antagonist from stem to stern. Our pro-Southern sympathizers really ought not to make their *protegé* appear ridiculous by ascribing to him such an egregious intention.

NATIONALITY OF THE KEARSARGE CREW

It has frequently been asserted that the major portion of the Northern armies is composed of foreigners, and the same statement is made in reference to the crews of the American Navy. The report got abroad in Cherbourg that the victory of the *Kearsarge* was due to her having taken aboard at Brest a number of French gunners; and a French Admiral asked me in perfect good faith whether it were not the fact. It will not, therefore, be out of place to give the names and nationalities of the officers and crew on board her during her action with the *Alabama*:

OFFICERS* OF THE KEARSARGE, JUNE 19, 1864

NAME.	RANK.	NATIVE OF
John A. Winslow	Captain	North Carolina**
James S. Thornton	Lieut. Comdr.	New Hampshire
John M. Browne	Surgeon	" "
Joseph Adams Smith	Paymaster	Maine
Wm. H. Cushman	Chief Engineer	Pennsylvania
James R. Wheeler	Acting Master	Massachusetts
Eben'r M. Stoddard	" "	Connecticut
David H. Sumner	" "	Maine

* Including petty and warrant officers.

** He has long been a citizen of Massachusetts.

NAME.	RANK.	NATIVE OF
Wm. H. Badlam	2d Asst. Engr.	Massachusetts
Fred. L. Miller	3d " "	"
Sidney L. Smith	" " "	"
Henry McConnell	" " "	Pennsylvania
Edward E. Preble	Midshipman	Maine
Daniel B. Sargent	Paymaster's Clerk	"
S. E. Hartwell	Chaplain's Clerk	Massachusetts
Franklin A. Graham	Gunner	Pennsylvania
James C. Walton	Boatswain	"
Wm. H. Yeaton	Acting Master's Mate	United States
Charles H. Danforth	" " "	Massachusetts
Ezra Bartlett	" " "	New Hampshire
George A. Tittle	Surgeon's Steward	United States
Carsten B. De Witt	Yeoman	" "

CREW OF THE KEARSARGE

Jason N. Watrous	Master-at-Arms	United States
Charles Butts	Quartermaster	" "
James Saunders	"	" "
William Smith	"	" "
William B. Poole	"	" "
James Wilson	Coxswain	" "
John Hayes	"	" "
John F. Bickford	"	" "
John W. Dempsey (Wounded).	Quarter-gunner	" "
Andrew J. Rowley	" "	" "
Hugh McPherson	Gunner's Mate	" "
Mark G. Ham	Carpenter's Mate	" "
William Bond	Boatswain's "	" "
Thomas Perry	" "	" "
Joshua E. Carey	Sailmaker's "	" "
James Haley	Capt. of Forecastle	" "
Robert Strahn	" " Top	" "
Edward Wilt	" " "	" "
William Ellis	" " Hold	" "
Henry Cook	" " Afterguard	" "
F. J. Veannoh	" " "	" "
George H. Russell	Armorer	" "
Thomas Alloway	Seaman	" "
George Baker	"	" "
James Bradley	"	" "
Timothy G. Cauty	"	" "
Benedict Drury	"	" "

THE KEARSARGE

25

NAME	RANK	NATIVE OF
George English	Seaman	England
William Giles	"	United States
William Gurney	"	" "
Jeremiah Horrigan	"	" "
Augustus Johnson	"	" "
Charles Jones	"	" "
James H. Lee	"	" "
Peter Ludy	"	Holland
Charles Moore	"	United States
William S. Morgan	"	" "
Levi W. Nye	"	" "
William O'Halloran	"	" "
Joachim Pease	"	" "
Charles A. Read	"	" "
George E. Read	"	" "
John Shields	"	" "
William Turner	"	" "
Edward Wallace	"	" "
Philip Weeks	"	" "
George Andrew	Ordinary Seaman	" "
John Barrow	" "	" "
John Boyle	" "	" "
John E. Brady	" "	" "
Thomas Buckley	" "	" "
Joshua Collins	" "	" "
Michael Conroy	" "	" "
Lawrence T. Crowley	" "	" "
William Gowen (Mortally wounded)		" "
George H. Harrison	Ordinary Seaman	" "
George H. Kinne	" "	" "
Charles Mattison	" "	" "
James McBeath (wounded)	" "	" "
James Magee	" "	" "
James Morey	" "	" "
Taran Phillips	" "	" "
George A. Whipple	" "	" "
John C. Woodberry	" "	" "
William Alsdorf	Landsman	Holland
George Bailey	"	United States
William Barnes	"	" "
Jacob Barth	"	" "
William H. Bastine	"	" "
Jonathan Brien	"	England

NAME	RANK	NATIVE OF
Wm. D. Chapel	Landsman	United States
Daniel Charter	"	" "
José Dabney	"	Western Islands
James Devine	"	United States
William Fisher	"	" "
Vanburn François	"	Holland
James F. Hayes	"	United States
James Henson	"	" "
Charles Hill	"	" "
Martin Hoyt	"	" "
Nathan Ives	"	" "
Dennis McCarty	"	" "
John H. McCarthy	"	" "
Patrick McKeever	"	" "
Charles Redding	"	" "
William M. Smith	"	" "
George Williams	"	" "
Edward Williams	Officers' Steward	" "
Benj. S. Davis	" Cook	" "
Charles Fisher	" "	" "
Timothy Hurley	Ship's "	" "
William Y. Evans	Nurse	" "
Benjamin H. Blaisdell	1st Class Fireman	" "
Joel B. Blaisdell	" " "	" "
William H. Donnally	" " "	" "
Joseph Dugan	" " "	" "
John Dwyer	" " "	" "
Henry Jameson	" " "	" "
True W. Priest	" " "	" "
George W. Remick	" " "	" "
Joel L. Sanborn	" " "	" "
William Smith	" " "	" "
Jeremiah Young	" " "	" "
Lyman H. Hartford	2d Class Fireman	" "
Patrick O'Connor	" " "	" "
John E. Orchon	" " "	" "
Thomas Salmon	" " "	" "
James W. Sheffield	" " "	" "
George E. Smart	" " "	" "
Stephen Smith	" " "	" "
John F. Stackpole	" " "	" "
William Stanley	" " "	" "
Clement Antoine	Coal Heaver	Western Islands

NAME	RANK	NATIVE OF
Jean Briset	Coal Heaver	France
Benjamin Button	" "	Malay Islands
John F. Dugan	" "	United States
Sylvanus P. Brackett	" "	" "
Adoniram Littlefield	" "	" "
Timothy Lynch	" "	" "
Thomas Marsh	" "	" "
Charles A. Poole	" "	" "
John Pope	" "	" "
John W. Sanborn	" "	" "
Lyman P. Spinney	" "	" "
William Wainwright	" "	" "
John W. Young	" "	" "
John M. Sonius	First-class Boy	Holland
James O. Stone	" " "	United States
Manuel J. Gallardo	Second-class Boy	Spain
Charles T. Young	Orderly Serg. of Marines	United States
Henry Hobson	Corporal " "	" "
Austin Quimley*	" " "	" "
John G. Batchelder	Private " "	" "
Roscoe G. Dolly	" " "	" "
Patrick Flood	" " "	" "
James Kerrigan	" " "	" "
John McAleer*	" " "	" "
George A. Raymond	" " "	" "
James Tucker	" " "	" "
Isaac Thornton	" " "	" "

It thus appears that out of the one hundred and sixty-two (162) officers and crew of the sloop-of-war *Kearsarge* there are only eleven (11) persons foreign-born.

The following is the surgeon's report of casualties amongst the crew of the *Kearsarge*:

U. S. S. S. "KEARSARGE,"

CHERBOURG, FRANCE,

AFTERNOON, JUNE 19, 1864.

SIR: I report the following casualties resulting from the engagement this morning with the steamer *Alabama*:

* Should probably be *Quimby*.

* Probably McAleer.

John W. Dempsey, Quarter-gunner.

Compound comminuted fracture of right arm, lower third, and fore-arm. Arm amputated.

William Gowen, Ordinary Seaman.

Compound fracture of left thigh and leg. Seriously wounded.

James McBeath, Ordinary Seaman.

Compound fracture of left leg. Severely wounded.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN M. BROWNE,
Surgeon U. S. Navy.

CAPTAIN JOHN A. WINSLOW,
Commanding U. S. S. "Kearsarge,"
Cherbourg.

All these men were wounded by the same shot, a 68-pounder, which passed through the starboard bulwarks below main rigging narrowly escaping (missing) the after 11-inch pivot gun.

The fuses employed by the *Alabama* were villainously bad, several shells having lodged in the *Kearsarge* without taking effect. Had the 7-inch rifle shot which entered the vessel at the starboard quarter, raising the deck several inches by its concussion and lodging in the rudder post, exploded, the action might have lasted some time longer. It would not, however, have altered the result, for the casualty occurred toward the close of the conflict. During my visit I witnessed the operation of cutting out a 32-pounder shell (time fuse) from the rail close forward of the fore pivot 11-inch port. The officer in charge of the piece informed me that the concussion actually raised the gun and carriage, and had it exploded, many of the crew would have been injured by the fragments and splinters.

Among the incidents of the fight, some of our papers relate that an 11-inch shell from the *Kearsarge* fell upon the deck of the *Alabama*, and was immediately taken up and thrown overboard. Probably no fight ever occurred in modern times, in which somebody didn't pick up a live shell and throw it out of harm's way; but we may be permitted to doubt in this case—five-second fuse take effect somewhat rapidly; the shot weighs considerably more than a hundred-weight, and is uncomfortably difficult to lay hold of. Worse than all for the probabilities of the story, fifteen pounds of powder—never more nor less—were used to every shot fired from the 11-inch pivots; the *Kearsarge* only opening fire from them when within eight hundred yards of the *Alabama*.

With fifteen pounds of powder and fifteen degrees of elevation, I have myself seen these 11-inch Dahlgrens throw three and a half miles; and yet we are asked to believe that with the same charge at less than half a mile, one of the shells *fell* upon the deck of the privateer!

There are eleven marines in the crew of the *Kearsarge*; probably the story was made for them.

THE REPORTED FIRING UPON THE "ALABAMA" AFTER HER SURRENDER

Captain Semmes makes the following statement in his official report: "Although we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colours had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship-of-war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally."

A very nice appeal after the massacre of Fort Pillow, especially when coming from a man who has spent the previous two years of his life in destroying unresisting merchantmen.

The Captain of the *Kearsarge* was never aware of the *Alabama* having struck until a boat put off from her to his own vessel. Prisoners subsequently stated that she had fired a lee-gun, but the fact was not known on board the Federal ship, nor that the colours were hauled down in token of surrender. A single fact will prove the humanity with which Captain Winslow conducted the fight:

at the close of the action, his deck was found to be literally covered with grape and canister, ready for close quarters; but he had never used a single charge of all this during the contest, although within capital range for employing it.

THE FEELING AFTER THE BATTLE

The wounded of the two vessels were transferred shortly after the action, to the Naval Hospital at Cherbourg. I paid a visit to that establishment on the Sunday following the engagement, and found the sufferers lying in comfortable beds alongside each other in a long and admirably-ventilated ward on the first floor. Poor Gowen, who died the following Tuesday, was in great pain, and already had the seal of death upon his face. James McBeath, a young fellow of apparently twenty years, with a compound fracture of the leg, chatted with much animation; while Dempsey, the stump of his right arm laid on the pillow, was comfortably smoking a cigar and laughing and talking with one of the *Alabama* crew, in the bed alongside him. The wounded men of the sunken privateer were unmistakably English in physiognomy, and I failed to discover any who were not countrymen of ours.

I conversed with all of them, stating at the outset that I was an Englishman like themselves, and the information seemed to open their hearts to me. They represented themselves as very comfortable at the hospital, that everything they asked for was given them, and that they were surprised at the kindness of the *Kearsarge* men who came to visit the establishment, when they were assured by their own officers that foul treatment only would be shown them in the event of their capture. Condoling with one poor fellow who had one leg carried away by a shell, he remarked at once: "Ah, it serves me right—they won't catch me fighting again without knowing what I'm fighting for." "That's me, too," said another poor Englishman alongside of him.

The paroled prisoners (four officers) on shore at Cherbourg evinced no hostility whatever to their captors, but were always on the friendliest of terms with them. All alike frequented the same hotel in the town (curiously enough "The Eagle"), played

billiards at the same café, and bought cigars, pipes, and tobacco from the same pretty little brunette on the *Quai du Port*.

The following are the names of the officers and crew of the *Alabama*, saved by the *Kearsarge*:

Francis L. Galt, Assistant Surgeon, Virginia.
Joseph Wilson, Third Lieutenant.
Miles J. Freeman, Engineer, Englishman.
John W. Pundt, Third Assistant Engineer.
Benjamin L. McCaskey, Boatswain.
William Forrestall, Quartermaster, Englishman.
Thomas Potter, Fireman, Englishman.
Samuel Williams, Fireman, Welshman.
Patrick Bradley, Fireman, Englishman.
John Orrigin, Fireman, Irishman.
George Freemantle, Seaman, Englishman.
Edgar Tripp, Seaman, Englishman.
John Neil, Seaman, Englishman.
Thomas Winter, Fireman, Englishman.
Martin King, Seaman, Englishman.
Joseph Pearson, Seaman, Englishman.
James Hicks, Captain of Hold, Englishman.
John Emory, Seaman, Englishman.
Peter Hughes, Captain of Top, Englishman.
R. Parkinson, Wardroom Steward, Englishman.
Thomas L. Parker, Boy, Englishman.

(All the above belonged to the *Alabama* when she first sailed from the Mersey, and John Neil, John Emory, and Peter Hughes belong to the "Royal Naval Reserve.")

Seamen: Edward Bussell, John Casen, William Clark, Frank Hammond, Samuel Henry, Henry Higgin, David Leggett, Henry McCoy, James Ochure, George Peasey, John Russell, Michael Shields, John Smith, David Thurston, Henry Yates.

Ordinary Seamen: Thomas Brandon, George Covsey, Richard Evans, Henry Godsen, Henry Hestlake, John Johnson, Match Maddock, William Miller, Thomas Watson, David Williams.

Coxswains: James Broderick, William McKenzie, William Wilson, William McGinley (wounded).

Edward Rawes, Master-at-arms.
 William Barnes, Quarter-gunner.
 Jacob Verbor, Seaman (wounded).
 Robert Wright, Captain Main Top (wounded).
 William McGuire, Captain Fore Top (wounded).
 James Clemens, Yeoman.
 Nicholas Adams, Landsman.
 Frank Currian, Fireman.
 Peter Laperty, Fireman.
 John Riley, Fireman.
 John Benson, Coal Heaver.
 James McGuire, Coal Heaver.
 James Wilson, Boy.

These men, almost without exception, are subjects of Her Majesty, the Queen.

There were also three others, names not known, who died in the boats.

The following are those reported to have been killed or drowned:

David Herbert Llewellyn, Surgeon, Welshman.
 James King, Master-at-arms, Savannah Pilot.
 George Appleby, Yeoman, Englishman.
 Frederick Johns, Purser's Steward, Englishman.
 William Robinson, Carpenter.
 A. G. Bartelli, Seaman, Portuguese.
 Henry Fisher, Seaman, Englishman.
 Samuel Henry, Seaman, Englishman.
 Peter Henry, Seaman, Irishman.
 John Roberts, Seaman, Welshman.
 Peter Duncan, Fireman, Englishman.
 Charles Puist, Coal Passer, German.
 Andrew Shillings, Coal Passer, Scotchman.

The above all belonged to the original crew of the *Alabama*.

The *Deerhound* carried off, according to her own account, forty-one; the names of the following are known:

Raphael Semmes, Captain.
 John M. Kell, First Lieutenant.

Arthur Sinclair, Jr., Second Lieutenant.
 R. K. Howell, Lieutenant of Marines. (This person is brother-in-law of Mr. Jefferson Davis.)
 J. S. Bulloch, Acting Master.
 E. M. Anderson, Midshipman.
 E. A. Maffit, Midshipman.
 W. H. Sinclair, Midshipman.
 M. O'Brien, Third Assistant Surgeon.
 W. B. Smith, Captain's Clerk.
 James Evans, Master's Mate.
 George T. Fullam, Master's Mate, Englishman.
 Max Meulnier, Master's Mate.
 J. Schrader, Master's Mate.
 J. O. Cuddy, Gunner.
 J. G. Dent, Quartermaster.
 Orran Duffy, Fireman, Irishman.
 James McFadgen, Fireman, Englishman.
 W. Crawford, Englishman.
 William Hearn, Seaman, Englishman.
 Brent Johnson, Second Boat Mate, Englishman.
 William Nevins, Englishman.

The last four belong to the "Royal Naval Reserve."

MOVEMENTS OF THE DEERHOUND

That an English yacht, one belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and flying the White Ensign too, during the conflict, should have assisted the Confederate prisoners to escape after they had formally surrendered themselves, according to their own statements, by firing a lee-gun, striking their colours, hoisting a white flag, and sending a boat to the *Kearsarge*—some of which signals must have been witnessed from the deck of the *Deerhound*, is most humiliating to the national honour. The movements of the yacht early on Sunday morning were as before shown, most suspicious; and had Captain Winslow followed the advice and reiterated requests of his officers when she steamed off, the *Deerhound* might now have been lying not far distant from the *Alabama*. Captain Winslow, however, could not believe that a gentleman who was asked by himself "to save life" would use the opportunity to decamp with the officers and men who, according to their own act, were prisoners of war. There is high presumptive evidence that

the *Deerhound* was at Cherbourg for the express purpose of rendering every assistance possible to the corsair; and we may be permitted to doubt whether Mr. Lancaster, the friend of Mr. Laird and a member of the Mersey Yacht Club, would have carried Captain Winslow and his officers to Southampton, if the result of the struggle had been reversed and the *Alabama* had sent the *Kearsarge* to the bottom.

The *Deerhound* reached Cherbourg on the 17th of June, and between that time and the night of the 18th, boats were observed from the shore passing frequently between her and the *Alabama*. It is reported that English gunners came over from England purposely to assist the privateer in the fight; this I heard before leaving London, and the assertion was repeated to me again at Havre, Honfleur, Cherbourg, and Paris. If this be the fact, how did the men reach Cherbourg? On the 14th of June, Captain Semmes sends his challenge to the *Kearsarge* through Monsieur Bonfils, stating it to be his intention to fight her "as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements." Two full days elapse, during which he takes on board 150 tons additional of coal, and places in the Custom House for security the following valuables:

38 kilo, 700 gr. of gold coin.

6 gr. of jewelry and set diamonds.

2 gold watches.

What then became of the pillage of a hundred merchantmen, the chronometers, etc., which the *Times* describes as the "spolia opima of a whole mercantile fleet?" Those could not be landed on French soil, and were not—did they go to the bottom with the ship herself, or are they saved?

Captain Semmes' preparations are apparently completed on the 16th, but still he lingers behind the famous breakwater, much to the surprise of his men. The *Deerhound* arrives at length, and the preparations are rapidly completed. How unfortunate that Mr. Lancaster did not favour the *Times* with a copy of his log-book from the 12th to the 19th of June, inclusive!

The record of the *Deerhound* on the morning of that memorable Sunday is suggestive. She steams out from behind the Cher-

bourg breakwater at an early hour—scouts hither and thither, apparently purposeless—precedes the *Alabama* to sea,—is the solitary and close spectator of the fight whilst the *Couronne* has the delicacy to return to port, and finally—having picked up Semmes, thirteen of his officers and a few of his men—steams off at fullest speed to Southampton, leaving the apparently much-disabled *Kearsarge* (Mr. Lancaster's own words) to save two-thirds of the *Alabama's* drowning crew struggling in the water.

An English gentleman's yacht playing tender to a corsair! No one will ever believe that *Deerhound* to be thoroughbred!

CONCLUSION

Such are the facts relating to the memorable action off Cherbourg on the nineteenth of June, 1864. The *Alabama* went down riddled through and through with shot; and as she sank beneath the green waves of the Channel, not a single cheer arose from the victors. The order was given, "Silence, boys," and in perfect silence this terror of American commerce plunged to her last resting place.

There is but one key to the victory. The two vessels were as nearly as possible equal in size, speed, armament and crew, and the contest was decided by the superiority of the 11-inch Dahlgren guns of the *Kearsarge* over the Blakely rifle, and the vaunted 68-pounder of the *Alabama*, in conjunction with the greater coolness and surer aim of the former's crew. The *Kearsarge* was not, as represented, specially armed and manned for destroying her foe, but is in every respect similar to all the vessels of her class (third rate) in the United States Navy. Moreover, the large majority of her officers are from the merchant service.

The French at Cherbourg were by no means dilatory in recognizing the value of these Dahlgren guns. Officers of all grades, naval and military alike, crowded the vessel during her stay at their port; and they were all eyes for the massive pivots and for nothing else. Guns, carriages, even rammers and sponges, were carefully measured; and if the pieces can be made in France, many months will not elapse before their muzzles will be grinning through the port-holes of French ships-of-war.

We have no such gun in Europe as this 11-inch Dahlgren, but it is considered behind the age in America. The 68-pounder is regarded by us as a heavy piece; in the United States it is the minimum for large vessels, while some ships, the new *Ironsides*, *Niagara*, *Vanderbilt*, etc., carry the 11-inch *in broadside*. It is considered far too light, however, for the sea-going ironclads although throwing a solid shot of 160 pounds; yet it has made a wonderful stir on both sides of the Channel. What then will be thought of the 15-inch gun, throwing a shot of 480 pounds, or of the 200-pound Parrott, with its range of five miles? We are arming our ironclads with 9-inch smooth-bores and 100-pounder rifles, while the Americans are constructing their armour-ships to resist the impact of 11- and 15-inch shot. By next June the United States will have in commission the following ironclads:

Dunderberg, 5090 tons, 10 guns.

Dictator, 3033 tons, 2 guns.

Kalamazoo, 3200 tons, 4 guns.

Passaconaway, 3200 tons, 4 guns.

Puritan, 3265 tons, 4 guns.

Quinsigamond, 3200 tons, 4 guns.

Roanoke, 3435 tons, 6 guns.

Shackamaxon, 3200 tons, 4 guns.

These, too, without counting six others of "second class," all alike armed with the tremendous 15-inch, and built to cross the Atlantic in any season. But it is not in ironclads alone that America is proving her energy; first, second, and third rates, wooden built, are issuing constantly from trans-Atlantic yards, and the Navy of the United States now numbers no less than six hundred vessels and upwards, seventy-three of which are ironclads.

This is, indeed, an immense fleet for one nation, but we may at all events rejoice that it will be used to defend—in the words of the wisest and noblest of English statesmen—"the democratic principle, or if that term is offensive, popular sovereignty."

THE CAREER OF
THE *ALABAMA*

('No. 290 ')

FROM JULY 29, 1862, TO JUNE 19, 1864

"Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera"

LONDON
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1864

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1908

THE ALABAMA

NEVER since the time of the *Flying Dutchman* has any ship excited so much terror as the *Alabama*. Like that of the spectre vessel, every Federal vessel that saw her was doomed. The government of the Northern States fitted out vessels her superior in strength, but she was too quick for them. Her career has been well told in the following narrative, extracted from the *Standard* daily morning paper of Friday, June 24:

The interest taken in the various efforts which the Confederates have from the first been making to secure a naval force is sufficient in itself to secure eager readers for any account of the proceedings of their cruisers; and considering the dangers and difficulties by which they are hedged around, the careers of those vessels cannot be other than marine romances of the most wonderful character. But that interest is intensified at the present moment by the glorious termination of the glorious cruise of the *Alabama*, whose fate is now the subject of comment throughout the length and breadth of the land. Hitherto, we have had nothing in naval history at all resembling the proceedings of the few ships which the Confederate government have been able to get and keep afloat; and certainly the most remarkable of these vessels has been the *Alabama*, both in respect of the duration of her career, her extraordinary success in accomplishing the ends for which she was constructed, and her wonderful escapes and adventures from the first moment she left the building-yard of the Messrs. Laird, at Birkenhead, to last Sunday morning, when she boldly steamed out in a sea-worn condition from a friendly harbour, attacked a vessel greatly her superior in armament, crew, construction, and actual condition, fought her desperately for upwards of one hour, and went to the bottom riddled through and through with shot and shell. Such an end was the fitting termination of such a career.

For two years she had been able to escape her numerous foes, and to inflict tremendous damages on Federal commerce; and the destruction of this one vessel will be found to produce a greater effect on New York marine insurances than could be secured by all the Federal vessels which, during that time, have been in pursuit of her in every quarter of the globe.

The vessel herself was a swift, stout craft; but it was her captain and crew that made her name so superlatively terrible to the Yankees. In proof of this nothing more is needed than a reference to the fact that Captain Semmes and his men had done almost equivalent wonders in the miserable little *Sumter*, which was at last fairly run to earth in the Spanish peninsula. It was owing to skill and daring—helped out by no small share of good luck—that the *Vanderbilt* and some half dozen other Federal vessels, actually superior in speed to the *Alabama*, were for two years unable to bring her to bay.

The officers of this-adventurous cruiser were all young men, full of life and energy; and the same may be said of the crew, who had in them a dash of the dare-devil spirit of the pirates and corsairs of old. They were a turbulent set at the best, and nothing but their admiration for the brilliant professional qualities of their officers, and the strong and determined character of the authority to which they were subjected, kept them in anything like good order. With such materials at work there is nothing surprising in the career of the *Alabama*, or its brilliant termination.

We now purpose taking a glance at the entire history of this remarkable vessel, premising that most of our materials are derived from private journals of some of her officers, and that the story we are about to set before our readers is, as nearly as possible, accurate in every particular.

It will be fresh in the recollection of many persons that the *Alabama* was originally known as "No. 290," and was built (as already noticed) by Messrs Laird, of Birkenhead. She was a barque-rigged wooden vessel, of 1040 tons, length of keel 210 feet,

length over all 220 feet, beam 32 feet, and depth 17 feet. She was a screw propeller, and her engines, also built by Messrs. Laird, were of the horizontal species and of 800 horse-power each. She had a stowage for 850 tons of coal, and her sails were fore, fore-topmast staysail and jib, two large try sails, the usual square on fore and main, with the exception of the main sail, which was flying, spanker, and gaff-top sails—all standing rigging of wire. Her appropriate motto was: *Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera* (Help yourself and God will help you). She carried a cutter, launch, gig, whale-boat, and dingy. Her main deck was pierced for twelve guns; her stern elliptical, billet head, high bulwarks, and excellent accommodation for captain, officers, petty officers, and crew. Her full complement of men was 120, and her shell-rooms, magazines, store-rooms, etc., were in keeping with the excellent general arrangements of the vessel.

By the 29th of July, 1862, the *Alabama* was in a sufficiently forward state to put to sea, and on that day she steamed down the Mersey, ostensibly on her trial trip, and having on board a large number of ladies and gentlemen as a blind to her real intentions—a *ruse* very necessary at the time, as the representatives of the Federal government were narrowly watching her movements, and had even denounced her to the Home Secretary. Her trial-trip was destined to be a long one, and a re-visit to Liverpool was not included in the programme. In the afternoon the obliging male and female friends of Messrs. Laird were transferred to a steam tug, wishing the Confederate cruiser God speed on her perilous career. As soon as the real character of the trial trip became known in Birkenhead and Liverpool, the utmost consternation prevailed amongst the Federal functionaries and the customs officials. The latter, indeed, seem to have been on the point of seizing the "290" at the moment of her departure, but somehow she just escaped their clutches. The former personages at once telegraphed to the Federal steamer *Tuscarora*, then cruising off the southwestern shores of our island; but although "290" was still for some time about the Irish Sea, she was lucky enough not to meet with her pursuer. Had she done so her career would certainly have terminated

there and then, as she was still destitute of armament, and much remained to be done towards her actual completion as a sea-worthy vessel.

"No. 290"—for as yet she bore no other name, being in that Pagan condition known as "unchristened"—made her way to the Atlantic through the North Channel, and steered for the Azores, her average speed being $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour. She arrived at Terceira on the 10th of August, representing herself to be the *Barcelona*, built for the Spanish government, and destined for a cruiser in Mexican waters. Eight days afterwards she was joined by the *Agrippina*, a tender ship sent from London, with all the materials necessary to turn "No. 290" into the *Alabama*, such as she was afterwards known, and will be known as long as ships are built and men navigate the ocean. Six guns, with coal, stores, and all requisites of an armed steamer were transferred to the Confederate vessel; and on the 20th of August the *Bahama* arrived with Commander Raphael Semmes, some officers, two 32-pounders, and more stores. On the 24th of August the new war steamer got under weigh; and once in the broad ocean Captain Semmes read his commission, formally took command of the vessel, hoisted the Confederate flag, and christened her the *Alabama*, amid the cheers and salutations of all on board. At that time there were 26 officers and 85 men in the ship; and so the *Alabama* started on her adventurous career.

No time was lost in commencing offensive operations against the Federal mercantile marine, for on August 29 a Federal brig was chased, but, fortunately for it, escaped its pursuers in the darkness of the night. A whale ship, from Martha's Vineyard, one of the islands of Massachusetts, was destined to be the first victim of the Confederate cruiser. The fact that the whaler was from such a strictly New England part of America was rather gratifying than otherwise to her captors. Her voyage had been a pretty successful one so far, and she had a good store of whale oil on board. On the 5th of September her crew were busily engaged operating on a valuable sperm whale, lashed alongside, when the *Alabama* hove

within sight—not at all alarming the honest Massachusetts folks, who had no suspicion of the real character of the stranger. Great, however, was their amazement when the boats of the Confederate vessel came up, took possession of her and her cargo, and declared her officers and crew prisoners. Next day vessel and cargo were burnt, to the still greater consternation and dismay of the Yankees, who, however, were placed in irons as a precautionary measure, and left to threaten the direst vengeance and to ruminate on the entire proceedings until they could be conveniently got rid of. On the same day a Boston vessel was captured after an exciting chase off the island of Flores. The prisoners of both vessels were set at liberty on the *Alabama* touching at Flores, the Boston vessel being also set on fire on September 9, in company with two other vessels which had been captured in the meantime. On the following day another captured vessel was destroyed, and then the Federals had a respite for a few days. On the 18th, 14th, and 15th of September three more vessels were taken and burnt, after the crew of the *Alabama* had tried some great-gun practice upon them.

But the mere enumeration of the Federal ships taken and destroyed by the Confederate cruiser would occupy a great deal of space with a dry catalogue of names. It may suffice to say that from the date of her first capture in September, 1862, to the same period in 1863—a single year—no less than sixty prizes were made by the *Alabama*, or rather more than one a week. We are not at the present moment in possession of an exact return of the captures during the last eight or nine months, but they have hardly been in proportion to the first year's havoc, as the proceedings of the *Alabama* and kindred ships compelled a large number of Federal merchantmen to seek the protection of neutral flags, and made the remainder exceedingly wary. It has been stated that nearly one hundred Federal merchantmen have altogether succumbed to the *Alabama*, and this is probably not far from the correct number. With the exception of perhaps a dozen, the captured vessels were burnt or sunk. The motives for sparing any were simple enough. Some were useful in relieving the *Alabama* of an accumulation of prisoners, and one or two were turned into Confederate cruisers.

Captain Semmes went about his work as a man of conscience who had a strong sense of his duty to his government; and even when he released a vessel on condition of taking charge of his prisoners, he exacted from the captain a heavy ransom bond to be liquidated at the conclusion of the war. When the *Brilliant*, laden with corn and flour for starving Lancashire, was captured in October, 1862, Captain Semmes says it went to his heart to destroy her and her cargo. But he had no other alternative, and his duty to his government compelled him to burn her. In a vessel taken on the 7th of October one of the crew of the *Sumter* who had deserted the vessel at Cadiz was found. He was brought on board the *Alabama*, and a few days afterwards tried as a deserter from the naval service of the Confederate government. He was found guilty, sentenced to lose all title to the wages and prize money due to him, and to complete his term of engagement without any pay except sufficient to provide him with clothing and other necessities. It would have been much more conducive to the ease of the captain and his officers if this man, whose name was Forrest, had been summarily punished, and discharged from the ship on the first opportunity. From the moment of his condemnation he lost no opportunity of exciting mutinous feelings amongst the crew, and for a length of time continued to be the evil spirit of the fore-castle. It was not his fault that the career of the *Alabama* was not speedily brought to a close, as we shall see in the course of this article.

On October 16, the *Alabama* experienced a terrific gale, which put her qualities as a sea-going vessel to a severe test. She proved herself an excellent boat, but sustained damages which compelled her to lie to for repairs during some days. She then recommenced her destructive career, steering for New York, off which port it was the intention of Captain Semmes to cruise for some time. He found, however, that his coals would not carry him so far, and was accordingly obliged to make for Port Royal, Martinique, where he arrived on the 18th of November, capturing some prizes on the way. The trusty *Agrippina* was awaiting the *Alabama* at Port Royal with a cargo of coal, but before the latter could take in a supply—that is, on the morning of November 19—the Federal war-steamer

San Jacinto, 14 guns, came steaming into the harbour, to the no small consternation of the Confederates. This was the vessel which, under the command of Captain Wilkes, stopped one of our West India steamers on her passage from St. Thomas's to Southampton, took from on board Messrs. Slidell and Mason, the Confederate commissioners, and led to "the Trent affair," in which the Federals were ultimately compelled to give up the commissioners and eat humble-pie. The governor of Port Royal interfered in vindication of the principles of international law, and gave the Federal vessel the option of going beyond a distance of three miles from the mouth of the harbour, or, if she cast anchor, remaining twenty-four hours after the departure of the Confederate. The captain of the *San Jacinto* accepted the former alternative, as affording him the better chance of capturing the *Alabama*. But the vessel was not to be so easily taken. Captain Semmes perceived that he must get out of the trap, or fight out of it, without delay, as every hour increased the chances of more Federal vessels coming up, and thus multiplying the difficulties and dangers of exit. After a brief consultation with his officers, he determined to run out that very night, and take his chances of escape or battle.

The *San Jacinto* was a far more powerful vessel than the *Alabama*, had a superior armament, a more numerous crew, and, in fact, possessed nearly every possible advantage over her. But still there were always the contingencies of conflict to count upon, and Semmes resolved to trust to fortune and risk these. As night fell, the guns were prepared and loaded; those of the broadsides with shot, and the pivot guns with shell. They were then run out, and everything was made ready for a desperate encounter. Shortly after seven o'clock in the evening the anchor was weighed and the *Alabama* made her way close by the shore towards the entrance of the harbour with as little noise as possible. But the Yankees had adopted precautions for informing themselves of the movements of the Confederate, and an American vessel in the harbour commenced discharging rockets as a signal for the *San Jacinto* that the Confederate was on the move. Notwithstanding this unlooked-for incident, Captain Semmes arrived at the mouth of the

harbour without encountering his enemy, reached the open sea, and, in short, got clear off. So completely successful had he been, indeed, that for four days and nights the *San Jacinto* cruised off the port in blissful ignorance of the departure of the vessel she believed she had got safely locked up in the harbour. The *Alabama* again met the *Agrippina* at Blanquilla, and took the coal she so much required.

On November 26 a court-martial was for the second time held on the seaman Forrest. The charge against him on this occasion originated as follows: It appears that during the short stay of the *Alabama* at Port Royal, he managed to smuggle a quantity of spirits on board, with the express intention of exciting the men, and inducing them to mutiny. He distributed the alcohol amongst them, taking care to partake of none of it himself. When the men were sufficiently intoxicated to suit his purpose he headed the outbreak, which was, however, not of such a formidable character but that it could at once be suppressed by the ready action and determined conduct of the captain and officers. Forrest was placed in irons, and held for the sentence of the court-martial. He was adjudged guilty, ordered to be branded with a mark of infamy, to be dismissed from the service of the Confederate government, to be stripped of all he possessed with the exception of the clothes he stood in, and to be put ashore on the island of Blanquilla. This island is a barren rock, inhabited solely by three individuals, who manage to secure a miserable subsistence by rearing a few half-starved goats. What became of Forrest has not transpired, for the vessel took its departure on the same day the court-martial was held and the sentence executed.

On December 7 a glorious haul was made by the *Alabama*. The Federal mail steamer *Ariel*, from New York to Aspinwall, was brought to after a sharp chase, and not until she had sustained some injuries from the guns of her pursuer. The *Ariel* had on board 140 officers and men of the Federal marine, with 500 passengers and several military officers. There were also on board, as a part of the cargo, one 24-pounder rifled cannon, 125 new rifles,

16 swords, 1000 rounds of ammunition, and three boxes of specie; all of which were transferred to the *Alabama* without loss of time. Two days afterwards the *Ariel* was liberated on her captain giving a ransom bond, all on board highly eulogising the courtesy and leniency of Captain Semmes and his officers. They little suspected that at the very moment they were so unexpectedly allowed to depart they could have steamed away from their captor with the most perfect impunity. An accident had occurred to the machinery of the *Alabama*, which quite disabled her for some days. At the moment the accident was privately announced to Captain Semmes his vessel was some distance from the *Ariel*, the latter having a very few men as a prize crew on board. The occurrence was kept secret, and a boat was sent to the *Ariel*, offering to liberate her on the captain signing a ransom bond. The terms were so advantageous that they were at once accepted, to the satisfaction of all parties.

Some temporary repairs having been effected, the Confederate vessel cruised for a few days off the western extremity of Cuba, but finally made for the three islands called Las Arcas, where the *Alabama* remained until the 5th of January, 1863, undergoing repairs and taking supplies of coals and stores from the *Agrippina*.

Before the departure of the vessel the steerage officers set up a grave-board on the most prominent point of the largest island, bearing the following jocose inscription: "In memory of Abraham Lincoln, president of the late United States, who died of nigger-on-the-brain, 1st of January, 1863." A note, written in Spanish, was left in a protected and conspicuous position near the grave-board: "Will the finder kindly favour me by forwarding this tablet to the United States Consul at the first port he touches at?"

After this performance the *Alabama* weighed anchor; her captain resolved to proceed towards the port of Galveston, Texas, then blockaded, more or less efficiently—and rather less than more—by the Federal cruisers. This was a perilous attempt, as all on board well knew, as the chances of meeting a Federal vessel of war almost amounted to a certainty. For this very reason the officers and crew were in the highest spirits, confidently expecting a fight—

and they were not disappointed. Writing on Sunday, January 11, one of the officers of the *Alabama* has the following account in his journal of the events which transpired on that day:

The watch below came on deck, and of their own accord commenced preparing the guns, etc., for action. Those whose watch it was on deck were employed in getting the propeller ready for lowering; others were bending a cable to a kedge and putting it over the bow; the engineers firing-up for steam, officers looking to their side-arms, etc., and discussing the size of their expected adversary or adversaries. At 2.30 shortened sail and tacked to the southward. 4 P. M. a steamer reported out from the fleet towards us. Backed main-topsail and lowered propeller ready for action; chase bearing N. N. E., distant ten miles. At 6.20 beat to quarters, manned the starboard battery, and loaded with five-second shell; turned round and stood for the steamer, having previously made her out to be a two-masted side-wheel steamer, of apparently 1200 tons, though at the distance she was just before dark we could not form any correct estimate of her size, etc. At 6.30 the strange steamer hailed, and asked, 'What steamer is that?' We replied (in order to be certain who she was), 'Her Majesty's steamer *Petrel*. What steamer is that?' Two or three times we asked the question, until we heard, 'This is the United States steamer——.' We did not hear the name, but 'United States' was sufficient. As no doubt existed as to her character, we said, at 6.35, 'This is the Confederate States steamer *Alabama*,' accompanying the last syllable of our name with a shell fired over the stranger. The signal being given, the guns took up the refrain, and a tremendous volley from our whole broadside was discharged at her, every shell striking her side, the shot being distinctly heard on board our vessel. We thus found that our opponent was iron. The enemy replied, and the action became general.

A most sharp spirited firing was kept up on both sides, our fellows peppering away as though the action depended upon each individual, and so it did. Pistols and rifles were continually sending from our quarter-deck messengers most deadly. The distance during the hottest of the fight not being more than forty yards. It was a grand, though fearful sight, to see the guns belching forth in the darkness of the night sheets of living flame, the deadly missiles striking the enemy with a force that we could feel.

When the shells struck, and especially the percussion ones, our adversary's whole side was lit up, showing rents of five or six feet in length. One shot had just struck our smoke-stack, wounding one man in the cheek, when the enemy ceased firing, and fired a lee gun; then a second, and a third. The order was then given to 'cease firing.' This was at 6.52. Tremendous cheering commenced, and it was not until everybody had cleared his throat to his own satisfaction that silence could be obtained. We then hailed our victim, and in reply they stated that they had surrendered, were on fire, and also in a sinking condition. They then sent a boat on board, and surrendered the United States gun-boat *Hatteras*, 9 guns, Lieutenant-Commander Blake, 140 men. Boats were immediately lowered and sent to assist, when an alarm was given that another steamer was bearing down for us. The boats were recalled and hoisted up, when it was found that the alarm was a false one. The order was then given and the boat-swain and his mates piped 'All hands out boats to save life!' and soon the prisoners were transferred to our ship—the officers under guard on the quarter-deck, and the men in single irons. The boats were then hoisted up, the battery run in and secured, and the main-brace spliced. All hands were piped down, the enemy's vessel sunk, and we steaming quietly away by 8.80—all having been done in less than two hours. In fact, had it not been for our having the

prisoners on board, we would have sworn nothing unusual had taken place, the watch below quietly sleeping in their hammocks.

The conduct of our men was truly commendable. No flurry, no noise, all calm and determined. The coolness displayed by them could not be surpassed by any veterans—our chief boatswain's mate, apparently in his glory, shouting: 'Sponge,' 'load with cartridge,' 'shell, five-seconds,' 'run out,' 'well down compressors,' 'left traverse,' 'well,' 'ready,' 'fire,' 'that's into you,' 'that kills your pig,' 'that stops your wind,' etc. The other boatswain's mate equally enjoyed the affair. As he got his gun to bear upon the enemy he would take aim and fire, exclaiming, as each shot told, 'That's from "the scum of England,"' 'That's a British pill for you to swallow,' etc.; the New York papers having once stated that our men were the 'scum of England.' All the other guns were served with equal precision. We were struck seven times, only one man being hurt during the engagement, and he receiving only a slight flesh wound in the cheek. One shot struck under the counter, penetrating as far as a timber, and then glancing off; a second struck the funnel; a third went through the side, across the berth-deck and into the opposite side; another raised the deuce in the lamp-room, and others lodged in the coal-bunkers. Taking a shell up and examining it, we found it filled with sand instead of powder. The enemy's fire was directed chiefly towards our stern, the shots flying pretty thick over the quarter-deck, near to where our captain was standing. As they came whizzing over him he would exclaim, with his usual coolness, 'Give it to the rascals!' 'Aim low, men!' 'Don't be all night sinking that fellow!' when for all or anything we knew she might have been an iron-clad or a ram.

On Commander Blake surrendering his sword he said that 'it was with deep regret he did so.' Captain Semmes smacked his lips and invited him down to his cabin. On

Blake giving his rank to Captain Semmes he gave up his stateroom for Blake's special use, the rest of the officers being accommodated, according to their rank, in the ward-room and steerages—all having previously been paroled; the crew being placed on the berth-deck, and our men sleeping anywhere, so that the prisoners might take their places.

Of the enemy's loss we could obtain no correct accounts, a difference of seventeen being in their number killed, the *Hatteras* having on board men she was going to transfer to other ships. Their acknowledged loss was only two killed and seven wounded. A boat had been lowered, just before the action, to board us. As we anticipated and learnt afterwards, it pulled for the fleet and reached Galveston.

From conversation with the first lieutenant I learnt that as soon as we gave our name and our first broadside the whole after division on board her left the guns, apparently paralysed; it was some time before they recovered themselves. The conduct of one of her officers was cowardly and disgraceful in the extreme. Some of our shells went completely through her before exploding, others burst and set her on fire in three places; one went through her engines, completely disabling her, and another exploded in her steam chest, scalding all within reach.

Thus was fought, 28 miles from Galveston, a battle which, though small, was yet the first yardarm action between two steamers at sea. The *Hatteras* was only inferior to us in weight of metal, her guns being nine in number, viz: four 32-pounders, two rifled 30-pounders, carrying 67-lb. shot (conical), one rifled 20-pounder, and a couple of small 12-pounders. On account of the conflicting statements made by her officers we could never arrive at a correct estimate of her crew."

This combat made the locality of Galveston unpleasantly warm

for the *Alabama*, and several powerful Federal vessels were despatched to look out for her. She accordingly made for Jamaica, and having obtained permission of the governor, anchored in Port Royal for repairs and coaling. The officers and crew were completely lionised at this port, and the discipline seems to have been rather affected in consequence: some men and the chief petty officer had to be put in irons for exceeding their time of leave. The paymaster was also dismissed the ship from "circumstances of a painful nature," and sent ashore.

On Monday, the 25th of January, the *Alabama* set sail from Port Royal, in an E. S. E. direction, again escaping her old friend the *San Jacinto* and another Federal war-vessel, watching for her outside the harbour. She kept on her course, making many captures of Federal vessels sailing between India, China, and Australia, and England and America, giving herself out as the Federal steamer *Dacotah*, in search of the Confederate "pirate" *Alabama*. Many were the warnings, friendly and sarcastic, Captain Semmes received from neutral vessels, on the supposition that he was a Yankee. He was advised to mind that he did not catch a Tartar in overhauling the *Alabama*, which was well known to have fought and sunk a Federal war-steamer twice her own strength; her captain and crew were fiends incarnate.

On May 11 the sea rovers arrived at Bahia, where they met with a most enthusiastic reception, much to the discomfort of the authorities, who feared to give offence to the Federals. The Yankee Consul, indeed, demanded the seizure of the "pirate," with the view of handing her over to his government, but, of course, the request was not complied with. Captain Semmes at once commenced coaling, receiving supplies, and putting on shore a large number of prisoners taken from the captured vessels.

The Federal war-steamer *Mohican* was in the neighbourhood of Bahia, but, so far from fearing an encounter with her, Captain Semmes, with that chivalry which has so recently had such a glorious but unfortunate illustration, sent her a challenge to battle by the English mail-boat. He proposed that the two vessels should

meet beyond the neutral distance of three miles from the shore, and test their respective merits in a naval engagement. The Federal captain, however, thought it advisable to decline the challenge, and another sprig of laurel was added to the wreath of the Confederates.

As day broke on the morning after the forwarding of the challenge, a strange armed vessel was perceived at anchor at the mouth of the harbour; and, as a matter of course, her presence excited the liveliest interest on board the *Alabama*. As it became light they were agreeably astonished to notice that the stranger carried the stars and bars, for up to that time they believed themselves to be the only Confederate "pirates" afloat. Subsequent inquiry proved her to be the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*, 5 guns, under the command of Lieutenant Maury. It is needless to say the meeting was a joyous one. After further festivities on shore, and a return treat on board the *Alabama*, the alarm of the authorities was complete, and they wished the two vessels to leave within twenty-four hours. It was not, however, until the 21st of May that the *Alabama* took her departure, amidst the cheers and good wishes of an immense number of spectators.

She next steered for the Cape of Good Hope, committing the usual ravages on the Federal merchantmen on her way. Amongst others the *Talisman* was captured—a most acceptable prize, as her cargo consisted of coals, and she had on board two new brass rifled 12-pounders. These guns, with a supply of small-arms, coals, stores, etc., were put on board another prize, the *Conrad*, which was turned into a Confederate cruiser under the name of *Tuscaloosa*; Lieutenant Low, of the *Alabama*, taking the command of her. With mutual cheers and salutes of guns the two vessels parted company, but met again in Table Bay, on August 5.

The reception given to the Confederates at the Cape was equally cordial to that they had experienced at Bahia. Private individuals and officers vied with each other in welcoming the hardy sea rovers. The *Georgia* had been in Simon's Bay previously, but had taken her departure for, it was believed, the Indian Ocean. She had only been gone a few days when the Federal *Vanderbilt*

steamed in in quest of "pirates"; but, on learning how short a time had elapsed since the *Georgia* had been there, set off at once in the direction she was supposed to have taken. Had she been a few days earlier, or waited a few days longer, she would have been certain of encountering one of the Confederates—the *Georgia* or *Alabama*. This helped to confirm the suspicion that the great object of the *Vanderbilt's* cruise was to avoid the Confederates.

The *Alabama* cruised about the Cape for some time, and then disappeared for the East, where for some six or eight months she was busy sweeping the seas of the Federal flag. Like the *Flying Dutchman*, this daring vessel was over and over again asserted to be in places at times quite irreconcilable with ordinary or extraordinary sailing speed. She was at almost one and the same time declared to be in the West Indian seas, doubling Cape Horn, cruising off the coast of California, and watching for Yankees at Singapore. Suddenly she again turned up at the Cape, to bewilder Admiral Walker with some hard sea-logic having reference to the liberties he had permitted himself to take with the *Tuscaloosa*; for it would appear that Captain Semmes is as much at home before his writing-desk as on the quarter-deck.

Once more putting to sea, all traces of the gallant ship were lost for a time, but certainly the vicinity of the British Channel was, of all others, the place where she might least be expected to turn up. However, on the 11th she appeared off Cherbourg, and steamed into that port, it being intended that she should undergo thorough repairs, as her two years' cruise had produced serious effects upon her, necessitating extensive reparations. She had, however, hardly got well into port when the Federal war-steamer *Kearsarge* made her appearance outside, and challenged the *Alabama* to combat. Without considering the matter too curiously, Captain Semmes accepted the challenge, and on the 19th inst. steamed boldly out to meet his more powerful opponent.

The rest of the story of this extraordinary vessel is still in process of telling, and for the last few days has been before the public in the columns of the daily papers. It is therefore unneces-

sary to repeat it here; but we may say, in conclusion, that from the first to last, as a whole, or merely as a part, of the history of the young American Confederacy, it is a story which furnishes a splendid illustration of what can be done by those who take as their motto: "*Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera.*"

Alas, for the fate of the adventurer! At length the Federal government had fitted out the *Kearsarge*, a new vessel of great speed, iron-coated, armed with heavy guns of the most approved construction, and deemed equal or superior to the *Alabama* in speed. While lying at Dover, a friend visited the *Kearsarge*, and was struck with the finish of her armament. He was received with great politeness by the American officers, who admitted that theirs was the only vessel in their navy which could contend with the *Alabama* either in fighting or flying.

On Sunday, June 19, 1864, the *Kearsarge* had been lying off Cherbourg, into which port the *Alabama* had gone for some repairs. These having been effected, Captain Semmes determined to try his fortune in a contest with his more formidable adversary; and, after leaving his more important papers and other matters in safe custody at Cherbourg, he sailed out to meet her.

The result was told in the following telegrams published in the *Times* of Monday:

"Cherbourg, Sunday, 12.10 P. M.

"The *Alabama* left this morning, and is now engaged with the *Kearsarge*. A brisk cannonade is heard.

"1.40 P. M.

"The *Kearsarge* has just sunk the *Alabama*. An English yacht has saved the crew."

(BY ELECTRIC AND INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH.)

To the Editor of the "*Times*:"

SIR—Herewith I send you a copy of my log respecting the engagement between the Confederate steamer *Alabama* and the Federal steamer *Kearsarge*.

Sunday, June 19, 9 A. M.—Got up steam and proceeded out of Cherbourg harbour.

10:30—Observed the *Alabama* steaming out of the harbour towards the Federal steamer *Kearsarge*.

11:10—The *Alabama* commenced firing with her starboard battery, the distance between the contending vessels being about one mile. The *Kearsarge* immediately replied with her starboard guns; a very sharp, spirited firing was then kept up, shots sometimes being varied by shells. In manœuvring, both vessels made seven complete circles at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile.

At 12 a slight intermission was observed in the *Alabama's* firing, the *Alabama* making head sail, and shaping her course for the land, distant about nine miles.

At 12:30 observed the *Alabama* to be disabled and in a sinking state. We immediately made towards her, and on passing the *Kearsarge* were requested to assist in saving the *Alabama's* crew.

At 12:50, when within a distance of 200 yards, the *Alabama* sunk. We then lowered our two boats, and, with the assistance of the *Alabama's* whale-boat and dingy, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At 1 P. M. we steered for Southampton.

I may state that, before leaving, the *Kearsarge* was apparently much disabled. The *Alabama's* loss, so far as at present ascertained, in killed and wounded, etc., was as follows:—viz., one officer and one man drowned, six men killed, and one officer and sixteen men wounded. Captain Semmes received a slight wound in the right hand.

The *Kearsarge's* boats were, after some delay, lowered, and with the assistance of a French pilot boat, succeeded in picking up the remaining survivors.

JOHN LANCASTER.

Steam Yacht *Deerhound*,
Off Cowes, June 19.

On the Tuesday the *Times* had the following remarks:

On Sunday morning, just as all good people were coming down to breakfast, an awful Sunday morning's work was preparing within sight of the British Isles, if among these isles we may include the barren rock upon which a million has been spent to make a sentry-box to watch the port of Cherbourg. From the latter port, just about 9 o'clock, there issued the *Alabama*, the ship that for two years has struck terror into the heart of the most confident, and almost the strongest naval power in the world. More than a hundred times over the very name of the *Alabama* thundered through a speaking trumpet has brought down the rival flag as if by magic, and compelled the luckless crew to submit to the inglorious process of examination, surrender, spoliation, and imprisonment, to see their ship plundered and sent to the bottom. In the shape of chronometers and other valuables the *Alabama* carried the *spolia opima* of a whole mercantile fleet. This time, however, it was not to order a merchantman to lie to while his papers were examined that this scourge of the Federal navy came out of Cherbourg. It is not in our power to say why Captain Semmes, who has gained so much glory and so unquestionable a reputation for courage that he could afford to be prudent, came out with a ship just returned from a long voyage and much in want of repair, to encounter a vessel far larger, better manned, better armed, provided, as it turned out, with some special contrivances for protection, and quite as likely to be well handled as his own ship.

For many months we have heard of the *Kearsarge* as a foe worthy of the *Alabama*, should she have the good luck to catch her; indeed, the captain of the *Kearsarge* had assumed that, if they met, there could be only one possible result. Why, then, did not Captain Semmes see that this was an occasion for the exercise of that discretion or that ingenuity which the greatest generals have

thought rather an addition to their fame? Did his prudence give way, as they say a brave man's courage will sometimes? Was he wearied with a warfare upon the defenceless? Did conscience or self-respect suggest that the destroyer of a hundred unarmed merchantmen had need to prove his courage and to redeem his name from piracy? It is simply said that he had been challenged and that he accepted the challenge, not without some forecasts of the result. As an ordinary duellist hands his watch and his pocketbook to a friend, Captain Semmes sent on shore sixty chronometers—the mementoes of so many easier conflicts—his money, and the bills of ransomed vessels. He then steamed nine miles out to sea, and entered into mortal combat with the enemy, first exchanging shots at the distance of little more than a mile—out of all distance our fathers would have called it; not so now.

As it happened, and as it frequently happens on such occasions, an English yacht was in the harbour, and its owner, Mr. Lancaster, thought the view of one of the most important naval engagements likely to occur in his time was worth the risk of a stray shot. His wife, niece, and family were on board; but, no doubt, they shared his interest in the spectacle. The firing began just as we Londoners had got to the First Lesson in the morning service. As the guns of the *Alabama* had been pointed for 2000 yards, and the second shot went right through the *Kearsarge*, that was probably the distance at first, and we are told the ships were never nearer than a quarter of a mile. The *Alabama* fired quicker, in all about 150 rounds; the *Kearsarge* fired about 100, chiefly 11-inch shells. One of these shells broke the *Alabama's* rudder, and compelled her to hoist sail. By this time, however, after about an hour's work, the *Alabama* was sinking, and could only make the best of her way in the direction of Cherbourg. Pursuing our comparative chronology, this

brings us to the beginning of the sermon; and it was at the very time that our congregations were listening, as well as they could, to the arguments or the eloquence of our preachers, that the very moving incidents of death and of rescue took place off Cherbourg—the gradual sinking of the *Alabama*, the picking up of the drowning seamen, and the final departure of the *Deerhound*, with Captain Semmes, his surviving officers, and some of the crew. The men were all true to the last; they only ceased firing when the water came into the muzzles of their guns; and as they swam for life all they cared for was that their commander should not fall into Federal hands. He reports that he owes his best men to the training they received on board the *Excellent*. To all appearance the superiority of the *Kearsarge* lay partly in her guns, and, of course, somewhat in her more numerous crew, but not less in her more powerful machinery, which enabled her to move quicker and manœuvre more easily.

On Thursday, June 22, appeared the following account of the action from the pen of Captain Semmes himself. The letter was addressed to Mr. Mason, the Confederate agent, who adds that the *Alabama's* crew numbered only 120, and that her armament consisted of one 7-inch Blakeley rifled gun, one 8-inch smooth-bore pivot gun, and six 32-pounders, smooth-bore, in broadside.

Southampton, June 11, 1864.

Sir: I have the honour to inform you that, in accordance with my intention, as previously announced to you, I steamed out of the harbour of Cherbourg between 9 and 10 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer *Kearsarge*, which had been lying off and on the port for several days previously. After clearing the harbour we descried the enemy, with his head off shore, at a distance of about seven miles. We were three-quarters of an hour in coming up

with him. I had previously pivoted my guns to starboard, and made all my preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter of the enemy he suddenly wheeled, and bringing his head in shore, presented his starboard battery to me. By this time we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the engagement became active on both sides.

The enemy now pressed his ship under a full head of steam, and to prevent our passing each other too speedily, and to keep our respective broadsides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle, the two ships steaming around a common centre, and preserving a distance from each other of from a quarter to half a mile. When we got within good shell-range we opened upon him with shell. Some 10 or 15 minutes after the commencement of the action our spanker gaff was shot away, and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mizenmast-head. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship.

Perceiving that our shell, though apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing him but little damage, I returned to solid-shot firing, and from this time onward attended [alternated?] with shot and shell.

After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes our ship was ascertained to be in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in our sides and between-decks, opening large apertures, through which the water rushed with great rapidity.

For some few minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam, and set such of the fore and aft sails as were

available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had made much progress the fires were extinguished in the furnaces, and we were evidently on the point of sinking. I now hauled down my colours, to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition.

Although we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colours had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally.

We now turned all our exertions towards saving the wounded and such of the boys of the ship who were unable to swim. These were dispatched in my quarter-boats, the only boats remaining to me—the waist-boats having been torn to pieces.

Some 20 minutes after my furnace-fires had been extinguished, and the ship being on the point of settling, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given the crew, jumped overboard and endeavoured to save himself.

There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy after my ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound*, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England, Mr. John Lancaster, who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about 40 others, all told.

About this time the *Kearsarge* sent one, and then tardily, another boat.

Accompanying, you will find lists of the killed and wounded, and of those who were picked up by the *Deerhound*; the remainder, there is reason to hope, were picked

up by the enemy and by a couple of French pilot-boats, which were also fortunately near the scene of action,

At the end of the engagement it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-coated; this having been done with chain constructed for the purpose, placed perpendicularly from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armour beneath.

This planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's side. She was most effectually guarded, however, in this section from penetration. The enemy was much damaged in other parts, but to what extent it is now impossible to tell; it is believed she was badly crippled.

My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and though they have lost their ship they have not lost honour.

Where all behaved so well it would be invidious to particularize, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action with regard to her battery, magazine, and shell-rooms, and that he rendered me great assistance by his coolness and judgment as the fight proceeded.

The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also iron-clad.

Our total loss in killed and wounded is 30—to wit, 9 killed, 21 wounded.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. SEMMES, *Captain.*

Others of the crew were received at Southampton, saved by French fishing-boats, or landed by the boats of the *Kearsarge* at Cherbourg, and thence sent over.

The *Lancet* states that:

Captain Semmes sustained a somewhat painful blow on the back of the right hand from the splinter of a shell which had previously shot away a man's arm. There are three small openings over the posterior part of the metacarpal bones, accompanied with considerable tumefaction extending up the arm. Dr. Wiblin, who is in attendance upon Captain Semmes, does not consider that the splinter penetrated to the bones, nor does he consider the injury of a serious character. The sailors are all now quite well.

The same paper also adds the following characteristic statement from Mr. David Herbert Llewellyn, the surgeon of the *Alabama*, who perished on board. He was the son of the Rev. David Llewellyn, perpetual curate of Easton, Pewsey, Wilts., and also godson of the late Lord Herbert of Lea. He was educated at Marlborough College, became an articled pupil of Dr. Hassall, of Richmond, and subsequently studied his profession at Charing-Cross Hospital from 1856 to 1859. He was silver medallist in surgery and chemistry. He was with the *Alabama* throughout the whole of her eventful career, and was much respected by all on board. We are enabled to give a copy of the last letter which we believe he ever wrote. It was addressed to Mr. Travers, the resident medical officer of Charing-Cross Hospital, and is as follows:

Cherbourg, June 14, 1864.

DEAR TRAVERS: Here we are, I send this by a gentleman coming to London. An enemy is outside. If she only stops long enough, we go out and fight her. If I

live, expect to see me in London shortly. If I die, give my best love to all who know me. If Monsieur A. de Caillet should call on you, please show him every attention.

I remain, dear Travers, ever yours,

D. H. LLEWELLYN.

How poor Llewellyn did his duty as a man and a surgeon may be judged by the following touching episode which was seen to occur during the late battle: The whaleboat and dingy, the only two boats uninjured, were lowered, and the wounded men placed in them, Mr. Fulham being sent in charge of them to the *Kearsarge*. When the boats were full, a man who was not wounded endeavoured to enter one, but was held back by the surgeon of the ship, Mr. Llewellyn.

"See," he said, "I want to save my life as much as you do; but let the wounded men be saved first." "Doctor," said the officer in the boat, "we can make room for you."

"I will not peril the wounded men," was his reply.

He remained behind, and sank with the ship—a loss much deplored by all the officers and men. Noble and self-denying as was the conduct of the late surgeon of the *Alabama*, we are proud in the conviction that the same chivalrous spirit animates the medical officers of the United services of this kingdom. There has been much talk of their being "non-combatant officers"; but where are we to look for greater heroism or self-devotion, "even at the cannon's mouth"?

A fellow-student, writing to the *Standard* to correct an inaccuracy that had occurred in a paragraph relating to Mr. Llewellyn in another paper, thus testifies to his estimable character:

He was beloved by all his fellow-students and those with whom he came in contact for his good-heartedness,

as well as for his genuine disinterestedness, carried out, as we now see, not only in the everyday occurrences of life, but in the midst of danger and in the face of death itself.

A meeting of the students of the Charing-Cross Hospital was held on the 27th inst. at that institution, to carry out a proposal to erect a suitable monument to the memory of Mr. Llewellyn.

The following letter from Captain Winslow, correcting some particulars which have appeared from time to time respecting the fight, and the preliminaries thereto, we extract from the *Daily News* of June 27th:

SIR: There have been so many nonsensical publications on the engagement which took place between the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge* that it is my wish that a correction should be made.

In the first place, no challenge was sent by Captain Winslow; to have done so would have been to have violated the order of the Navy Department. On the contrary, Captain Winslow received a request from Captain Semmes not to leave, as he would fight the *Kearsarge*, and would only occupy a day or two in his preparations. Five days, however, elapsed before they were completed. The *Kearsarge's* battery consists of seven guns, two 11-inch Dahlgrens, four 32-pounders, one light rifle 28-pounder. The battery of the *Alabama* consisted of one 100-pounder rifle, one heavy 68 ditto, six 32-pounders—that is, one more gun than the *Kearsarge*. In the wake of the engines on the outside the *Kearsarge* had stopped up and down her sheet chain. These were stopped by marline to eye-bolts, which extended some 20 feet, and was done by the hands of the *Kearsarge*; the whole was covered by light plank to prevent dirt collecting. It was for the purpose of protecting the engines when there was no coal in the upper part of the bunkers, as was the case when the action took place. The *Alabama* had her bunkers full, and was equally

protected. The *Kearsarge* went into action with a crew of 162 officers and men. The *Alabama*, by report of the *Deerhound's* officers, had 150. The *Kearsarge* steamed to sea in order that no questions of neutrality jurisdiction should be raised; when far enough she turned short round and steered immediately for the *Alabama* for close action. The *Alabama* fired, as she was coming down on her, two broadsides and a part of another; no one shot came on board of the *Kearsarge*. The *Kearsarge* then sheered and opened on the *Alabama*, trying to get nearer. The action lasted one hour and two minutes from the first to the last shot. The *Kearsarge* received twenty-eight shots above and below, thirteen about her hull; the best shots were abaft the mainmast, two shots which cut the chain stops, the shell of which broke the casing of wood covering. They were too high to have damaged the boilers had they penetrated. The *Kearsarge* was only slightly damaged, and I supposed the action for hot work had just commenced when it ended. Such stuff as the *Alabama* firing when she was going down, and all such talk is twaddle. The *Alabama*, towards the last, hoisted sail to get away, when the *Kearsarge* was laid across her bows, and would have raked had she not surrendered, when she had done, and was trying to get her flags down, and showing a white flag over her stern. The officers of the *Alabama* on board the *Kearsarge* say that she was a complete slaughter-house, and was completely torn to pieces. This is all I know of the *Alabama*.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN A. WINSLOW, *Captain*.

INCIDENTS AND MISCELLANEA

When the men came on board the *Deerhound* they had nothing on but their drawers and shirts, having been stripped to fight, and one of the men, with a sailor's devotedness, insisted on seeing his captain, who was then lying in Mr. Lancaster's cabin in a very ex-

hausted state, as he had been intrusted by Captain Semmes with the ship's papers, and to no one else would he give them up. The men were all very anxious about their captain, and were rejoiced to find that he had been saved. They appeared to be a set of first-rate fellows, and to act well together in perfect union under the most trying circumstances.

The captain of the forecastle on board the *Alabama*, a Norwegian, says that when he was in the water he was hailed by a boat from the *Kearsarge*, "Come here old man, and we'll save you;" to which he replied, "Never mind me, I can keep up half an hour yet; look after some who are nearer drowning than I am." He then made away for the *Deerhound*, thanking God that he was under English colours.

Throughout the action the *Deerhound* kept about a mile to windward of the combatants, and was enabled to witness the whole of it. The *Kearsarge* was burning Newcastle coals and the *Alabama* Welsh coals, the difference in the smoke (the north-country coal yielding so much more) enabling the movements of each ship to be distinctly traced. Mr. Lancaster is clearly of opinion that it was the *Kearsarge's* 11-inch shells which gave her the advantage, and that, after what he has witnessed on this occasion, wooden ships stand no chance whatever against shells. Both vessels fired well into each other's hull, and the yards and masts were not much damaged. The mainmast of the *Alabama* had been struck by shot, and as the vessel was sinking, broke off, and fell into the sea, throwing some men who were in the maintop into the water. Some tremendous gaps were visible in the bulwarks of the *Kearsarge*, and it was believed that some of her boats were disabled. She appeared to be temporarily plated with iron chains, etc. As far as could be seen, everything appeared to be well planned and ready on board the *Kearsarge* for the action. It was apparent that Captain Semmes intended to fight at a long range, and the fact that the *Kearsarge* did not reply till the two vessels got nearer together, showed that they preferred the short range, and the superior steaming power of the latter enabled this to be accomplished. It is remarkable that

no attempt was made by the *Kearsarge* to close and board the *Alabama*, and when the *Alabama* hoisted sails and made as if for the shore, the *Kearsarge* moved away in another direction, as though her rudder or screw was damaged and out of control. Great pluck was shown on both sides. On board the *Alabama* all the hammocks were let loose, and arrangements had been made for sinking her rather than that she should be captured.

As far as is known, not a relic of the *Alabama* is in the possession of her successful rival. When she was sinking, Captain Semmes dropped his own sword into the sea to prevent the possibility of its getting into their hands, and the gunner made a hole in one of the *Alabama's* boats and sank her for the same reason.

Before leaving the *Deerhound* Captain Semmes presented to Mr. Lancaster's son one of his officer's swords and a pistol, in remembrance of the occurrence and the kind treatment he and his men had received on board the yacht.

The spectacle presented during the combat is described by those who witnessed it from the *Deerhound* as magnificent, and thus the extraordinary career of the *Alabama* has come to a grand and appropriate termination.

With regard to the *Kearsarge's* iron-plating, it is stated in another account:

It was frequently observed that shot and shell struck against the *Kearsarge's* side, and harmlessly rebounded, bursting outside, and doing no damage to the Federal crew. The chains extended from half way between her fore and main masts to about half way between her main and mizen, thus completely protecting her whole midship section. Another advantage accruing from this was that it sank her very low in the water, so low in fact, that the heads of the men who were in the boats were on the level of the *Kearsarge's* deck.

The *Globe* Paris correspondent, writing on Monday, says:

Town talk to-day is all about the *Alabama* and her

final descent into the locker of Davy Jones. The rescue of her gallant captain and crew by the British steamer *Deerhound*, and their safe conveyance to Southampton, learnt by telegram, has divested the catastrophe of any terrors, and Mrs. Captain Semmes has known here this morning of her husband's safety. It appears that the Confederate craft was incorrectly stated to have been afforded facilities in Cherbourg harbour for getting into proper trim, and she did not go into action with the *Kearsarge* at a fair advantage. She had been supplied by the French dockyard with nothing beyond her fill of coal, the extra weight of which was possibly a drawback on the alacrity of her strategic evolutions. There had been on Sunday an excursion train, Paris to Cherbourg, arranged with a view to witness the fight, fully known as about to come off by mutual agreement. Early in the morning the steam was got up by the *Alabama*; at half-past 9 A. M. the drums beat on board, and all hands were piped for action. Slowly the vessel moved out of port in company with the French iron-clad *La Couronne*, which steamed after her, as bottle-holder, beyond the stipulated limit of neutral waters. When the *Alabama* hoisted the broad pennant of the Confederation, there arose immense cheering from the eager multitude on the mole.

The Southampton correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Tuesday, says:

Mr. Mason, the Confederate Envoy, Captain Bulloch, and the Rev. Mr. Tremlet breakfasted with the officers of the *Alabama* at Kelway's Hotel this morning, after which Mr. Mason took his departure for London. Captain Semmes is better, but still unable to see anyone. As soon as he landed yesterday he inquired for Mr. Alderman Perkins, of this town, his personal friend. That gentleman is in London, but he telegraphed to Southampton last night to know if Captain Semmes would accept of

an invitation to a public dinner at Southampton, but Captain Semmes declined.

An officer of the *Alabama* said that she fought all her guns on the starboard broadside. This gave the ship a list. The great object of Captain Semmes was to come to close quarters with the *Kearsarge* and board her, but the commander of the latter, knowing the strength of his armament, dexterously prevented the *Alabama* from coming too near. Semmes kept his bow well towards the *Kearsarge*, to screen his rudder and screw. At length a shot knocked away one blade of the *Alabama's* screw, and another shot damaged her rudder, which the commander of the *Kearsarge* seeing, got round to the port side and peppered the *Alabama* awfully.

As before observed, the sides of the *Kearsarge* were trailed all over with chain cables. Between the coils and under the planking were stuffings of oakum pitched. A great portion of the sides were invulnerable. Mr. Mason, the Confederate Envoy, regrets the loss of the *Alabama*, but does not consider that Captain Semmes was in the slightest degree to blame. The fight, he says, was simply a mistake on the part of the Confederate commander. Semmes has often been twitted for avoiding armed Federal vessels, and for gallantly attacking utterly unarmed merchantmen in genuine pirate style. When he was challenged by the commander of the *Kearsarge* everybody in Cherbourg, it appears, said it would be disgraceful if he refused the challenge, and this, coupled with his belief that the *Kearsarge* was not so strong as she really proved to be, made him agree to fight. The gunnery on the part of both warships is said by the *Deerhound* people to have been very fine.

A gentleman here remarked to Captain Semmes, that it was a wonder the *Kearsarge* did not run him and the crew down when they were struggling in the water, but the captain admitted that the Federal commander acted humanely, and according to the laws of civilised warfare.

Some of the *Deerhound* sailors say that the *Kearsarge* fired four times at the *Alabama* after she had surrendered, but from all the inquiries I have made I have reason to believe that this is an error.

One 11-inch shell from the *Kearsarge* fell on the *Alabama's* deck without exploding, and was taken up and thrown overboard. When the Confederate ship was sinking, her first lieutenant told the men to jump overboard with something in their hands, an oar or any other portable object. Captain Semmes is a capital swimmer. The wound in his hand was caused by a splinter from a shell, and being in the water so long, the wound, though trifling at first, became inflamed. He is going into the country for a few days to recruit his health.

In conclusion we would observe that, however, the spirit of naval daring in a maritime nation like England may be gratified by the perusal of so stirring a narrative as that of the now closed career of the *Alabama*, we believe her achievements have caused ill-feeling towards us on the part of the government of the Federal States of America. Without presuming to enter into the vexed question of the true character of the *Alabama*—whether, by Southern account, as “a regularly commissioned man-of-war,” or, by Northern designation, as “a pirate”—the broad facts of her achievements are patent to all. That one swift steamer, built, fitted out, and manned surreptitiously, at a neutral port, should be able with impunity so long to inflict heavy damage on the commerce of one of the most powerful maritime nations of the world, shows clearly what *privateering might effect* on the outbreak of war in all future complications.

ABOARD A SEMMES PRIZE

RAPHAEL SEMMES, long dead, was in his day a terror of the seas. Commander, first of the *Sumter* and then of the *Alabama*, Northern commerce rotted in China ports for the dread of him. One man, who met him early in his career, preserves a vivid recollection of him. This is Captain Strout of Lewiston, Maine, a grizzled old sea-dog now in his eighties. He says:

I was master of the American brig *Cuba* and sailed out of Trinidad (Cuba) on July 2, 1861. I had a cargo of sugar and was bound for London. The *Cuba* was 236 tons burden, and with the wind dead astern she was a fast sailer. We sighted a vessel to starboard. She was traveling nearly a parallel course, but pretty soon she tacked in and fired a shot across our bows. Naturally, I stopped. The Rebellion had broken out and I knew Confederate privateers were on the seas, snapping up our merchantmen, but I relied on our bills of lading to see us through. They had the stamp of the British Consulate at Trinidad. I was ordered to go aboard the *Sumter* and Semmes took my papers. He was a sour-looking man enough, and when he saw the Consul's stamp he grinned. "That's a d——d Yankee trick," he said. Then he added, "I am sorry to inform you that you are a prisoner of war." I told him that he wasn't half as sorry as I was, and he seemed to believe me. He sent me back to my vessel along with a prize crew, that was armed to the teeth.

The *Sumter* took us in tow at ten o'clock in the morning. At three o'clock the next morning the hawser broke. Semmes tried three times to re-fasten, but the sea was too high. He then ordered the captain of the prize crew to take the *Cuba* to Cienfuegos. (We were only sixty miles west of that point.) We were unarmed and were allowed to keep on deck. I got a chance to talk to Jim Bab-

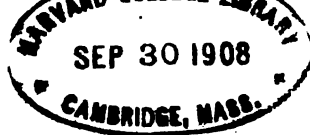
bage and Jim Carroll, my first and second mates, and we determined to recapture the vessel. On July 8 I found the prize-master asleep on the round-house. Immediately we got possession of all the arms. The prize crew got on to the racket and ran for their weapons. Finding them gone, two drew their sheath-knives and one got an axe and they rushed aft where we were. The mainsail was down and lay between us. One of them tried to jump over it and I hit him over the head with a cleaver that I had in my hand. He fell, scrambled back, and did not attempt to return. My mates and the cook were now armed with revolvers, and one of my seamen had a cutlass. "If you stir," I shouted to the prize crew, "I will blow your heads off." They didn't stir. When I ordered them to surrender they yielded and went forward, followed by myself and my crew.

I had on board only four pairs of irons. I put one on the prize-master and the others on three of the most dangerous of the others. The rest we tied with ropes. That day I fell in with the brig *Costa Rica*, which took off two of the prize crew, and I headed the *Cuba* for New York. Nothing of importance happened until the 14th of July, when the prize-master, whose irons had been removed at his urgent request, managed to get a pistol and perched himself in the maintop. Then he took out a cigar and lighted it, and called down that he had something to say to me. "Do you intend to carry me to New York?" he asked. I told him that I did. He blew out some smoke, laughed, and said: "Well, you'll never do it alive." "All right," said I, "then I'll carry you dead." At that he yelled, "It's your time to dodge," and fired at me. The bullet struck the deck at my feet and I did dodge. Johnny Reb told the truth that time. He fired again and I did some more lively hopping. Then I ran below and got my pistol. As my head reappeared in the companion-way he turned loose one more time and the splinters flew into my hair.

I got on deck at last and proceeded to even up things. He was swinging around in the maintop and I was dancing around on deck. I suppose it was the funniest looking duel that ever was. He

used up all his cartridges without hitting me, and I shot at him three times without coming anywhere near him. Then I lodged a ball in the mast just above his head, and the next shot I got him in the arm. It was the right arm, and it was broken above the elbow. He dropped his weapon to the deck. All this time he had been holding his cigar in his left hand. He was the nerviest man I ever saw. He threw the cigar away and came down. I dressed his wound and locked him up. I kept guard over him until we reached New York, on July 21. It was Sunday, I remember, and, though we did not then know it, the guns then were roaring at Bull Run. I delivered my prisoners to the United States authorities, but the prize-master, whose name was Thomas, went to Bellevue Hospital, where some Northern woman nursed him until he got well. He stayed in prison awhile, and there was some talk of hanging him for a pirate, but I did the best I could for him, because he was a brave man, and finally they exchanged him and he went back South.

H. S. CANFIELD.



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COMPRISING

NEVER CAUGHT—PERSONAL ADVENTURES
CONNECTED WITH TWELVE SUCCESSFUL
TRIPS IN BLOCKADE-RUNNING DURING
THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, 1863-64 - - *Captain Roberts*

WILLIAM ABBATT

141 EAST 25TH STREET,

..

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NEW YORK

1908

NEVER CAUGHT

PERSONAL ADVENTURES CONNECTED WITH TWELVE
SUCCESSFUL TRIPS IN BLOCKADE-RUNNING
DURING THE AMERICAN
CIVIL WAR, 1863-64

BY
CAPTAIN ROBERTS *pseudon. for*
A.C. Hiant

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PREFACE

HAVING been asked by many friends to give a brief account of my adventures in blockade-running during the late American Civil War, I have determined to do so, not from any confidence in my powers of description, but because I am in hopes that the entire novelty of the subject will tend to give interest to this little book; in addition to which I am desirous of giving publicity to a statement in which I have the strongest belief, namely, that in these days blockades can never be efficient so long as heavy forts guard the entrances to the harbors blockaded, from which the vessels blockading are obliged to keep at a respectful distance. And perhaps my feeble efforts to demonstrate this will lead some wiser head than mine to suggest a new method of closing an enemy's fort. American naval officers, who know from experience how strong are my grounds for this conviction, can testify to the harassing, wearying work they went through while trying to blockade the Southern ports, and to their disgust at constantly seeing vessels which had escaped their untiring vigilance during the night, lying at daybreak safely under the Confederate batteries. For although, in the case of the American war, blockading was exceedingly severe work, what would it have been had the Southerners been possessed of the means that are usually in the hands of a belligerent power—viz: those of harassing the blockading fleets by every description of annoyance, in the shape of fire-ships, torpedoes, etc.

It is true that efforts were made to harass the blockading vessels off Charleston, but the want of the proper resources rendered them, except in one or two instances, nearly harmless; and at Wilmington nothing was ever attempted. An iron-clad was indeed once brought down the river, in which it was proposed to make a dash at some of the blockading vessels; but she stuck on the bar and was never used against the enemy.

My concluding remark shall be, the all-importance of our possessing vessels of war of great speed and heavily armed, similar to those which are at this moment receiving far more attention at the hands of the American Government than either iron-clads or Monitors.

This subject is again referred to at page 58 as a practical suggestion worthy of the best attention.

A. ROBERTS.



NEVER CAUGHT

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST START

SO much has been said and written on the law and theory of blockade-running, that a few remarks on its practice as relating to its enforcement and its infringement, may perhaps prove interesting. Laws that were in vogue before the wonderful progress that steam has made can scarcely be considered applicable now, or if applicable, cannot be efficiently put into force, as will be shown by the following brief narrative, in which I have endeavored to point out the great difficulties that exist in blockading an enemy's port.

During the late Civil War in America, the executive government undertook the blockade of more than three thousand miles of coast; and though nothing could exceed the energy and activity of the naval officers so employed, the results were very unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it was not till absolute possession was taken of the forts at the entrance of the great harbors—such as Charleston, Mobile and Wilmington—that blockade-running was stopped. Four out of six of the fast little craft fitted out, some in England, some in New York, succeeded in evading the vigilance of the cruisers; and it is undeniable that the war was prolonged for many months, if not years, by the warlike stores, clothing, provisions, etc., introduced into the Southern States by this method.

I trust that our American friends will not be too severe in their censures on those engaged in blockade-running, for—I say it with the greatest respect for and admiration of American enterprise—had they been lookers-on instead of principals in the sad drama that was enacted, they would have been the very men to take

the lead. For if ever a cool head, strong nerve and determination of character were required, it was while running or endeavoring to run, through the American blockade of the coast of the Southern States.

It must be borne in mind that the excitement of fighting, which some men (inexplicable I confess, to me) really love, did not exist. One was always either running away, or being deliberately pitched into by the broadsides of the American cruisers, the slightest resistance to which would have constituted piracy; whereas capture without resistance merely involved confiscation of vessel and cargo.

The vessel I had charge of, which I had brought out from England, was one of the finest double-screw steamers that had been built by D——n; of 400 tons burden, 250 horse-power, 180 feet long and 22 feet beam; undeniably a good craft in all respects, lying in St. George's Harbor, Bermuda. Our crew consisted of a captain, three officers, three engineers and twenty-eight men, including firemen—that is, ten seamen and eighteen firemen. They were all Englishmen, and as they received very high wages, we managed to have picked men; in fact the men-of-war on the West India station found it a difficult matter to prevent their crews from desertion, so great was the temptation offered by the blockade-runners.

I will begin by explaining how we prepared the vessel for her work. This was done by reducing her spars to a light pair of lower masts, without any yards across them, the only break in their sharp outline being a small crow's nest on the foremast, to be used as a lookout place. The hull, which showed about eight feet above water, was painted a dull gray color, to render her as nearly as possible invisible in the night. The boats were lowered square with the gunnels. Coal of a nature that never smoked (anthracite) was taken on board; the funnel being what is called "telescope," lowered close down to the deck. In order that no noise might be made, steam was blown off, in case of a sudden stop, under water. In fact every *ruse* was resorted to, to enable the vessel to evade the

vigilance of the American cruisers, which were scattered about in great numbers, all the way between Bermuda and Wilmington. Among other precautions taken, I may mention that no cocks were allowed among the fowls aboard, for fear of their proclaiming the whereabouts of the blockade-runner. This may seem ridiculous, but it was a necessary precaution.

Captain, officers and crew received a handsome bounty before starting, in order that we might not be unremunerated if captured or injured; and so, to use an American expression, "skinning our eyes well," we started on our voyage, rather nervous but full of hope. The distance from Bermuda to Wilmington (the port we were bound to) is seven hundred and twenty miles. For the first twenty-four hours we saw nothing to alarm us; but as daylight broke on the second day, there was a large American cruiser not half a mile from us. Before we could turn around he steamed straight at us, and commenced firing, rapidly but very much at random, the shot and shell all passing over or wide of us.

Fortunately, according to orders to have full steam on at daylight, we were quite prepared for a run; and still more fortunately a heavy squall of wind and rain that came on helped us vastly, as we were dead to windward of the enemy; and having no top weights we soon dropped him astern. He most foolishly kept yawing, to fire his bow-chasers, losing ground each time he did so.

By eight o'clock we were out of range, unhit, and by noon out of sight by anything but smoke. Luckily the chase had driven us on our course, instead of away from it; as the consumption of coal during a run of this sort, with boilers all but bursting from high pressure of steam, was a most serious consideration, there being no coal in the Confederate ports, where only wood was used, which would not suit our furnaces.

We were now evidently in very dangerous waters, steamers being reported from our mast-head every hour, and we had to keep moving about in all directions to avoid them; sometimes stopping to allow one to pass ahead of us, at another time turning

completely round and running back on our course. Luckily we were never seen or chased. Night came on, and I had hoped that we should have made rapid progress till daybreak, unmolested. All was quiet until about one o'clock in the morning, when suddenly, to our horror, we found a steamer close alongside of us. How she had got there, without our knowledge, is a mystery to me even now. However, there she was—and we had hardly seen her before a stentorian voice howled out, "Heave to in that steamer, or I'll sink you." It seemed as if all was over—but I determined to try a *ruse* before giving the little craft up. So I answered, "Ay, ay, Sir, we are stopped."

The cruiser was about eighty yards from us. We heard orders given to man and arm the quarter-boats; we saw the boats lowered into the water; we saw them coming; we heard the crews laughing and cheering at the prospect of their prize;—the bowmen had just touched the sides of our vessel with their boathooks, when I whispered down the tube into the engine-room: "Full speed ahead"—and away we shot into the pitch darkness.

I don't know what happened; whether the captain of the man-of-war thought that his boats had taken possession, and thus did not try to stop us, or whether he stopped to pick up his boats in the rather nasty sea that was running—some one who reads this may know. All I can say is, that not a shot was fired, and that in less than a minute the pitch darkness hid the cruiser from our view. This was a great piece of luck. All the next day we passed in dodging about; avoiding the cruisers as best we could, but always approaching our port. During the day we got good observations, with which our soundings agreed; and at sunset our position was sixty miles due east of the entrance to Wilmington (Cape Fear) river—off which place was cruising a strong squadron of blockading ships.

The American blockading squadron, which had undertaken the almost impossible task of stopping all traffic along three thousand miles of coast, consisted of nearly a hundred vessels of different sorts and sizes—*bonâ-fide* men-of-war, captured block-

ade-runners, unemployed steam-packets, with many other vessels pressed into government service. Speed, and sufficient strength to carry a long gun were the only requisites, the Confederate men-of-war being few and far between. These vessels were generally well commanded and officered, but badly manned. The inshore squadron off Wilmington consisted of about thirty vessels, and lay in the form of a crescent, facing the entrance to Cape Fear river, the centre being just out of range of the heavy guns mounted on Fort Fisher; the horns, as it were, gradually approaching the shore on each side. The whole line or curve covered about ten miles.

The blockade-runners had been in the habit of trying to get between the vessel and the shore at either extremity; and the coast being quite flat and very dangerous, without any landmark excepting here and there a tree somewhat taller than others, the cruisers generally kept at a distance sufficient to allow of this being done. The runner would then crawl close along the shore, and when as near as could be judged opposite the entrance of the river, would show a light on the vessel's inshore side, which was answered by a very indistinct light being shown on the beach, close to the water's edge, and another at the back ground. The shore lights being got into a line, was a proof that the opening was arrived at; the vessel then steered straight in and anchored under the Confederate batteries at Fort Fisher. More vessels were lost crawling along this dangerous beach than were taken by the cruisers. I have seen three burning at one time—for the moment a vessel struck she was set fire to, to prevent the blockaders getting her off when daylight came. This system of evading the cruisers, however, having been discovered, it was put a stop to by a very ingenious method, by which several vessels were captured and an end put to that "little game." Of course I can only conjecture the way in which it was done, but it seemed to me to be thus: At the extreme end of the line of blockaders lay one of them with a kedge anchor, down so close to the shore that she left but a very small space for the blockade-runner to pass between her and the beach. The captain of the runner, however, trusting to his vessel's speed and invisibility, dashed through this space, and having got by the cruiser, thought himself

safe. Poor fellow! he was safe for the moment; but in such a trap that his only chance of getting out of it was by running on shore or giving up, for no sooner had he passed than up went a rocket from the cruiser which had seen him rush by, and which now moved a little further in towards the shore, so as to stop her egress by the way she went in; and the other vessels closing round by a pre-arranged plan, the capture or destruction of the runner was a certainty. Some of the captains most pluckily ran their vessels on shore, and frequently succeeded in setting fire to them; but the boats of the cruisers were sometimes too sharp in their movements to admit of this being done; and the treatment of those who tried to destroy their vessels was, I am sorry to say, very barbarous and unnecessary. Moreover men who endeavored to escape after the vessel was on shore were often fired at with grape and shell, in what seemed to me a very unjustifiable manner. Great allowance, however, must be made for the men-of-wars' men, who, after many hard nights of dreary watching, constantly underway, saw their well-earned prize escaping by being run on shore and set fire to just as they imagined they had got possession. On several occasions they have had to be content to tow the empty shell of an iron vessel off the shore, her valuable cargo and machinery having been entirely destroyed by fire.

But I have left my little craft lying, as was stated, about sixty miles from the entrance of the river. I had determined to try a new method of getting through the blockading squadron, seeing that the usual plan, as described above, was no longer feasible, or at least advisable. I have mentioned that our position was well defined by observations and soundings; so we determined to run straight through the blockaders and take our chances. When it was quite dark we started, steaming at full speed. It was extremely thick on the horizon, but clear over head, with just enough wind and sea to prevent the little noise made by the engines and screws being heard. Every light was out, even the men's pipes; the masts were lowered on to the deck, and if ever a vessel was invisible, the *Don* was that night.

We passed several outlying cruisers, some unpleasantly near

—but still we passed them. All seemed going favorably, when suddenly I saw through my glasses the long, low line of a steamer right ahead, lying as it were across our bows—so close that it would have been impossible to pass to the right or left of her without being seen. A prompt order given to the engine-room (where the chief engineer stood to the engines) to reverse *one* engine, was as promptly obeyed, and the little craft spun round like a tee-totum. If I had not seen it, I could never have believed it possible that a vessel would have turned so rapidly; and (although perhaps it is irrelevant to my subject) I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the wonderful powers of turning that are given to a vessel by the application of Symons' twin-screws, as he loves to call them. On this occasion £50,000 worth of property was saved to its owners. I do not believe the cruiser saw us at all; and very important to us was the fact that we had turned in so short a space that I scarcely think we lost five yards of our position.

Having turned, we stopped to reconnoitre, and could still see the faint outline of the cruiser, crawling (propelled probably only by the wind) slowly into the darkness, leaving the way open to us, of which we at once took advantage. It was now about one o'clock in the morning; our patent lead and an observation of a friendly star, told us that we were rapidly getting near the shore. But it was so fearfully dark that it seemed almost hopeless ever to find our way to the entrance of the river, and no one felt comfortable. Still we steamed slowly on, and shortly made out a small glimmer of a light right ahead. We eased steam a little, and cautiously approached.

As we got nearer, we could make out the outline of a vessel lying at anchor, head to wind; and conjectured that this must be the senior officer's vessel, which we were told generally lay about two miles and a half from the river's mouth, and which was obliged to show some sort of light to the cruisers that were constantly under way right and left of her. The plan of finding out this light, and using it as a guide to the river's entrance, being discovered shortly after this, the vessel that carried it was moved into a

different position every night; whereby several blockade runners came to grief. Feeling pretty confident now of our position, we went on again at full speed, and made out clearly the line of blockaders lying to the right and left of the ship which showed the light; all excepting her being apparently under way. Seeing an opening between the vessel at anchor and the one on her left, we made a dash, and thanks to our disguise and great speed, got through without being seen, and made the most of our way towards the land. As a strong current runs close inshore, which is constantly changing its course, and there were no lights or landmarks to guide us, it was a matter of great difficulty to find the very narrow entrance to the river.

We were now nearly out of danger from cruisers, who seldom ventured very close inshore in the vicinity of the batteries; and our pilot who had been throughout the voyage in bodily fear of an American prison, began to wake up, and after looking well round, told us that he could make out, over the long line of surf, a heap of sand called "the mound," which was a mark for going into the river. This good news emboldened us to show a small light from the inshore side of the vessel; it was promptly answered by two lights being placed a short distance apart on the beach, in such a position that when the two were brought into line—or as sailors call it, into one—the vessel would be in the channel which led into the river. This being done without interruption from the cruisers, we steamed in and anchored safely under the batteries of Fort Fisher.

Being now perfectly safe, lights were at once lit, supper and grog served out *ad libitum*, everybody congratulated everybody else, and a feeling of comfort and jollity, such as can only be experienced after three days' and three nights' intense anxiety, possessed us all.

On the morning breaking we counted twenty-five cruisers lying as near as they dared venture off the river's mouth; and a very pleasant sight it was, situated as we were. There was evidently a move of an unusual nature among them, for the smaller vessels were steaming in towards the shore on the north side, and the ships'

launches, with guns in their bows, were pulling about from vessel to vessel. The cause of it, as day advanced, was but too apparent. Just out of reach of Fort Fisher's heavy artillery, on the north side of the river's entrance, a splendid paddle-wheel blockade-runner was lying on the beach, having been run on shore during the night to avoid capture. Her crew had evidently escaped to the shore, and a smouldering smoke showed that she had been set fire to and that a little wind was all that was necessary to make the flames break out. The blockading ships do not appear to have been aware of the damage they had done until daylight discovered the vessel which they probably thought had either got into the river or escaped to sea, lying on the beach. However they were not slow in making preparations for capturing her if possible. Meanwhile the commandant of Fort Fisher did not remain inactive. Though the vessel was out of the reach of his heavy artillery, he had at his disposal two 12-pounder Whitworths, which he promptly sent down to the beach, dragged by mules, to prevent the Yankees from landing or getting on board. These little guns opened fire at the enemy at a long range, and made famous practice—so much so that the attention of the naval force was drawn entirely to them and a sharp fire was kept up on both sides.

Meanwhile two of the crew of the blockade-runner managed to get aboard of her, and setting her on fire in a dozen different places, everything in the vessel was soon destroyed, and her red-hot sides made boarding an impossibility. So the gunboats retired out of range, and the artillery with the Whitworth guns, returned to Fort Fisher. The shell of this vessel lay for months on the beach, and was by no means a bad mark for the blockade-runners to steer by. Having witnessed this little bit of excitement and received on board the crew of the stranded vessel, we took a pilot on board, and steamed up the Cape Fear river to Wilmington.

CHAPTER II

IT will be difficult to erase from my memory the excitement of the evening when we made our little craft fast alongside the quay at Wilmington; the congratulations we received, the champagne cocktails we imbibed, the eagerness with which we gave and received news, the many questions we asked, such as "How long should we be in unloading—was our cargo of cotton ready—how many bales could we carry—how other blockade-runners had fared," etc., and the visits from hungry and thirsty Southerners of all ranks and denominations, many of whom had not tasted alcohol in any form for months, and to whom whatever they liked to eat or drink was freely given, accompanied by congratulations on all sides. All these things, combined with the delightful feeling of security from capture and the glorious prospect of a good night's rest in a four-poster, wound one up into an inexpressible state of jollity. If some of us had a little headache in the morning, surely it was small blame to us; our host's cocktails, made of champagne-bitters and pounded ice, soon put all things to rights; and after breakfast we lounged down to the quays on the river side that were piled mountain high with cotton bales and tobacco tierces, and mixed in the wild and busy scene of discharging, selling and shipping cargoes.

I may here, I trust, without appearing egotistic, digress slightly from the narrative to give an account of how I managed with my own private venture, which I had personally to attend to; for it is scarcely necessary to mention that in blockade-running every one must look after himself; if he does not, his labor will have been in vain. Before leaving England I met a Southern lady, who, on my inquiring as to what was most needed by her sex in the beleaguered States, replied curtly "Corsages, sir, I reckon."

So I determined to buy a lot of the articles she referred to, and on arriving at Glasgow (the port from which we originally started) I visited an emporium that seemed to me to contain everything in the world, and astonished a young fellow behind the counter by asking for one thousand pairs of stays. Such an unusual request sent him off like a rocket to a higher authority, with whom I made a bargain for the article required, at 1s. 1d. per pair, to be delivered the next day. At the same time I bought five hundred boxes of Cockle's pills, and a quantity of toothbrushes.

Well, here I was in Wilmington with all these valuables on my hands; the corsages were all right, but the horrid little Cockles were already bursting their cerements, and tumbling about my cabin in all directions. I was anxious, with the usual gallantry of my cloth, to supply the wants of the ladies first. The only specimens of the sex that I could see moving about were colored women who were so little encumbered with dress that I began to think I was mistaken in the article recommended by my lady friend as being the most required out here. After waiting some time and no one coming to bid for my wares, I was meditating putting up on the ship's side a large board with the name of the article of ladies' dress written on it,—a pill-box for a crest and tooth brushes for supporters—when an individual came on board and inquired whether I wished to "trade." I greedily seized upon him, took him into my retreat and made him swallow three glasses of brandy in rapid succession; after which we commenced business. I will not trouble my readers with the way in which we "traded;" regarding the corsages, suffice it to say that he bought them all at what seemed to me to be the enormous price of 12s. each—giving me a profit of nearly 1100 per cent.! On my asking where the future fair wearers of the articles he had bought could be seen, he told me that all the ladies had gone into the interior. I hope they found my importations useful; they certainly were not ornamental.

Elated as I was at my success, I did not forget the Cockle's, and gently insinuated to my now somewhat excited friend that we might do a little more "trading." To my disgust he told me that

he had never heard of such a thing as Cockle's pills. I strongly urged him to try half a dozen, assuring him that if he once experienced their invigorating effects, he would never cease to recommend them. But the ignorant fellow didn't seem to see it; for, finishing his brandy and buttoning up his pockets, he walked ashore. I never thought of naming toothbrushes; for what could a man who had never heard of Cockles know of the luxury of tooth brushes? So I sat quietly down and began to sum up my profits on the corsages. I was deeply engaged in this occupation, when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. Turning round I saw my friend the trader, who, after having smothered my boot in tobacco-juice said, "I say, captain, have you got any *coffin-screws* on trade?" His question rather staggered me; but he explained that they had no possible way of making this necessary article in the Southern States, and that they positively could not keep the bodies quiet in their coffins without them, especially when being sent any distance for interment. As I had no acquaintance, I am happy to say, with the sort of thing he wanted, it was agreed on between us that I should send to England for a quantity; he, on his part, promising an enormous profit on their being delivered.

I cannot help remarking on the very great inconvenience and distress that was entailed on the South through the want of almost every description of manufacture. The Southern States, having always been the producing portion of the Union, had trusted to the North and to Europe for manufactures. Thus when they were shut out by land and sea from the outer world, their raw material was of but little service to them. This fact tended, more than is generally believed, to weaken the Southern people in the glorious struggle they made for what they called and believed to be their rights—a struggle the horrors of which are only half understood by those who were not eye-witnesses of it. Whether the cause was good—whether armed secession was justifiable or not—is a matter regarding which opinions differ. But it is undeniable that all fought and endured in a manner worthy of a good and just cause, and many were thoroughly and conscientiously convinced it was so. Such men as Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and others, would never have

joined any cause against their convictions—but it won't do for a blockade-runner to attempt to moralize—so, to return to my story. My readers will be desirous to know the result of my speculation in Cockles and toothbrushes. Regarding the former, I am sorry to say that all my endeavors to induce my Southern friends to try their efficacious powers were of no avail; so I determined to take them with me to Nassau (if I could get there), thinking that I might find a market at a place where every one was bilious from over-eating and drinking on the strength of the fortunes they were making by blockade-running; and there I found an enterprising druggist who gave me two chests of lucifer-matches in exchange for my Cockles, which matches I ultimately sold in the Confederacy at a very fair profit. My toothbrushes being not in the slightest degree appreciated at Wilmington, I sent them to Richmond, where they were sold at about seven times their cost.

So ended my first speculation. The vessel's cargo consisted of blankets, shoes, Manchester goods of all sorts, and some mysterious cases marked "hardware," about which no one asked any questions, but which the military authorities took possession of. This cargo was landed and preparations made for taking on board *the* paying article in this trade, viz: COTTON: I never bought it in any quantity, but I know that the price in the Southern States averaged from 2*d.* to 3*d.* a pound; the price in Liverpool at that time being about 2*s.* 6*d.*

We were anxious to try the luck of our run out before the moon got powerful, so the cargo was shipped as quickly as possible. In the first place, the hold was stowed by expert stevedores, the cotton bales being so closely packed that a mouse could hardly find room to hide itself among them. The hatches were put on, and a tier of bales put fore and aft in every available spot on the deck, leaving openings for the approaches to the cabins, engine-room, and fore-castle; then another somewhat thinner tier on the top of that; after which a few bales for the captain and officers—those uncontrollable rascals, whom the poor agents could not manage!—and the cargo was complete. Loaded in this way the vessel,

with only her foremast up, with her low funnel and gray-painted sides, looked more like a huge bale of cotton, with a stick placed upright near one end of it, than anything else I can think of. One bale for—and still one more for—(I never tell tales out of school), and all was ready.

We left the quay at Wilmington cheered by the hurrahs of our brother blockade-runners, who were discharging and taking in their cargoes, and steamed a short distance down the river, when we were boarded, to be *searched* and *smoked*. The latter extraordinary proceeding—called for perhaps by the existing state of affairs—took me altogether aback. That a smoking apparatus should be applied to a cargo of cotton seemed most astonishing. But so it was ordered, the object being to search for runaways; and strange to say its efficacy was apparent when, after an hour or more's application of the process (which was by no means a gentle one) an unfortunate wretch—crushed almost to death by the closeness of his hiding-place, poked with a long stick till his ribs must have been like touchwood, and smoked the color of a backwoods Indian—was dragged by the heels into the daylight, ignominiously put into irons and hurled into the guard-boat. This discovery nearly caused the detention of the vessel on suspicion of our being the accomplices of the runaway; but after some deliberation we were allowed to go on.

Having steamed down the river about twenty miles, we anchored at two o'clock P. M. near its mouth. We were hidden by Fort Fisher from the blockading squadron lying off the bar, there to remain till some time after nightfall. After anchoring we went ashore to take a peep at the enemy from the batteries. Its commandant, a fine dashing young Confederate officer who was a firm friend to blockade-runners, accompanied us round the fort. We counted twenty-five vessels, nearly all under way. Some of them occasionally ventured within range, but no sooner had one of them done so than a shot was thrown so unpleasantly near that she at once moved out again.

We were much struck with the weakness of Fort Fisher, which,

with a garrison of merely 1200 men and only half-finished, could have been easily taken at any time since the war begun, by a resolute body of five thousand men making a night attack. It is true that at the time of its capture it was somewhat stronger than at the time I visited it, but even then its garrison was comparatively small and its defences unfinished. I fancy the bold front so long shown by its occupiers had much to do with the fact that such an attack was not attempted till just before the close of the war.

The time chosen for our starting was eleven o'clock, at which hour the tide was at its highest on the bar at the river mouth. Fortunately the moon set at about ten; and as it was very cloudy we had every reason to expect a pitch-dark night.

There were two or three causes that made one rather more nervous on this occasion than when leaving Bermuda. In the first place, five minutes after we had crossed the bar we should be in the thick of the blockaders, who always closed nearer in on the very dark nights. Secondly, our cargo of cotton was of more importance than the goods we had carried in; and thirdly it was *the thing to do* to make the double trip, in and out, safely. There were also all manner of reports of the new plans which had been arranged by a zealous Commodore, lately sent from New York to catch us all. However, it was of no use canvassing these questions—so at 10:45 we weighed anchor and steamed slowly down to the entrance of the river.

Very faint lights, which could not be seen far at sea, were set on the beach in the same position as I have before described, having been thus placed for a vessel coming in; and bringing these astern in an exact line,—that is, the two lights into one—we knew we were in the passage for going over the bar. The order was then given "Full speed ahead," and we shot out to sea at a great pace.

Our troubles began almost immediately, for the cruisers had placed a rowing barge, which could not be seen by the forts, close to the entrance, to signalize the direction which any vessel that came out might take. This was done by rockets being thrown up by

a designed plan, from the barge. We had hardly cleared the bar when we saw this boat very near our bows, nicely placed to be run clean over. As we were going about fourteen knots, her chance of escape would have been small had we been inclined to finish her. Changing the helm, which I did myself, a couple of spokes just took us clear. We passed so close that I could with ease have dropped a biscuit into the boat. I heard the crash of broken oars against our side; not a word was spoken.

I strongly suspect every man in that boat held his breath till the great white avalanche of cotton, rushing by so unpleasantly near, had passed quite clear of her. However, they seemed very soon to have recovered themselves, for a minute had scarcely passed before up went a rocket, which I thought a very ungrateful proceeding on their part. But they only did their duty; and perhaps they did not know how narrowly they had escaped being made food for fishes. On the rocket being thrown up, a gun was fired uncommonly close to us; but as we did not hear any shot it may have been only a signal to the cruisers to keep a sharp look-out.

We steered a mile or two near the coast, always edging a little to the eastward, and then shaped our course straight out to sea. Several guns were fired in the pitch darkness very near us (I am not quite sure whether some of the blockaders did not occasionally pepper each other). After an hour's fast steaming we felt moderately safe, and by the morning had a good offing.

Daylight broke with thick, hazy weather, nothing being in sight. We went on all right till about half-past eight o'clock, when the weather cleared up, and there was a large paddle-wheel cruiser (that we must have passed very near to in the thick weather), about six miles astern of us. The moment she saw us, she gave chase. After running for a quarter of an hour it was evident that with our heavy cargo the cruiser had the legs of us; and as there was a long day before us for the chase, things looked badly. We moved some cotton aft to immerse our screws well, but still the cruiser was steadily decreasing her distance from us, when an incident of a very curious nature favored us for a time.

It is mentioned in the Book of Sailing Directions that the course of the Gulf Stream (in the vicinity of which we knew we were) is, in calm weather and smooth water, plainly marked out by a ripple on its outer and inner edges. We clearly saw about a mile ahead of us, a remarkable ripple, which we rightly, as it turned out, conjectured was that referred to in the book. As soon as we had crossed it we steered the usual course of the current of the Gulf Stream, that here ran from two to three miles an hour. Seeing us alter our course, the cruiser did the same; but she had *not* crossed the ripple on the edge of the Stream, and the course she was now steering tended to keep her from doing so for some time. The result soon made it evident that the observations in the book were correct—for until she too crossed the ripple into the Stream, we dropped her rapidly astern, whereby we increased our distance to at least seven miles.

It was now noon, from which time the enemy again began to close with us, and at five o'clock was not more than three miles distant. At six o'clock she opened a harmless fire with the Parrott gun in her bow, the shot falling far short of us. The sun set at a quarter to seven, by which time she had got so near that she managed to send two or three shot over us, and was steadily coming up.

Luckily, as night came on the weather began to get very cloudy, and we were on the dark side of the moon now setting in the west, which, occasionally breaking through the clouds astern of the cruiser, showed us all her movements; while we must have been very difficult to make out, though certainly not more than a mile off. All this time she kept firing away, thinking, I suppose, that she would frighten us into stopping. If we had gone straight on we should doubtless have been caught; so we altered our course two points to the eastward. After steaming a short distance we stopped quite still, blowing off steam under the water, not a spark or the slightest smoke showing from the funnel; and we had the indescribable satisfaction of seeing our enemy steam past us, still firing ahead at some imaginary vessel.

This had been a most exciting chase and a very narrow escape;

night only saved us from a New York prison. All this hard running had made an awful hole in our coal-bunkers; and as it was necessary to keep a stock for a run off the blockaded Bahama Islands, we were obliged to reduce our expenditure to as small a quantity as possible. However, we were well out at sea, and after having passed the line of cruisers between Wilmington and Bermuda we had not much to fear till we approached the British possessions of Nassau and the adjacent islands, where two or three very fast American vessels were cruising, although five hundred miles from American waters.

I am ignorant, I confess, of the laws of blockade, or indeed if there be a law that allows its enforcement, and penalties to be enacted, five hundred miles away from the ports blockaded. But it did seem strange that the men-of-war of a nation at peace with England should be allowed to cruise off her ports, to stop and examine trading vessels of all descriptions, to capture vessels and send them to New York for adjudication, on the mere suspicion of their being intended as blockade-runners; and to chase and fire into real blockade-runners so near the shore that, on one occasion the shot and shell fell into a fishing village—and that within sight of an English man-of-war lying at anchor in the harbor at Nassau. Surely it is time that some well understood laws should be made and rules laid down, or such doings will sooner or later recoil on their authors.

Having so little coal on board we determined on making for the nearest point of the Bahama Islands; and luckily reached a queer little island called Green-Turtle Key, on the extreme north of the group, where was a small English colony, without being seen by the cruisers. We had not been there long, however, before one of them came sweeping round the shore, and stopped unpleasantly near us; even though we were inside the rock she hovered about outside, not a mile from us. We were a tempting bait, worth a considerable risk to snap at; but I suppose the American captain could not quite make up his mind to capture a vessel (albeit a blockade-runner piled full of cotton), lying in an English port,

insignificant though that port might be. We had got a large white English ensign hoisted on a pole, thereby showing the nationality of the rock, should the cruiser be inclined to question it. After many longing looks, she steamed slowly away, much to our satisfaction. Coals were sent to us from Nassau the next day, which having been taken aboard we weighed anchor and steamed towards that port, keeping close to the reefs and islands all the way. We arrived safely, having made the in and out voyage, including the time in loading and unloading at Wilmington, in sixteen days.

CHAPTER III

NASSAU AND A FRESH START

TO attempt to describe at length the state of things at this usually tranquil and infrequented little spot is beyond my powers: I will only mention some of its most striking features. Nassau differed much from Wilmington, inasmuch as at the latter place there was a considerable amount of poverty and distress, and men's minds were weighted with many troubles and anxieties; whereas at Nassau at the time I speak of, everything was *couleur de rose*. Everyone seemed prosperous and happy. You met with calculating, far-seeing men, who were steadily employed in feathering their nests, let the war in America end as it might; others who, in the height of their enthusiasm put their last farthing into Confederate securities, anticipating enormous profits; some men, careless and thoughtless, living for the hour, were spending their dollars as fast as they made them, forgetting that they would never see the like again. There were rollicking captains and officers of blockade-runners and drunken, swaggering crews; sharpers, looking out for victims; Yankee spies and insolent, worthless *free niggers*; all these combined made a most heterogeneous, though interesting crowd.

The inhabitants of Nassau, who until the period of blockade-running had, with some exceptions, subsisted on a precarious and somewhat questionable livelihood gained by wrecking, had their heads as much turned as the rest of the world. Living was exorbitantly dear as can well be imagined, when the captain of a blockade-runner could realize in a month a sum as large as the Governor's salary. The expense of living was so great that the officers of the West India Regiment quartered here had to apply for special allowance, and I believe their application was successful.

The hotel, a large building hitherto a most ruinous speculation, began to realize enormous profits; in fact the almighty dollar was spent as freely as the humble cent had been before this golden era in the annals of Nassau.

As we had to stay here till the time for the dark nights came round again, we took it easy and thoroughly enjoyed all the novelty of the scene. Most liberal entertainment was provided free by our owner's agent, and altogether we found Nassau very jolly; so much so that we felt almost sorry when "time" was called and we had to prepare for another run; in fact it was much pleasanter in blockade-running to look backwards than forwards, especially if one had been so far in good luck.

Our cargo—much the same as the last, "hardware" and all—being on board, bounty had to be paid, and then "off" was the order. A word as to this bounty may be interesting: The owners of blockade-runners undertook to pay the captains and crews of their ships on the following scale for the round trip, that is to say "in and out;" half to be paid in advance as a remuneration in the event of capture or loss, so that in fact half the amount was *bonâ fide* given for the risk of the run.

Half bounty paid.

Captains received for round trip, in

and out	£1000;	before starting	£500
Chief officers	£ 250		£125
Second and third officers.....	£ 150		£ 75
Chief engineers	£ 500		£250
Crew and firemen (about).....	£ 50		£ 25
Pilot	£ 750		£375

Pilots were always highly paid for the risk they ran; for if captured the American authorities dealt very severely with them, more especially so if they were Wilmington or Charleston men. The bounty having been paid, no one was allowed to land.

All being ready, we steamed out of Nassau harbor, and were soon again in perilous waters. We had a distant chase now and

then—mere child's play to us after our experience; and on the third evening of our voyage we were pretty well placed for making a run through the blockading squadron as soon as it was dark. As the moon rose at twelve o'clock it was very important that we should get into port before she threw a light on the subject.

Unfortunately we were obliged to alter our course or stop so often to avoid cruisers, that we ran our time too close; for as we were getting near to the line of blockade a splendid three-quarter-size moon rose, making everything as light as day. Trying to pass through the line of vessels ahead with such a bright light shining would have been madness—in fact it was dangerous to be moving about at all in such clear weather; so we steamed towards the land on the extreme left of the line of cruisers, and having made it out, went quite close inshore and anchored.

By lying as close as we dare to the beach, we must have had the appearance of forming part of the low sandhills, which were about the height and color of the vessel; the wood on their tops forming a background which hid the small amount of funnel and mast that showed above the decks. We must have been nearly invisible, for we had scarcely been an hour at anchor when a gunboat came steaming along the shore, very near to the beach; and while we were breathlessly watching her, hoping that she would go past, she dropped anchor almost alongside of us, a little outside where we were lying; so close that we not only heard every order that was given on board, but could almost make out the purport of the ordinary conversation of the people on her decks. A pistol-shot would have easily reached us, and our position was most unpleasant to say the least of it.

We could not stay where we were, as it only wanted two hours to daybreak. If we had attempted to weigh anchor we must have been heard doing so. However, we had sufficient steam at command to enable us to make a run for it; so, after waiting a little to allow the cruiser's fires to get low, we knocked the pin out of the shackle of the chain on deck and easing the cable down into

the water, went ahead with one engine and astern with the other, to turn our vessel round, head to seaward.

Imagine our consternation when as she turned she struck the shore before coming half round (she had been lying with her head inshore, so now it was pointed along the beach, luckily in the right direction, *i. e.* lying from the cruiser). There was nothing left to us but to put on full speed and, if possible, force her over the obstruction, which, after two or three hard bumps, we succeeded in doing. After steaming quite close to the beach for a little way, we stopped to watch the gunboat, which, after resting for an hour or so, weighed anchor and steamed along the beach in the opposite direction to the way we had been steering, and was soon out of sight. So we steamed a short distance inshore and anchored again. It would have been certain capture to have gone out to sea just before daybreak, so we made the little craft as invisible as possible, and remained all the next day trusting to our luck not to be seen; and our luck favored us, for although we saw several cruisers at a distance, none noticed us, which seems almost miraculous. Thus passed Christmas Day, 1868, and an anxious day it was to all of us. We might have landed our cargo where we were lying, but it would have been landed in a dismal swamp, and we should have been obliged to go into Wilmington for our cargo of cotton.

When night closed in we weighed anchor and steamed to the entrance of the river, which, from our position being so well defined, we had no difficulty in making out; we received a broadside from a savage little gunboat quite close inshore, her shot passing over us, and that was all. We got comfortably to the anchorage about 11:30, and so ended our second journey in.

CHAPTER IV

CHARLESTON

I DETERMINED this time to have a look at Charleston, which was then undergoing a lengthened and destructive siege. So after giving over my craft into the hands of her owner's representatives, who would unload her and put her cargo of cotton aboard, I took my place in the train, and after passing thirty-six of the most miserable hours in my life traveling the distance of a hundred and forty miles, I arrived at, or rather near to that city—for the train, disgusted I suppose with itself, ran quietly off the line into a meadow, about two miles from the station. The passengers seemed perfectly contented, and shouldering their baggage, walked off into the town. I mechanically followed with my portmanteau, and in due course arrived at the only hotel, where I was informed that I might have *half* a room. Acting on a hint I received from a black waiter, that food was being devoured in the coffee-room, and that if I didn't look out for myself I should have to do without that essential article for the rest of the day, I hurried into the room, where two long tables were furnished with all the luxuries then to be obtained in Charleston; which luxuries consisted of lumps of meat supposed to be beef, boiled Indian corn, and I think there were the remains of a feathered biped or two, to partake of which I was evidently too late. All these washed down with water, or coffee without sugar, were not very tempting. But human nature must be supported, so to it I set, and having swallowed a sufficient quantity of animal food, I went off to my room to take a pull at a bottle of brandy which I had sagaciously stored in my carpetbag. But alas for the morals of the beleaguered city! I found on arriving there, a nigger extended at full length on the floor, in happy oblivion; with the few clothes I had brought

with me forming his pillow and the empty brandy-bottle rolling about alongside of him.

I first of all hammered his head against the floor, but the floor had the worst of it; then I kicked his shins (the only vulnerable part of a nigger), but it was of no use; so pouring the contents of the water-jug over him, in the hope I might thus cause awful dreams to disturb his slumbers, I left him—voting myself a muff for leaving the key in my baggage.

Having letters of introduction to some of General Beauregard's staff, I made my way to headquarters, where I met with the greatest courtesy and kindness. An orderly was sent with me to show me the top of a tower, a position which commanded a famous view of the besieging army, the blockading squadron and all the defences of the place. A battery had just been placed by the enemy, consisting of five Parrott guns of heavy caliber, which was fully five miles from the town, and that day opened fire for the first time. At that enormous range the shell occasionally burst over or fell into the city, doing little damage however. The elevation of these guns must have been unusually great. I am told that everyone of them burst after a week's, or thereabouts, firing.

Poor Fort Sumter was nearly silenced, after many months' hammering; but its brave defenders remained in it to the last, and it was not till a few days before Charleston was abandoned that they gave it up. At the time I speak of, the whole of the western beach was in the hands of the enemy, Battery Wagner having succumbed after one of the most gallant defences on record. While it remained in the hands of the Southerners it assisted Fort Sumter, inasmuch from its position it kept the enemy at a distance. But after its capture, or rather destruction, the latter fort was exposed to a tremendous fire, from both ships and batteries, and its solid front was terribly crumbled. Surrounded, however, as it was with water, it would have been most difficult to take by assault; and from what I could learn certain destruction would have met any body of men who had attempted it lately. There it stood, sulkily firing a shot or shell now and then, more out of defiance than any-

thing else. The blockading or rather the bombarding squadron was lying pretty near it, on the western side of the entrance to the harbor; but on the east side formidable batteries belonging to the Southerners kept them at a respectful distance. Blockade-running into Charleston was quite at an end at the time I am writing about. Not that I think the cruisers could have kept vessels from getting in, but for the reason that the harbor was a perfect network of torpedoes and infernal machines (the passage between which was known only to a few persons) placed by the Southerners to prevent the Northern fleet from approaching the city.

Having had a good look at the positions of the attacking and defending parties, I went down from the tower and paid a visit to a battery where two Blakely guns, of heavy caliber, that had lately been run through the blockade in the well-known *Sumter*, now the *Gibraltar*, were mounted. These guns threw a shot of 720 pounds, and were certainly masterpieces of design and execution. Unhappily, proper instructions for loading had not accompanied them from England, and on the first firing of one, it cracked at the breech,—not being properly loaded—and was rendered useless; the other, however, did good service, throwing shot accurately great distances.

I saw much that was interesting here, but abler pens than mine have already fully described the details of that long siege—where on the one hand all the modern appliances of war that ingenuity could conceive or money purchase were put into the hands of brave and determined soldiers; on the other hand were bad arms, bad powder, bad provisions, bad everything; desperate courage and unheard-of self-denial being all they had to depend upon.

The poor Southerners never began to open their eyes to the helplessness of their cause till Sherman's almost unopposed march showed the weakness of their whole country. Even strangers like myself were so carried away with the enthusiasm of the moment that we shut our eyes to what should have been clearly manifest to us. We could not believe that men who were fighting and enduring as these men were, could ever be beaten. Some of their leaders

should have foreseen that the catastrophe was coming, months before it occurred; but if they did, they were afraid to make their opinion public.

On returning to the hotel I found it full of people of all classes, indulging in tobacco—the only solace left them—in every form. It is all very well to say that smoking is a vile habit—so it may be when indulged in by luxurious fellows who eat and drink their fill every day, and are rarely without a pipe or cigar in their mouths; it may be justly said that such men abuse the use of the glorious narcotic supplied by Providence for men's consolation under difficulties. But when a man has hard mental and bodily work, and barely enough food to support nature, water being his only drink, then give him tobacco and he will thoroughly appreciate it; besides, it will do him real good. I think that at any time its use in moderation is harmless, and often beneficial; but under the circumstances I speak of, it is a luxury without price.

During the evening I met at the hotel a Confederate officer who was going that night to attempt to carry havoc among the blockading squadron by means of a cigar-shaped vessel of a very curious description.

It was a screw-steamer of sixty feet in length, with about eight feet beam. She lay, before being prepared for the important service on which she was going, with about two feet of her hull showing above the water. At each end of the hull, on the shoulder as it were, of the cigar, was a small hatch or opening, just large enough to allow a man to pop through it. From her bow projected a long iron outrigger, at the end of which there was fixed a torpedo which would explode on coming in contact with a vessel's side.

When the crew were on board, and had gone down into the vessel through one of the hatches above-mentioned, the said hatches were firmly closed, and by arrangements that were made from the inside the vessel was sunk about six inches below the water, leaving merely a small portion of the funnel showing. Steam and smoke

being got rid of below water, the vessel was invisible, torpedo and all being immersed.

The officer having thus described his vessel, wished me good-night and started on his perilous enterprise. I met him again the next evening, quietly smoking his pipe; I eagerly asked him what he had done, when he told me, with the greatest *sangfroid*, that he had gone aboard his vessel with a crew of seven men; that for a time everything had gone like clockwork; they were all snug below, with hatches closed; the vessel was submerged to the required depth, and was steadily steaming down the harbor, perfectly watertight—when suddenly the sea broke through the forehatch and she went to the bottom immediately. He said he did not know how he escaped—he imagined that after the vessel had filled he had managed to escape through the hatch by which the water had entered; all the rest of the poor fellows were drowned. Not that my friend seemed to think anything of that, for human life was thought very little of in those times. This vessel was afterwards raised, when the bodies of the crew were still in her hold. I imagine that the vessel contained sufficient air to enable her to remain under water two or three hours; or maybe some method was practised by which air could be introduced by the funnel; at all events, had she been successful on that night she would undoubtedly have caused a good deal of damage and loss to the blockading squadron, which was constantly harassed by all sorts of infernal machines—torpedoes, fire-vessels, etc.—which were sent out against them by the ingenious Southerners, whose fertile imaginations were constantly conceiving some new invention.

On the next occasion that the same enterprising officer was employed on a similar enterprise, his efforts were crowned with complete success.

He started one dark night in a submerged vessel of the same kind as the first, and exploded the torpedo against the bow of one of the blockaders, doing so much damage that she had to be run ashore to prevent her sinking.

Before finishing my account of what I saw and did in Charles-

ton, I must mention a circumstance that showed how little the laws of *meum* and *tuum* are respected during war times. The morning before I left, I had a fancy for having my coat brushed and my shoes polished; so, having deposited those articles on a chair at the door of my room, I went to bed again for another snooze, hoping to find them cleaned when I awoke. After an hour or so I got up to dress, and rang the bell several times without getting any answer. So I opened the door and looked out into the passage. To my surprise I saw an individual sitting on the chair, and trying on one of my boots. He had got it half on, when it had stuck; and when I discovered him he seemed in a fix, inasmuch as he could neither get the boot off or on. He was struggling violently with my poor boot, as if it were his personal enemy, and swearing like a trooper. Not wishing to increase his ire, I blandly insinuated that the boots were mine—on which he turned his wrath towards me, making most unpleasant remarks, which he wound up by saying that in these times anything that a man could pick up lying about was his lawful property, and that he was astonished at my impudence in asking for the boots. However, as the “darned things” would not fit him “no how,” he guessed I was welcome to them; and giving a vicious tug to the boot to get it off, he succeeded—and I picking up it and its fellow, made good my retreat. But where was my coat? I could not get an echo of an answer where, so I went downstairs and told my piteous tale to the landlord, who laughed at my troubles and told me he could not give me the slightest hope of ever seeing it again; but he offered to lend me one in which to travel to Wilmington—an offer which I gladly accepted. On my return to Wilmington I found my vessel was ready for sea, so I took charge of her and we went down the river. We had to undergo the same ordeal as before in the way of being smoked and searched. This time there were no runaways discovered—but there was one on board for all that, who made his appearance, almost squashed to death, after we had been twenty-four hours at sea.

We anchored under Fort Fisher, where we waited until it was dark, after which we made a move when the tide was high enough

on the bar, and were soon rushing out to sea at full speed. There was a considerable swell running, which we always considered a point in our favor.

By the way, writing of swells puts me in mind of a certain "swell" I had aboard as passenger on one occasion, who while in Wilmington had been talking very big about "hunting," which he probably thought I knew nothing about. He used to give us long narratives of his own exploits in the hunting field, and expatiated on the excitement of flying over hedges and ditches, while apparently he looked upon blockade-running and its petty risks with sublime contempt. Soon after we crossed the bar on our way out, a gentle swell began to lift the vessel up and down, and this motion he characterized as "very like hunting." Just after he had ventured this remark a Yankee gunboat favored us with a broadside, and made a dash to cut us off. This part of the fun, however, my friend did not seem to think at all "like hunting," and after having strongly urged me to return to the anchorage under the protecting guns of the fort, he disappeared below, and never talked again about hunting—to me at least.

But to return to my story: there was, as I said before, a considerable swell running outside, which was fortunate for us, as we almost ran into a gunboat lying watching unusually close to the bar. It would have been useless to turn round and try to escape by going back, as if we had done so, we would inevitably have been driven on to the beach and either captured or destroyed. In such a predicament there was nothing for it but to make a dash past, and take the gunboat's fire and its consequences. I knew we had the legs of her, and therefore felt more at ease in thus "running the gauntlet" than I otherwise would have done, so on we went at full speed. She fired her broadside at about fifty yards' distance, but the shot all passed over us, except one that went through the funnel. The marines on board of her kept up a heavy fire of musketry as long as we were visible, but only slightly wounded one of our men. Rockets were then thrown up as signals to her consorts, two of which came down on us, but luckily made a bad guess at our position and closed with us on our quarter instead of our bow. They

also opened fire, but did us no injury. At the moment there was no vessel in sight ahead; and as we were going at a splendid pace we soon reduced our dangerous companions to three or four shadowy forms straggling astern without a hope of catching us. The signalling and firing had, however, brought down several other blockaders to dispute our passage, and we found ourselves at one moment with a cruiser on each side within pistol-shot of us—our position being that of the meat in a sandwich. So near were the cruisers that they seemed afraid to fire from the danger of hitting each other; and thanks to our superior speed we shot ahead and left them without their having fired a shot. Considering the heavy swell that was running there was the merest chance of their hitting us; in fact, to take a blockade-runner in the night, when there was a heavy swell or wind, was next to impossible if she did not choose to give in. To run her down required the cruiser to have much superior speed, and was a dangerous game to play, for vessels have been known to themselves go down while acting that part. Then again it must be borne in mind that the blockade-runner had always full speed at command, her steam being at all times well up, and every one aboard on the look-out; whereas the man-of-war must be steaming with some degree of economy and ease, and her look-outs had not the excitement to keep them always on the *qui vive* that ours had.

I consider that the only chances the blockaders had of capturing a runner were in the following instances—viz: in a fair chase in daylight, when superior speed would tell; or chasing her on shore or driving her in so near the beach that her crew were driven to set fire to her and make their escape—in which case a prize might be made, though perhaps of no great value; or frightening a vessel by guns and rockets during the night into giving up. Some of the runners showed great courage and stood a lot of pitching into. About sixty-six vessels left England and New York to run the blockade, during the four years' war. Of these more than forty were captured, or destroyed by their own crews; but most of them made several runs before they came to grief, and in so doing paid well for themselves.

I once left Bermuda, shortly before the end of the war, in company with four others, and was the only fortunate vessel of the lot. Of the others, three were run ashore and destroyed by their crews, and the fourth was fairly run down at sea and captured.

Once I saw done an extraordinarily plucky thing, which I cannot refrain from narrating; we had made a successful run through the blockade, and were lying under Fort Fisher, when, as daylight broke, we heard heavy firing; and as it grew lighter we saw a runner surrounded by the cruisers. Her case seemed hopeless, but on she came for the entrance, hunted like a rabbit by no end of vessels. The guns of the fort were at once manned, ready to protect her as soon as her pursuers should come within range. Every effort was made to cut her off from the entrance of the river, and how it was she was not sunk I cannot tell. As she came on we could see M—— her commander, a well-known successful runner, standing on her paddle-box with his hat off, as if paying proper respect to the men-of-war. And now the fort opened fire at the chasing cruisers, from whom the runner was crawling, being by this time well in-shore. One vessel was evidently struck, as she dropped out of range very suddenly. On came the old V—— one of the fastest boats in the trade, and anchored all right; two or three shots in her hull, but no one hurt. Didn't we cheer her! The reason of her being in the position in which we saw her at daylight was, that she had run the time rather short, and daylight broke before she could get into the river; so that instead of being there, she was in the very center of the blockading fleet. Many men would have given in, but old M—— was made of different stuff.

We got well clear of the cruisers before daybreak, and keeping far out to sea were unmolested during the run to Nassau, where we arrived safely with our second cargo of cotton, having this time been eighteen days in making the round trip.

CHAPTER V

HAVING made two round trips we could afford to take it easy for a short time; and as the dark nights would not come on for three weeks, we gave the little craft a thorough refit, hauling her up on a patent slip which an adventurous American had laid down especially for the runners, and for the use of which we had to pay a price which would have astonished some of our large ship-owners. I may mention that blockade-runners always lived well—maybe acting on the principle that “good people are scarce”; so we kept a famous table and drank the best of wine. An English man-of-war was lying in the harbor and her officers frequently condescended to visit us. Their mouths watered at what they saw and heard of the pleasures and profits of blockade running. Indeed, putting on one side the sordid motives which I dare say actuated us to a certain extent, there was a thrilling and glorious excitement about the work which would have well suited some of those gay young fellows.

Time again came round too soon, and we had to start on another trip and to tear ourselves away from all sorts of amusements; some of us from domestic ties; for there were instances of anxious wives who, having followed their husbands to the West Indies, vastly enjoyed all the novelty of the scene. These ladies had their pet ships, in whose captains they had confidence and in which they sent private ventures into the Confederacy; and in this way some of them made a nice little addition to their pin-money. I don't know that any of them speculated in Cockle's pills or corsages; but I heard of one who sent in a large quantity of yellow soap, and made an enormous profit out of her venture.

Having completed the necessary alterations and repairs, and made all snug for a fresh run, we started again from the port of Nassau. We had scarcely steamed along the coast forty miles

from the mouth of the harbor, when we discovered a steamer bearing down on us, and soon made her out to be a well-known very fast Yankee cruiser of whom we were all terribly afraid. As we were still in British waters, skirting the shore of the Bahamas, I determined not to change my course, but kept steadily on, always within a mile of the shore. On her firing a shot across our bows as a signal for us to heave to, I hoisted the English colors, and anchored. An American officer came aboard, who, seeing unmistakable proofs of the occupation we were engaged in, seemed very much inclined to make a prize of us; but on my informing him that I claimed exemption from capture on the ground of the vessel being in British waters, he, after due consideration, sulkily wished me good-morning and went back to his ship. She continued to watch us till the middle of the night, when I imagine something else attracted her attention and she steamed away; we weighed anchor and were soon far out at sea.

At the end of three days we had run into a position about sixty miles from Wilmington, without anything happening worth mentioning. On nearing the blockading squadron, we heard a great deal of firing going on inshore, which we conjectured (rightly, as it afterwards appeared) was caused by the cruisers who were chasing and severely handling a blockade-runner. An idea at once struck me, which I quickly put into execution. We steamed in as fast as we could, and soon made out a vessel ahead which was hurrying in to help her consorts to capture or destroy the contraband. We kept close astern of her, and in this position followed her several miles. She made signals continually by flashing different colored lights rapidly from her paddle-boxes, the meaning of which I tried my best to make out, so I might be able to avail myself of the knowledge of the blockaders' signals at some future time; but I quite failed, as I could not manage to make head or tail of them.

Suddenly the firing ceased, and our pioneer turned out to sea again. As we were by this time very close inshore we stopped the engines and remained quite still, but unluckily could not make out

our exact position. The cruisers were evidently very close in, so we did not like moving about; besides, the pilot was confident that we were close enough to the entrance of the river to enable us to run in when day broke, without being in any danger from the enemy; thus for the remainder of the night we lay quite close to the beach. Unfortunately, however, about an hour before daylight we struck the shore, and all our efforts to free the vessel were of no avail.

As the day dawned we found we were about a mile from Fort Fisher, and that two of the cruisers nearest the shore were about a mile from us when we first made them out, and were steaming to seaward, having probably been lying pretty near to the river's mouth during the darkness of the night. They were not slow to make us out in our unhappy position. I ordered the boats to be lowered, and gave every one aboard the option of leaving the vessel, as it seemed we were doomed to be a bone of contention between the fort and the blockaders; all hands, however, stuck to the ship and we set to work to lighten her as much as possible.

Steam being got up to the highest pressure, the engines worked famously, but she would not move and I feared the sand would get into the bilges. And now a confounded cruiser deliberately tried the range with her Parrott gun, and the shot splashed alongside of us. Her fire, however, was promptly replied to by Fort Fisher; the shot from the fort's heavy artillery passed right over and close to the cruiser and made her move further out, and thus spoiled the accuracy of the range of our devoted little craft, which the man-of-war had so correctly obtained. Not at all approving of being made a target of, we made a frantic effort to get off our sandy bed, and on all hands running from one extremity of the vessel to the other, to our delight she slipped off into deep water.

But our troubles were not yet over. To get into the river's mouth it was necessary to make a *détour*; to do which we had to steer out towards the enemy for a quarter of a mile before we could turn to go into the river. While we were performing this somewhat ticklish manœuvre, Fort Fisher most kindly opened fire from

almost all its guns, and thus drew the attention of the blockaders away from us. In twenty minutes from the time we got off we were safely at anchor under the Confederate batteries. The vessel that had been so hard chased and fired at during the night was lying safely at the anchorage, not very much damaged.

This was by far the most anxious time we had gone through, and we had to thank the commandant and garrison of the fort for our escape. Having paid them a visit, we took aboard a pilot and steamed up to Wilmington. The Cape Fear river at this time was full of all sorts of torpedoes and obstructions, put down to prevent any gunboats from approaching Wilmington, should the forts at its entrance be taken possession of by the enemy; and as the whereabouts of these obstructions was known only to certain pilots, we had to be careful to have the right man on board. We got in safely, and finding that our cargo of cotton was ready, made haste to unload and prepare for sea again as quickly as possible.

There was nothing interesting in Wilmington, which is a large, straggling town built on sandhills. At the time I write of the respectable inhabitants were nearly all away from their homes, and the town was full of adventurers of all descriptions, some of whom came to sell cotton, others to buy, at enormous prices, European goods brought in by the blockade-runners. These goods they took with them into the interior; and adding a heavy percentage to the price, people who were forced to buy them paid most ruinous prices for the commonest necessities of life. On this occasion we spent a very short time at Wilmington; and having taken our cargo of cotton we went down the river to the old waiting-place under the friendly batteries of Fort Fisher. We had scarcely anchored when a heavy fog came on, but as the tide for going over the bar did not suit till three A. M.—which I considered an awkward time inasmuch as we should only have two hours of darkness left in which to get our offing from the land—I determined to go out in the fog and take my chance of the thick weather lasting. I calculated that if we met with any cruisers, they would not have been expecting us, and so would be under low steam.

I was told by every one that I was mad to venture out, and all sorts of prognostications were made that I would come to grief; in spite of which, however, I went over the bar at four p. m., in a fog through which I could hardly see from one end of the ship to the other, and took my chances. As we went on, the fog seemed to get, if possible, still thicker, and through the night it was impossible for us to see anything, or for anything to see us. In the morning we had an offing of at least a hundred and twenty miles, and nothing was in sight. We made a most prosperous voyage, and arrived at Nassau safely in seventy-two hours, thus completing our third round trip.

CHAPTER VI

DRIVEN BACK

AS no vessel had succeeded, since the blockade was established, in getting into Savannah (a large and flourishing Georgia town, situated a few miles up a navigable river of the same name), where there was a famous market for all sorts of goods, and plenty of the finest Sea Island cotton was stored ready for embarkation, and as the Southern-port pilots were of opinion that all necessary to ensure success was an effort to obtain it, I undertook to try if we could manage to get the *Don* in.

The principal difficulty we had to encounter was, that the Northerners had possession of a large fortification called Fort Pulaski, which being situated at the entrance to the river, commanded the passage up to the town. To pass this place in the night seemed easy work enough, as it would be hard for the sentry to make out a vessel disguised as we were; but to avoid the shoals and sandbanks at the river's mouth, on a pitch-dark night, seemed to me, after carefully studying the chart, to be a most difficult matter. This, however, was the pilot's business; all we captains had to do was to avoid dangers from the guns of ships and forts; or, if we could not avoid them, to stand being fired at. The pilot we had engaged was full of confidence; so much so that he refused to have any pay for his services until he had taken us in and out safely.

I may as well mention that there were few if any blockading vessels off Savannah river; the Northerners having perfect confidence, I presume, in Fort Pulaski and the shoals which surround the entrance to the river being sufficient to prevent any successful attempt at blockade-running.

The lights in the lightship off Port Royal, a small harbor in

the hands of the Northern Government, a few miles from the entrance to Savannah, were as bright as in time of peace, and served as a capital guide to the river's mouth. After two days' run from Nassau we arrived without accident, within twenty miles of the lowland through which the Savannah River runs; and at dark steered for the Port Royal light-vessel. Having made it out—in fact steaming close up to it—we shaped our course for Fort Pulaski, using the light as a point of departure, the distance by the chart being twelve miles. We soon saw its outline looming through the darkness ahead; and, formidable though it looked, it caused me no anxiety compared with the danger we seemed to be in from the shoal water and breakers being all around us. However, the pilot, who had charge of such matters, seemed comfortable enough.

So we went cautiously along, and in ten minutes would have been past danger—at all events from the batteries of the fort—when one of the severest storms of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, that I ever remember, came on, and enveloped us in impenetrable darkness. I could not distinguish one end of the ship from the other. Knowing that we were surrounded by most dangerous shoals, and being in only fifteen feet of water, I felt our position to be a very perilous one. By this time the pilot had pretty well lost his head; in fact it would have puzzled any one to say where we were. So we turned round, and steered out to sea again by the same way we had come in, and when we were as near as we could guess, twenty miles from land, let go our anchor in fifteen fathoms of water.

Then came on a heavy gale of wind, accompanied by a thick fog, which lasted three days and three nights. I never before in my life passed such an unpleasant time; rolling our gunnels under; knowing that we were drifting, but in what direction it was difficult to judge; unable to cook, through the sea we had shipped having put out our galley-fire; and worse than all, burning quantities of coal, as we had to keep steam always well up, ready for anything that might happen.

One day it cleared up for half an hour about noon, and we

managed to get meridian observations, which showed us we had drifted thirty miles of latitude; but we still remained in ignorance of our longitude. On the fourth day the gale moderated, the weather cleared up, and we ascertained our position correctly by observations.

When it was dark we steered for the Port Royal lightship, meaning, as before, to make her our point of departure for the entrance of the river. But we went on and on, and could not see the glimmer of a light or even anything of a vessel (we found out afterwards that the lightship had been blown from her moorings in the gale). This was a nice mess. The pilot told us that to attempt to run for the entrance without having the bearings of the light to guide us, would have been perfect madness. We had barely enough coal to take us back to Nassau, and if we had remained dodging about waiting for the light-vessel to be replaced, we would have been still worse off for fuel; of which we had so little that if we had been chased on our way back, we would certainly have been captured.

So we started for Nassau, keeping well inshore on the Georgia and Florida coast. Along this coast there were many small creeks and rivers, where blockade-running in small crafts and even boats, was constantly being carried on, and where the Northerners had stationed several brigs and schooners of war, which did the best they could to stop the traffic. Many an open boat has run over from the northernmost island of the Bahama group, a distance of fifty miles, and returned with one or two bales of cotton, by which her crew were well remunerated. We had little to fear from sailing men-of-war, as the weather was calm and fine, so we steamed a few miles from the shore all day, passing several of them just out of range of their guns. One tried the effect of a long shot, but we could afford to laugh at her.

The last night we spent at sea was rather nervous work. We had reduced our coal to about three-quarters of a ton, and had to cross the Gulf Stream at the narrow part between the Florida Coast and the Bahamas, a distance of twenty-eight miles, where

the force of the current is four knots an hour. Our coals were nearly finished. We cut up the available spars, oars, etc., burnt a hemp cable (that, by the way, made a capital blaze) and just managed to fetch across to the extreme western end of the group of islands belonging to Great Britain, where we anchored. We couldn't have steamed three miles farther.

On the wild spot where we were, there was fortunately a small heap of anthracite coal that had probably been part of the cargo of some wreck; of this we took as much as would carry us to Nassau. and arrived there safely. Thus the attempt to get into Savannah was a failure. It was tried once afterwards by a steamer, which managed to get well past the fort, but stuck on a sandbank shortly after, and was captured in the morning.

I am sorry to say that I lost a considerable amount by her mishap; but "Easy come, easy go," is the motto of blockade-runners.

It is not my intention to inflict on my readers any more anecdotes of my own doings in the *Don*—suffice it to say that I had the good luck to make six round trips in her, in and out of Wilmington, and that I gave her over to the chief officer and went home to England with my spoils. On arriving at Southampton, the first thing I saw in the *Times* was a paragraph, headed "The Capture of the *Don*." Poor little craft! I learnt afterwards how she was taken, which I will relate and which will show that she "died game."

The chief officer was as fine a specimen of a seaman as can well be imagined—plucky, cool and determined; and by the way I may as well mention he was a bit of a medico as well as a sailor; for by his beneficial treatment of his patients we had very few complaints of sickness on board. As our small dispensary was close to my cabin I used to hear the conversation that took place between Cory and his patients—*e. g.*

Cory—"Well, what's the matter?"

P.—"Please, sir, I've got pains all over me."

Cory—"Oh, all over you, are they—that's bad."

Then after a pause, it was evident something was being mixed up; and I could hear Cory say, "Here take this, and come again in the evening." (*Exit patient*).

Then Cory to himself: "I don't think he'll come again; he's got two drops of the croton. Skulking rascal! Pains all over him, eh?"

I never heard the voice of that patient again; in fact after a short time we had no cases of sickness aboard. Cory explained to me that the only medicine—as he called it—that he served out was *Croton oil*; and that none of the crew came twice for treatment.

Never having run through the blockade as commander (though he was with me all the time, and had as much to do with our luck as I had), he was naturally very anxious to get safely through. There can be no doubt that the vessel had lost much of her speed, for she had been very hardly pushed on several occasions. This had told sadly against her, as the result will show. On the third afternoon after leaving Nassau, she was in a good position for attempting the run when night came on. She was moving stealthily about, waiting for the evening when suddenly, on the weather suddenly clearing up from being thick and hazy, she saw a cruiser unpleasantly near, which bore down under steam and sail; and it soon became probable that the poor little *Don's* twin screws would not save her this time, well and often as they had done so.

The enemy, a large full-rigged corvette, was coming up hand over hand, carrying a strong breeze, and the days of the *Don* seemed numbered, when Cory tried a *ruse* worthy of any of the heroes of naval history. The wind, as I said, was very fresh, with a good deal of sea running. On came the cruiser, till the *Don* was almost under her bows, and shortened sail in fine style. The moment the men were in the rigging going aloft to furl the sails, Cory put his plan into execution. He turned his craft head to wind, and steamed deliberately past the corvette, at fifty yards' distance. She, with great way on, went nearly a quarter of a mile before she could turn.

I have it from good authority that the order was not given to the marines on the poop deck to fire at the plucky little craft which had so fairly outmanœuvred the cruiser—for outmanœuvred she was to all intents and purposes. The two or three guns which had been cast loose during the chase had been partly secured, and left so while the men had gone aloft to furl, so that not a shot was fired as she went past. Shortly after, however, the cruiser opened with her bow-guns; but with the sea that was running she could do no harm, being without any top-weights.

The *Don* easily dropped the cruiser with her heavy spars, astern, and was soon far ahead; so much so that when night came on the enemy was shut out of sight in the distance. After this the *Don* deserved to escape, but it was otherwise fated.

The next morning, when day broke, she was within three miles of one of the new fast vessels, which had come out on her first trip, flying light, alas! She had an opportunity of trying her speed advantageously to herself, and snapped up the poor *Don* in no time, taking her into the nearest port. I may mention that the *Don* and her captain were well-known and much sought after by the American cruisers. The first remark made by the officer on boarding her, was: "Well, Captain Roberts, so we have caught you at last!" and he seemed much disappointed when he was told that the captain they so particularly wanted went home in the last mail-steamer.

The corvette of the day before was lying in the port into which she was taken. Her captain said: "I must go aboard and shake hands with the gallant fellow who commands that vessel"; and he did so, warmly complimenting Cory on the courage he had shown; thus proving that he could appreciate pluck, and that American naval men did not look down on blockade-running as so grievous a sin, hard work as it gave them in trying to put a stop to it. They were sometimes a little severe on men who, after being fairly caught in a chase at sea, wantonly destroyed their compasses, chronometers, etc., rather than let them fall into the hands of the cruiser's officers.

I must say that I was always prepared, had I been caught, to have made the best of things; to have given the officers who came to take possession, all that they had fairly gained by luck having declared on their side; and to have had a farewell glass of champagne with the new tenant at the late owner's expense.

The treatment received by persons so captured differed materially. If the capture was made by an American man-of-war of the regular navy, they were always treated with kindness by their captors. But there were among the officers of vessels picked up hurriedly and employed by the government, a very rough lot, who rejoiced in making their prisoners as uncomfortable as possible. They seemed to have only one good quality,—that there were among them many good Free Masons, and frequently a prisoner found the advantage of having been initiated into the brotherhood.

The *Don's* crew fell into very good hands, and until they arrived in New York were comfortable enough; but the short time they spent in prison there while the vessel was undergoing the mockery of a trial in the Admiralty Court, was far from pleasant. However, it did not last very long—not more than ten days; and as soon as they were free most of them went back to Nassau or Bermuda, ready for more work. Cory came to England and told me all his troubles. Poor fellow! I am afraid his services were not half appreciated as they ought to have been—for in blockade-running, as in everything else, success is a virtue; whereas bad luck, even though accompanied with the pluck of a hero, is always more or less a crime not to be forgiven.

CHAPTER VII

"REVENONS A NOS MOUTONS"

AFTER the excitement of the last six or eight months I could not long rest in England satisfied with the newspaper accounts of the goings-on in the blockade-running world; so I got the command of a new and very fast paddle-wheel vessel, and went out again. The American Government had determined to do everything in its power to stop blockade-running, and had lately increased the force of blockaders on the Southern coast by some very fast vessels built at New York. Being aware of this, some of the first shipbuilders in England and Scotland were put, by persons engaged in blockade-running, on their mettle to try to build steamers to beat them; and latterly it became almost a question of speed, especially in the daylight adventures between blockaders and blockade-runners.

Some of the English vessels were constructed regardless of any good quality but speed; consequently their scantling was light and their sea-going qualities very inferior. Many of them came to grief; two or three swamped at sea; others, after being out a few days, struggled back to Queenstown, the lamest of "lame ducks"; while some got as far as Nassau, but quite unfit for further work. My vessel was one of the four built by R—— & G—— of Glasgow, and was just strong enough to stand the heavy cross-sea in the Gulf Stream. She was wonderfully fast, and, taking her all in all, was a success. On one occasion I had a fair daylight race with one of the best new American vessels, sent out to "beat creation" wherever she could meet with it—and I fairly ran away from her.

On arriving at Wilmington in my new vessel, I started to have a look at Richmond, which was then besieged on its southern and eastern sides by General Grant, who, however, was held in check

by Lee at Petersburg, a small town in an important position about eighteen miles from the capital. To get to Richmond was not easily accomplished without making a long *détour* into the interior (for which we had no time)—for the outposts of the contending armies disputed possession of the last forty miles of the railroad between Wilmington and Petersburg (the latter being on the line to Richmond). As telegraphic communication was stopped it was hard to ascertain, day by day, whether a train could pass safely.

We had in our party the young General Custis Lee, a nephew of the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, on his way to his uncle's headquarters, who kindly offered his assistance in getting us through. When we arrived at a station some forty miles from Richmond we found further progress by rail impracticable as we feared would be the case; but we got hold of a couple of wagons drawn by mules, into which we managed to stow ourselves and baggage—the latter by the way, being of considerable importance, as it contained several cases of drinkables, not to be obtained for love or money where we were going. We traveled through all sorts of by-lanes for four miles bumped almost to pieces, steering in the direction of the headquarters of the cavalry outposts, which were commanded by a celebrated raiding officer, also a nephew of General Lee. At last we found ourselves in a beautiful green valley surrounded by thick woods, where the general and his staff were quartered. He had with him two or three thousand cavalry, who in spite of their bad clothing and somewhat hungry appearance, were as fine looking a body of men as one would wish to see. The general and his staff give us a hearty welcome; poor fellows, it was all they had to offer! We on our part produced sundry cases of sardines, Bologna sausages and other tempting viands wherewith to make a feast. The drink we mixed in two horse-buckets, improvised for the occasion; a dozen or so of claret, a couple of bottles of brandy and half a dozen of soda water, the whole cooled with two or three lumps of ice (of which article, as if in mockery, the Southerners had heaps). All these good things were duly appreciated, not only by our new-found friends, who for months past had tasted nothing but coarse rye bread and pork,

washed down with water, but also by well-shaken travelers like ourselves.

Lying on the grass in that lovely spot, it seemed as if the horrors of war were for the moment forgotten. Among the staff-officers were several Englishmen, who said they had come out here to see active service; which they had unquestionably found to their hearts' content. They seemed the sort of men who would do credit to their country. I often wonder what has become of them. In one I was particularly interested; he said his name was Cavendish, but it may have been a *nom de guerre*.

While we were in the camp a picket came in, whose officer reported having whipped the enemy in a skirmish. The way the cavalry outposts engaged with each other was curious enough. The ground they met on did not admit of cavalry charges being made, as thick underwood covered the country for miles round; so when they were inclined for a brush they dismounted, tied their horses to trees, and skirmished in very open lines, every man picking out his especial enemy. When they had had enough of it they picked up their killed and wounded, mounted, and rode away.

After passing four or five hours with our friends we bid them good-by and started (still accompanied by our valuable companion, the young general) on our way to the headquarters of the army, where we were to pass the night. It was well for us that we traveled in such good company; for having to pass all along the outskirts of the Southern army, we were constantly stopped and questioned by patrols and pickets. Besides, we were sometimes disagreeably near to the outposts of the "Boys in Blue," as Grant's men were called. Having arrived at our destination very late in the evening, we bivouacked under the trees close to the headquarters of the general commanding, who was away at the front and not expected back till the next evening. The rattle of musketry and boom of heavy guns all through the night reminded us of our vicinity of the theatre of war, and somewhat disturbed our rest; but if we were a little nervous we took care not to show it.

In the morning we started in our wagons, and after traveling

a few miles across the country, came to the railway connecting the camp with Richmond. A train shortly afterwards picked us up, and landed us at the capital of Virginia, where we took up our quarters at a comfortable-looking hotel. There was more to eat and drink here than at Charleston, consequently people had cheerful countenances. However, drink was dear, brandy being 25s per bottle, it having to be run through the blockade. Here we found that the people had that wonderful blind confidence in the Southern cause which had mainly supported them through all difficulties.

At that moment, though a line of earthworks at Petersburg, hurriedly thrown up in a few hours, was nearly all that kept Grant's well organized army from entering Richmond; though the necessities of war and even of life, were growing alarmingly short; though the soldiers were badly fed and only half clothed or protected from the inclemency of the weather (one blanket being all that was allowed to three men)—still every one seemed satisfied that the South would somehow or other gain the day and become an independent nation.

While in Richmond I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the talented correspondent of the (London) *Times*. He, though in a position to look on calmly at passing events, was so carried away by his admiration of the wonderful pluck shown by the Southerners, and by the general enthusiasm of the people among whom he lived, that he allowed himself to be buoyed up by the hope that something would eventually turn up in their favor, and in his letters never seemed to despair. Had he done otherwise he would have stood alone; so he swam with the tide; whereas all of us, especially those who were merely lookers-on, should have seen the end coming, months before we were obliged to open our eyes to the fact that it was come. Through his acquaintance with the big-wigs, we managed to get a few of them to accept an invitation to a feed, as we could offer luxuries such as could not be found in Richmond.

Some of the first men in the Confederacy honored us with

their company, and made themselves uncommonly agreeable, seeming quite a jolly set of fellows. I fear that they have nearly all come to grief since then, except Mr. Benjamin, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who I believe is going the right way to make himself a name in England worthy of his high talents and education by being called to the bar. None of these Confederate ministers and officials at that time seemed to think their tenure of office in any way jeopardized. While in Richmond I had the honor of being invited, by Mrs. Davis, the President's wife, to a tea-party, which I thought very interesting. All the ladies were in deep mourning; some (the greater part) for the reason that they had lost near and dear relatives in the wretched war; others (of whom there were only a very few) I suppose were in mourning for their country's misfortunes. Mrs. Davis moved about the room saying something civil to every one, while her husband, though a stern-looking man who never smiled, tried to make himself agreeable to his guests, and gave one the idea of a thorough gentleman. I saw there army officers who had lately come from the front, surrounded by groups of people anxious for news—delegates from distant seceding States—messengers from Hood's army, about which many were beginning to be anxious—sympathizing foreigners, government officials and many others.

The whole of the conversation naturally related to the prospects of "the cause," and no one would have guessed from what he heard from Mr. Davis that the end was so near. I was anxious to see something before my return, of the army that had so long defended Richmond, so I remained only a few days, leaving the capital and its, alas! too confiding inhabitants, and made my way as best I could to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, General Lee, to whom I presented my letters of introduction.

It would perhaps be impertinence on my part to attempt to eulogize the character of this excellent man and good soldier, who, most thoroughly believing in the justice of the Southern cause, had sacrificed in its behalf everything he possessed, and had thrown all his energy and talent into the scale in its favor. Many who knew

him well have done and will continue to do, justice to his patriotism and self-denial. I had a very long conversation with him, which I wish I could repeat without being guilty of a breach of confidence, as evidence of the sensible notions he had formed of the state of affairs in the South. He was the only man I met during my travels who took a somewhat gloomy view of the military prospects of the country—of which, as a soldier, there could be no better judge.

After spending a day in the camp, we went to the railway station to see if we could get places for Wilmington. We found that the line was in the hands of the Southerners and the trains were running each night, although the "boys in blue" had a vulgar habit of firing into the carriages as they passed. But a train running, and a non-combatant passenger getting a place in a carriage were widely different things, every available seat being taken up by sick or wounded soldiers. I made a frantic effort to get into the train somehow, and after a severe struggle succeeded in scrambling into a sort of horse-box and sat me down on a long deal box, which seemed rather a comfortable place to sleep on. It was pitch dark when I got into the thing, and we were obliged to keep in the dark until after we had run the gauntlet of the Northern pickets, who favored us with a volley or two at long range from the hills overlooking the railway.

When we were clear of them, I lighted a match, and to my horror found that I was comfortably lounging on a coffin! I wished I had not thrown a light on the subject. My mind immediately reverted to the request for coffin-screws made by my friend the trader at Wilmington, and all sorts of unpleasant notions came into my head. But by degrees becoming accustomed, I suppose, to my position, I sank into a comfortable sleep, and was really quite sorry when, on arriving at some station just before daylight, people came to remove my peculiar, though far from uncomfortable couch. I felt its loss the more that in its place they put a poor fellow, wounded nearly to death, whose moans and cries were beyond anything distressing. We were a long time in reaching Wil-

mington, as it was necessary to stop and repair most of the bridges on the line before the train could venture over them; an operation at which all passengers sound in wind and limb had to assist. On arriving there, we found all the world in a state of great excitement, on account of there having been a terrible fire, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, among the cotton lying on the quays ready for embarkation. The recollections of my last proceedings in blockade-running are far from pleasant, and I shall pass over them as briefly as possible. When we had only the American Government cruisers to fear, we enjoyed the excitement in the same way as a man enjoys fox-hunting (only we were the fox instead of the huntsmen); but when dire disease in the worst form that "Yellow Jack" could take, stalked in amongst us and reduced our numbers almost hourly, things became too serious to be pleasant.

However, before the fever showed itself we made one successful round trip (in and out) in the new vessel, in capital form, having some exciting chases and little adventures, all very similar to what I have before described, the ship doing credit to her designers on all occasions. We landed 1140 bales of cotton at Bermuda, and it was after we had started from Wilmington on our second trip that the yellow fever broke out among us. I believe that every precaution was taken by the government of the islands to prevent the disease from spreading; but, increased by the drunkenness, dissipation and dirty habits of the blockade-running crews, and the wretchedly bad drainage of the town of St. George, it had lately broken out with great violence and spread rapidly both afloat and ashore. It must have been brought aboard us by some of the crew, who had spent much time ashore; we had not been a day at sea before it had got a deadly hold on our crew.

We went to Halifax, where we landed our sick and inhaled some purer air; but it was of no avail—the fever was in the vessel and we could not shake it off. As soon as we were out at sea again the poor fellows began to drop off. I never can forget an incident of that voyage, which, as it could only have happened during block-

ade-running times I will mention, melancholy though it be. Two men died in the middle watch, one night when we were in very dangerous waters. Their bodies were wrapped in rough shrouds, ready to be committed to the deep when daylight broke, as we dared not show a light whereby to read the funeral service. I never waited so anxiously or thought the dawn so long in coming. I was waiting with my Prayer-Book in my hands, straining my eyes to make out the service; the men, bareheaded, standing by the bodies ready to ease them down into the sea. I fear our minds wandered toward the danger that existed (almost a certainty) of a cruiser making us out by the same light that enabled us to perform our sad office. However, as soon as there was light enough, the Service was read without any indecent hurry, and fortunately nothing was in sight to disturb us for several hours afterwards.

It was miserable work. That morning a man came up from the engine-room, and while trying to say something to me, fell down in a fit, and was dead in half an hour. There was quite a panic among us all; and as if to make things worse to the superstitious sailors, whenever we stopped several horrid sharks immediately showed themselves, swimming round the vessel. The men lost all heart, and I think would have been thankful to have been captured as a means of escape from what they believed to be a doomed vessel. Taking into consideration that if we had got into Wilmington we would, with this dreadful disease aboard, have been put into an almost interminable quarantine (for having once before been decimated by yellow fever introduced by blockade-runners, the Wilmington people had instituted the most severe sanitary laws), I determined to go back to Halifax.

On arriving there I was taken very ill with yellow fever, and on my recovery made up my mind to give up blockade-running for ever and all. The game, indeed, was fast drawing to a close. Its decline was caused in the first instance by the impolitic behavior of the Wilmington people, who, professedly acting under orders from Richmond, pressed the blockade-runners into their service, to carry out cotton on account of the Confederate Government, in such an

arbitrary manner that the profit to their owners, who had been put to an enormous expense and risk in sending vessels in, was so much reduced that the ventures hardly paid. And when at the last Fort Fisher was taken, and thus all blockade-running entirely put an end to, the enterprise had lost much of its charm; for unromantic as it may seem, much of that charm consisted in money-making.

However, I will mention one or two instances to show what the love of enterprise will lead men to do, and with them will close my narration.

On the night of the first attack on Fort Fisher, which it may be remembered was a failure entirely through bad management, though its little garrison fought like lions, a blockade-runner, unaware of what was going on, finding that the blockading squadron was very near inshore, and hearing a great deal of firing, kept creeping nearer and nearer to the fort till she was near enough to make out what they were doing. Judging rightly they would never suspect that any attempt to run the blockade would be made at such a time, she joined a detachment of gunboats, and went deliberately in as "one of them." When they, being repulsed, had steamed away, our friend remained at anchor under the Fort, much to the astonishment of the garrison. It would have been rather awkward if the fort had been taken; but in such times no one looks very far ahead.

Another vessel left Wilmington the same night and was unmolested, but Fortune does not always favor the brave. Fort Fisher was at last taken, unknown to the blockade-runners at either Nassau or Bermuda, at both of which places the blindest confidence was still felt in everything connected with the fortunes of the South, and where to whisper an opinion that any mishap might happen to Wilmington was positively dangerous. The crafty Northerners placed the lights for going over the bar, as usual; the blockade-runners came cautiously on, and, congratulating themselves at seeing no cruisers, ran gaily into the port. The usual feasting and rejoicings were about to commence, when a boat full of armed men came alongside and astonished them by telling them

they were in the lion's mouth. This happened to four or five vessels before the news reached the islands. It was hard lines, no doubt, but quite fair—it was the blockaders' turn now to laugh.

I have now come to the end of my blockade-running yarns. I have endeavored to avoid giving offence to anyone; to the American cruisers I can, as a nautical man, truly and honestly give the credit of having most zealously performed their hard and wearisome duty. It was not their fault that I did not visit New York at the Government's expense; but the old phrase that "blockades, to be legal must be efficient," is a tale for bygone days. So long as batteries at the entrance of the blockaded port keep ships at a respectable distance, the blockade will be broken.

A practical suggestion that my experience during the time I was a witness of the war in America would lead me to make is, that both for the purposes of war and blockade, speed is the most important object to attain. Towards the end of that contest blockade-running became much more difficult—in fact was very nearly put a stop to—not by the ports becoming more effectually closed to traffic, but by the sea being literally covered with very fast vessels, which picked up many blockade-runners at sea during the daytime, especially when they had their heavy cargoes of cotton on board.

The Americans are also perfectly alive to the fact that for purposes of war speed is all-important. An American officer of rank once remarked to me: "Give me a 16-knot wooden vessel, with four heavy guns of long range, and I'll laugh at your lumbering iron-clads." Perhaps he had prize-money in view when he said so; or what is still more important, he may have felt how easily such vessels as those he proposed would sweep the seas of foreign privateers. In these views I can but think he was right and far-seeing. Time will show.

To my acquaintance and companions in blockade-running, who may perhaps recognize the writer of this little narrative, I can only

say that I look back with pleasure to the jolly time we spent together, and that I shall be always glad to meet any of them again, and over a brandy cocktail (still better if we could get our old Wilmington friend, the gentle Grant, to make it for us) have a chat over times the like of which we shall never see again.

CHAPTER VIII

A WORD ON THE LAND BLOCKADE

IT may have struck my readers as strange that, in a country with so large an inland boundary, the necessities of life and munitions of war could not have been introduced into the Southern States by their extensive frontiers; but it is only a just tribute to the wonderful energy shown by the Northern Americans during their Civil War to state that the blockade by land was as rigid as that enforced by their fleets; and almost as much risk was run by persons who broke the land blockade as by those who evaded the vigilance of the cruisers by sea. The courses of the large inland rivers were protected by gunboats, and because of the rapids and other impediments, such as snags, with which they were filled, the fords or passes for boats were few and far between, and thus easily guarded; besides which it was always a difficult matter to avoid the pickets belonging to either party, who were very apt to suspect a man whom they found creeping about without any ostensible object; and any one suspected of being a spy in those days had a short shrift and a long rope applied before he knew where he was. More from a spirit of enterprise than from any other reason, I determined to see what the land-blockade was like; and happening to meet at Richmond another adventurous individual so inclined, we commenced our plan of campaign.

By the way I ought to mention that, as we were both nautical men, we first of all engaged a pilot, thereby meaning a man who had a canoe or two stowed away in different parts of the wood, and was well acquainted with the passes on the river Potomac. Our amiable friend the *Times* correspondent, showed so much confidence in our success that he intrusted to our care a packet of despatches which were intended, if we got through successfully, to de-

light the eyes of the readers of the "Thunderer" some weeks afterwards.

We had to buy a horse and buggy, as naturally enough no one would let them out on hire for such an enterprise; besides those were not days when men let out on hire anything that they could not keep in sight. However, we sent a man on before us, in company with the pilot, to a station some miles from the frontier, so as to bring back the equipage when we had done with it. We stowed in our haversacks a pair of dry stockings, a good stock of tobacco, and a couple of bottles of brandy, against the road; we also had passes to produce in the event of questions being asked by the patrols on the Southern side of the frontier.

All being ready, we left Richmond at four A. M., traveled on a long, dreary, dusty road all day, stopping for two hours at noon, at the hut of a free nigger, where we got some yams* and milk, and about sunset arrived at the station above-mentioned, where we were to dismiss our conveyance; and right glad we were to get rid of it, for we were bumped to death by its dreadful oscillations. At this station our pilot was waiting for us. There were also a picket of cavalry, who that morning had seen some of the enemy's patrols scouring about on the opposite bank of the river, just where we proposed to land (somehow people always seem to take a pleasure in telling you disagreeable things at a time when you want encouragement rather than fear instilled into you). We had some supper, of bacon and eggs, and at nine o'clock, it being then pitch dark the pilot informed us it was time to start. I must say I would have been more comfortable if I had been on the bridge of my little steamer, just starting over the bar at Wilmington† with the probability of a broadside from a gunboat saluting us in a very short time, than where I was. But it would never do to think of returning, so we crawled into the wood.

Our land-pilot told us that the bank of the river, from whence

* Sweet potatoes.—(En.)

† A slip of the pen—the bar was at the mouth of Cape Fear River, not at Wilmington, thirty-four miles above.—(En.)

we should find a clear passage across, was about two miles distant. I never remember seeing, or feeling, anything to be compared with the darkness of that pine wood,—but our guide seemed to have the eyes of a basilisk. We formed Indian file our guide leading, and crept along as best we could. At last, after stealthily progressing for half an hour, a glimmer of starlight through the trees showed that we were getting to the border of the wood.

In a few minutes afterwards we were desired to lie down; feeling helpless as babes, we passively obeyed, and watched our guide as he moved about like a specter in the long grass on the banks of the Potomac, looking for his canoe. At last he returned, whispered that the boat was all right, and we all crept like serpents to where it was concealed. Nothing could be heard but the wind blowing through the trees, and the discordant noises of frogs and other denizens of the swamp. So dark was the night that we could hardly see fifty yards across the river. I suppose this was all in our favor; but how our guide knew the marks by which to steer was a puzzle to me, and as I never meant to profit by this experience, I asked no questions.

Not a word was spoken, as we (my friend and self) launched the canoe silently and seated ourselves—or rather, obeyed orders and lay down—the pilot sitting in the stern, facing forward, having a light paddle, which he worked wonderfully well and silently. The distance across the river was about three miles.

We shot ahead at a rapid pace for about five minutes, when suddenly bump went the canoe against something. To lie flat down was to our guide the work of a second, and the canoe was at once transformed into a floating log. Well it was so, for it seems we had struck a small boat fastened astern of the gunboat guarding the river. That the noise of the collision had been heard aboard was evident, for a sentry hailed, “Boat ahoy,” and fired his musket, and one of those detestable bright lights which the American men-of-war have a nasty habit of showing, flashed over the water, making everything visible for a hundred yards round. The current however was very strong, and I fancy we had drifted out of the

radius of the light, as we were fortunately not discovered; or perhaps the watchman on the man-of-war thought some huge crocodile or other monster had risen from the bottom of the river and come in contact with their boat. Be that as it may, we were safe, and twenty minutes' more sharp paddling brought us to land on the opposite bank of the river; but unfortunately our little adventure had thrown us out of our line, or as we sailors would have called it, out of our course.

We hauled the canoe out of the water, and hid her in the long grass. All we could see around us was a dismal swamp, with the dark wood in the background. Our guide honestly told us that, having been thrown out of his reckoning in regard to our position, to move from where we were before daybreak would be madness; so we took a pull at the brandy, lighted our pipes and waited patiently, having moved well in under cover of the long grass, so as to be out of sight of any vessel lying near us.

When day dawned, our pilot, after having reconnoitred, told us that we were very well-placed for starting for Washington; but that on account of the patrols that were constantly watching the river's banks, it would be impossible for us to move during the daytime; so we were doomed to remain all the day in the damp grass. Luckily we had put in our pockets at supper some bread and onions, so we made the best of things—and so did the sandflies. How they did pitch into us, especially into me! I suppose the good living I had been accustomed to aboard the blockade-runner, or my natural disposition to good condition, made me sweet. Several times that fearful day I was tempted to rush out from my hiding-place, and defying patrols, gunboat's crews, and all authorities, make my escape from that place of torture. Anyone who has experienced the necessity of remaining quiet under such an infliction as an attack of millions of sandflies on a hot sunny day, will appreciate my feelings.

As a diversion from our tormentors, we got a great fright about one P. M.; a boat's crew from a gunboat about a mile from us, landed, and out of sheer idleness set fire to the grass about a hundred

yards from where we were lying concealed. We heard the crackling of the grass, and thought of leaving, but our guide wisely remarked that the wind was the wrong way to bring the fire towards our hiding-place; so we felt safe. The feeling was the more pleasant that we distinctly heard the men belonging to the gunboat conversing with others, who were clearly patrols on the river bank.

The evening at last closed in; and as soon as it was quite dark we moved on, and after struggling through a thick wood for half an hour, got on the high road to Washington. We traveled by night, meeting occasional patrols, whom we dodged by either lying down or getting behind trees till they had passed.

We concealed ourselves carefully during the second day, and on the morning of the third, before daylight, were within half a mile of the city and had passed through several small villages in the environs, from which persons who had business or work in the city were beginning to emerge. As we got near the bridge * we tried our best to look like the rest of the people who were going on their ordinary business; and though somewhat severely scrutinized by the sentry, we managed to pass muster and get safely into Washington, footsore, hungry and regularly "done up."

We went to a small inn that had been recommended to us while we were in Richmond, where probably they had some Southern proclivities. No questions were asked as to where we came from, though I take it the people of the house had a shrewd guess. We found ourselves among friends and perfectly safe from inquisitive inquiries.

Thus the land-blockade was run. It certainly was not a paying concern—and I do not think much experience was gained by this particularly unpleasant exploit which after all there was no very great difficulty in performing; and I certainly prefer my own element. We made our way easily to New York, not feeling any anxiety from the fact of our being staunch Southerners in our opinions, inasmuch as there were numbers of sympathizing friends

* The historic Long Bridge across the Potomac.—(Ea.)

wherever we went; more, perhaps, than the authorities were aware of. I stayed a few days in New York, to recruit my strength after the fatigue of the journey, saw all the sights and enjoyed all the pleasures of perhaps the most delightful city in the world except Paris and London. I shall not attempt any description of New York, as this has been done by abler pens than mine.

During my short stay I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the great American humorist, Mr. Browne, known to the world as *Artemus Ward*, whose untimely death we have had so recently to deplore. I trust my readers on both sides of the Atlantic will pardon my presumption in adding my faint tribute of praise to the memory of one of whom it may be most truly said that "all men spoke well of him." Of the most genial, kindly disposition, and with the keenest sense of humor, he was about the most pleasant companion I have ever met. I was truly glad to find that when he visited England his honest worth was fully appreciated; and the large concourse of sincere mourners who lately followed his remains to the grave in Kensal-Green Cemetery attested the fact that his death was as much deplored in this country as it will doubtless be in America.

While in New York, I was greatly struck with the calm confidence of the bulk of the Northerners in the ultimate success of their arms against the South. If I gained nothing else by running the land-blockade, I at least got an insight into the enormous resources possessed by the North, and a knowledge of the unflinching determination with which the Federals were prepared to carry on the struggle to the end.

I must confess that I left New York, with my confidence that the Confederates would achieve their independence very much shaken.

Not being desirous of again going through the risk and inconvenience of running the land-blockade, I returned to Nassau by steamer from New York.

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 4

COMPRISING

A "PLAIN NARRATIV" OF THE UNCOMMON
SUFFERINGS AND REMARKABLE DELIV-
ERANCE OF THOMAS BROWN, OF
CHARLESTOWN IN NEW ENGLAND.
(1757-1760) - - - - -

Thomas Brown

THE BURIAL OF GEORGE AUGUSTUS LORD
VISCOUNT HOWE, 1758 - *The Late Edward J. Owen, A. M.*

WILLIAM ABBATT

141 EAST 25TH STREET,

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NEW YORK

1908

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[As near a *facsimile* of the original title page as possible.]

A plain
NARRATIVE
of the
UNCOMMON SUFFERINGS
and
REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE
OF
THOMAS BROWN

Of Charlestown, in New England;

who returned to his Father's House the Beginning of Jan. 1760, after having been
absent three Years and about Eight Months:

CONTAINING

An Account of the Engagement between a Party of *English*, commanded by Maj.
Rogers, and a Party of *French* and *Indians*, in Jan. 1757; in which Capt.
Spikeman was killed; and the Author of this Narrativ having received three
Wounds (one thro' his Body) he was left for Dead on the Field of Battle:—

How he was taken Captive by the *Indians* and carried to *Canada*, and from thence
to the *Mississippi*; where he lived about a Year, and was again sent to *Canada*,
During all which Time he was not only in Constant Peril of his own Life; but
had the Mortification of being an Eye-Witness of divers Tortures and Shock-
ing Cruelties, that were practised by the *Indians* on several *English* Prisoners;
—one of whom he saw burnt to Death, another tied to a Tree and his Entrails
drawn out, &c &c

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A NARRATIV

AS I am but a Youth, I shall not make those Remarks on the Difficulties I have met with, or the kind Appearance of a good God for my Preservation, as one of riper Years might do; but shall leave that to the Reader as he goes along, and shall only beg his Prayers, that Mercies and Afflictions may be sanctified to me, and relate Matters of Fact as they occur to my Mind.

I was born in Charlestown, near Boston in New-England, in the Year 1740, and put an Apprentice by my Father to Mr. Mark White of Acton, and in the Year 1756, in the Month of May, I inlisted into Major Rogers's Corps of Rangers, in the Company commanded by Capt. Spikeman.

We march'd for Albany, where we arriv'd the first of August, and from thence to Fort Edward. I was out on several Scouts, in one of which I kill'd an Indian. On the 18th of Jan. 1757, we march'd on a Scout from Fort William Henry; Major Rogers himself headed us. All were Voluntiers that went on this Scout. We came to the Road leading from Tionderoga to Crown Point, and on Lake Champlain (which was froze over) we saw about 50 Sleys; the Major thought proper to attack them and ordered us all, about 60 in Number, to lay in Ambush, and when they were near enough we were order'd to pursue them. I happened to be near the Major when he took the first Prisoner, a Frenchman: I singled out one and follow'd him: they fled some one Way and some another, but I soon came up with him and took him. We took seven in all, the rest Escaping, some to Crown Point, and some return'd to Tionderoga: When we had brought the Prisoners to Land the Major examined them, and they inform'd him that there were 35 Indians and 500 Regulars at Tionderoga.

It being a rainy Day we made a Fire and dry'd our Guns.

The Major tho't best to return to Fort William Henry in the same Path we came, the Snow being very deep; we march'd in an Indian-File and kept the Prisoners in the Rear, lest we should be attack'd: We proceeded in this Order about a Mile and a half, and as we were ascending a Hill, and the Centre of our Men were at the Top, the French, to the Number of 400, besides 30 or 40 Indians, fir'd on us before we discovered them: The Major ordered us to advance. I receiv'd a Wound from the Enemy (the first Shot they made on us) thro' the Body, upon which I retir'd into the Rear, to the Prisoner I had taken on the Lake, knock'd him on the Head and killed him, lest he should Escape and give Information to the Enemy; and as I was going to place myself behind a large Rock, there started up an Indian from the other Side; I threw myself backward into the Snow, and it being very deep, sunk so low that I broke my Snowshoes (I had Time to pull 'em off, but was obliged to let my Shoes go with them) one Indian threw his Tomahawk at me, and another was just upon seizing me; but I happily escaped and got to the Centre of our Men, and fix'd myself behind a large Pine, where I loaded and fir'd every Opportunity; after I had discharged 6 or 7 Times, there came a Ball and cut off my Gun just at the Lock. About half an Hour after, I receiv'd a Shot in my Knee; I crawled again into the Rear, and as I was turning about receiv'd a Shot in my Shoulder. The Engagement held, as near as I could guess, $5\frac{1}{2}$ Hours, and as I learnt after I was taken, we Killed more of the Enemy than we were in Number. By this Time it grew dark and the Firing Ceased on both Sides, and as we were so few the Major took the Advantage of the Night and escaped with the well Men, without informing the wounded of his Design, lest they should inform the Enemy and they should pursue him before he had got out of their Reach.

Capt. Spikeman, one Baker and myself, all very badly wounded, made a small Fire and sat about half an Hour, when looking round we could not see any of our Men; Captain Spikeman called to Major Rogers, but received no Answer, except from the Enemy at some Distance; upon this we concluded our People were fled. All hope of Escape now vanish'd; we were so wounded that

we could not travel; I could but just walk, the others could scarce move; we therefore concluded to surrender ourselves to the French: Just as we came to this Conclusion, I saw an Indian coming towards us over a small Rivulet that parted us in the Engagement: I crawl'd so far from the Fire that I could not be seen, though I could see what was acted at the Fire; the Indian came to Capt. Spikeman, who was not able to resist, and stripp'd and scalp'd him alive; Baker, who was lying by the Captain, pull'd out his Knife to stab himself, which the Indian prevented and carried him away: Seeing this dreadful Tragedy, I concluded, if possible, to crawl into the Woods and there die of my Wounds: But not being far from Capt. Spikeman, he saw me and beg'd me *for God's sake!* to give him a Tomahawk, that he might put an End to his Life! I refus'd him, and Exhorted him as well as I could to pray for Mercy, as he could not live many Minutes in that deplorable Condition, being on the frozen Ground, cover'd with Snow. He desir'd me to let his Wife Know (if I lived to get home) the dreadful Death he died. As I was travelling as well as I could, or rather creeping along, I found one of our People dead; I pull'd off his Stockings (he had no Shoes) and put them on my own Legs.

By this Time the Body of the Enemy had made a Fire, and had a large Number of Centries out on our Path, so that I was obliged to creep quite round them before I could get into the Path; but just before I came to it I saw a Frenchman behind a Tree, within two Rods of me, but the Fire shining right on him prevented his seeing me. They cried out about every Quarter of an Hour in French, All is Well! And while he that was so near me was speaking, I took the Opportunity to creep away, that he might not hear me, and by this Means got clear of him and got into our Path. But the Snow and Cold put my Feet into such Pain, as I had no Shoes, that I could not go on: I therefore sat down by a Brook, and wrapt my Feet in my Blanket. But my Body being cold by sitting still, I got up, and crawl'd along in this miserable Condition the Remainder of the Night.

The next Day, about 11 o'Clock, I heard the Shouts of Indians

behind me, and I suppos'd they saw me; within a few Minutes four came down a Mountain, running towards me: I threw off my Blanket, and Fear and Dread quickened my Pace for a while; but, by Reason of the Loss of so much Blood from my Wounds, I soon fail'd. When they were within a few Rods of me they cock'd their Guns, and told me to stop; but I refus'd, hoping they would fire and kill me on the Spot; which I chose, rather than the dreadful Death Capt. Spikeman died of. They soon came up with me, took me by the Neck and Kiss'd me. On searching my Pockets they found some money, which they were so fond of, that in trying who could get most, they had like to have Kill'd me. They took some dry Leaves and put them into my Wounds, and then turn'd about and ordered me to follow them.

When we came near the main Body of the Enemy, the Indians made a Live-Shout, as they call it when they bring in a Prisoner alive (different from the Shout they make when they bring in Scalps, which they call a Dead-Shout). The Indians ran to meet us, and one of them struck me with a Cutlass across the Side; he cut thro' my Cloaths, but did not touch my Flesh; others ran against me with their Heads: I ask'd if there was no Interpreter, upon which a Frenchman cry'd, *I am one*: I ask'd him, if this way they treated their Prisoners, to let them be cut and beat to Pieces by the Indians? He desired me to come to him; but the Indians would not let me, holding me one by one Arm and another by the other: But there arising a Difference between the four Indians that took me, they fell to fighting, which their commanding Officer seeing, he came and took me away and carry'd me to the Interpreter; who drew his Sword, and pointing it to my Breast, charged me to tell the Truth, or he would run me through: He then ask'd me what Number our Scout consisted of?—I told him 50: He ask'd where they were gone? I told him, I supposed as they were so numerous they could best tell. He said I told him wrong; for he Knew of more than 100 that were slain; I told him we had lost but 19 in all: He said, there were as many Officers. On which he led me to Lieut. Kennedy. I saw he was much Tomahawk'd by the Indians. He ask'd me if he was an Officer: I told him, he was a Lieutenant:

And then he took me to another; who, I told him, was an Ensign: From thence he carried me to Captain Spikeman, who was laying in the Place I left him; they had cut off his Head, and fix'd it on a Pole.

I beg'd for a Pair of Shoes, and something to Eat; the Interpreter told me, I should have Relief when I came to Tionderoga, which was but one Mile and a $\frac{1}{4}$ off, and then delivered me to the 4 Indians that took me. The Indians gave me a Piece of Bread, and put a Pair of Shoes on my Feet.

About this Time Robert Baker, mentioned above, was brought where I was; we were extremely glad to see each other, tho' we were in such a distress'd Condition: he told me of five Men that were taken. We were ordered to march on toward Tionderoga: But Baker replied, he could not walk. An Indian then pushed him forward; but he could not go, and therefore sat down and cried; whereupon an Indian took him by the Hair, and was going to kill him with his Tomahawk: I was moved with Pity for him, and, as weak as I was, I took his Arms over my Shoulders, and was enabled to get him to the Fort.

We were immediately sent to the Guard House, and, about half an Hour after, brought before the Commanding-Officer, who, by his Interpreter, examined us separately; after which he again sent us to the Guard-House. The Interpreter came and told us, *that we were to be hang'd the next Day, because we had kill'd the 7 Prisoners we had taken on the Lake*; but was afterwards so kind as to tell us, this was done only to terrify us. About an Hour after came a Doctor, and his Mate, and dressed our Wounds; and the Commanding-officer sent us a Quart of Claret. We lay all Night on the Boards, without Blankets. The next Day I was put into the Hospital, (the other Prisoners were carried another Way) here I tarried till the 19th of Feb. and the Indians insisted on having me, to carry to their Homes, and broke into the Hospital; but the Centinel call'd the Guard and turn'd them out; after which the commanding Officer prevailed with them to let me stay 'till the 1st of March, by which Time I was able to walk about the Fort.

As I was one Day in the Interpreter's Lodging, there came in 10 or 12 Indians, with the Scalps they had taken, in order to have a War-Dance: They set me on the Floor, and put 7 of the Scalps on my Head while they danc'd; when it was over, they lifted me up in triumph: But as I went and stood by the Door, two Indians began to dance a Live-Dance, and one of them threw a Tomahawk at me, to kill me, but I watch'd his Motion and dodg'd the Weapon.

I lived with the Interpreter 'till the first of March, when General Rigeav¹ came to the Fort with about 9000² Men, in order, as they said, to make an Attempt on Fort William Henry. Their Design was to scale the Walls, for which Purpose I saw them making scaling-Ladders. The Day before they marched the General sent for me and said, *Young Man, you are a likely Fellow; it's Pity you should live with such an ignorant People as the English; you had better live with me.* I told him I was willing to live with him. He answer'd, *I should, and go with him where he went.* I replied, Perhaps he would have me to go to War with him: He said *That was the Thing; he wanted me to direct him to Fort William Henry, and show him where he might scale the Walls.* I told him I was sorry that a Gentleman should desire such a Thing of a Youth, or endeavor to draw him away from his Duty. He added, *He would give me 7000 Livres on his Return.* I replied that I was not to be bought with Money, to be a Traitor to my Country and assist in destroying my Friends. He smiled, and said *In War you must not mind even Father nor Mother.* When he found that he could not prevail with me, by all the fair Promises he made, he ordered me back to the Fort; and had two other Prisoners brought before him, to whom he made the same Proposals as he had to me; to which they consented. The next Day I went into the Room where they were, and asked them if they had been with the General; they said they had, and that they were to have 7000 Livres apiece, as a Reward. I asked them if that was the Value of their Fathers and Mothers, and of their Country? They said they were obliged to

¹ Rigaud, the brother of the Marquis de Vaudreull, Governor of Canada.

² There were actually only about 1600.

go. I said the General could not force them; and added, that if they went on such a Design they must never return among their Friends; for if they did, and Baker and I should live to get Home we would endeavour they should be hang'd. At this Time a Smith came and put Irons on my Feet: But the General gave those two Men who promis'd to go with him, a Blanket, a Pair of Stockings and Shoes. They were taken out of the Guard-House, and marched with the French as Pilots. The General did not succeed; he only burnt our Battoes, &c, and returned to Tionderoga.* The poor Fellows never had their Reward, but instead of that were sent to the Guard-House and put in Irons.

Soon after this I was taken out of Irons, and went to live with the Interpreter till the 27th of March, at which Time the Indians took me with them in order to go to Montreal, and set me to draw a large Sled with Provisions, my Arms being tied with a Rope. By the Time we got to Crown Point, I was so lame that I could not walk. The Indians went ashore and built a Fire, and then told me I must dance; to which I complied rather than be kill'd. When we sat off again I knew not how to get rid of my Sled, and I knew I was not able to draw it: but this Fancy came into my Head: I took three Squaws on my Sled and pleasantly told them *I wish'd I was able* to draw 'em. All this took with the Indians; they freed me of the Sled, and gave it to other Prisoners. They stripp'd off all my Cloaths, and gave me a Blanket. And the next Morning they cut off my Hair and painted me, and with Needles and Indian ink prick'd on the back of my Hand the Form of one of the Scaling-Ladders which the French made to carry to Fort William Henry. I understood they were vex'd with the French for the Disappointment.

We travelled about nine Miles on Lake Champlain, and when the Sun was two Hours high we stop'd; they made a Fire, and took one of the Prisoners that had not been wounded, and were going to cut off his Hair, as they had done mine. He foolishly resisted them, upon which they prepar'd to burn him; but the Commanding

* March 18-19, 1757.

Officer prevented it at this Time. But the next Night they made a Fire, stripp'd and ty'd him to a Stake, and the Squaws cut Pieces of Pine, like Scures,* and thrust them into his Flesh, and set them on Fire, and then fell to pow wawing and dancing round him; and ordered me to do the same. Love of Life obliged me to comply, for I could expect no better Treatment if I refus'd. With a bitter and heavy Heart I feigned myself merry. They cut the poor man's Cords, and made him run backwards and forwards. I heard the poor Man's Cries to Heaven for Mercy; and at length, thro' extreme Anguish and Pain, he pitched himself into the Flames and expired.

From thence we travelled, without any Thing worthy of Notice happening, 'till we came to an Indian Town, about 20 Miles from Montreal. When we were about a Gun's shot from the Town, the Indians made as many live Shouts as they had Prisoners, and as many dead Ones as they had Scalps. The Men and Women came out to meet us, and stripp'd me naked; after which they pointed to a Wigwam and told me to run to it, pursuing me all the Way with Sticks and Stones.

Next Day we went to Montreal, where I was carried before Governor Vaudreuill and examined. Afterwards I was taken into a French Merchant's House, and there I lived three Days. The third Night two of the Indians that took me came in drunk and asked for me; upon which the Lady called me into the Room, and as I went and stood by the Door, one of them begun to dance the War-Dance about me, designing to kill me; but as he lifted up his Hand to stab me, I catch'd hold of it with one of mine, and with the other knock'd him down, and then ran up Garret and hid. The Lady sent for some Neighbours to clear the House of her Guests which they did. It was a very cold Night, and one of the Indians being excessive drunk, fell down near the House and was found in the Morning froze to death. The Indians came to the House, and finding their Brother dead, said I had kill'd him; and gathering a number together with their Guns, beset the House and demanded

* Skewers.

me of the Lady, saying I should die the most cruel Death. The Lady told me of it, and advis'd me to hide myself in the Cellar, under the Pipes of Wine; which I did. They searched the House and even came down Cellar, but could not find me. The Lady desired a Frenchman to tell the Indians *That he saw me without the City, running away*: they soon took after me, every Way. The Merchant pitying my condition, cover'd me with a Blanket and carried me in his Conveyance about five Miles, to a Village where his Wife's Father lived, in order to keep me out of the Way of the Indians. When the Indians that pursued me had returned, and could not find me, they concluded that I was concealed by the Merchant; and applied to the Governor that I might be delivered to them in order that they might kill me for killing their Brother; adding, by way of threatening, that if I was not delivered up to them they would turn and be against the French. The Governor told them he had examined into the Matter, and found that I did not kill the Indian nor know any Thing about it; but that he froze to Death. On this they said they would not kill me, but would have me to live with them. The Governor then informed them where I was, and they came and took me with them to Montreal again, and dressed me in their Habit.

On the 1st of May we set off to go to the Mississippi, where my Indian Master belonged, and two other English Prisoners with them. For several Days the Indians treated me very ill; but it wore off. We went in Bark Canoes, 'till we came to Lake Sacrament,* the first Carrying-Place. We continued our Journey till we came to the Ohio, where General Braddock was defeated. Here they took one of the Prisoners, and with a Knife ript open his Belly, took one End of his Guts and tied to a Tree, and then whipt the miserable Man round and round till he expired; obliging me to dance, while they made their Game at the dying Man.

From hence we set off to go to an Indian Town about 200 Miles from the Ohio, where we arrived in 15 Days, and tarried three. The third Night one of the Indians had a mind to Kill me; as I was

* Lake George.

standing by the Fire he ran against me to push me into the Flames, but I jumped over, and Escaped being burnt; he followed me round and round, and struck me several Times with his Head and Fist; which so provoked me that as he was Coming at me again I struck him and knock'd him backwards. The other Indians laugh'd, and said *I was a good Fellow*.

The next day we set off for the Mississippi, where we arrived the 28d of August, having passed over thirty-two Carrying-Places from our leaving Montreal. When we came here I was ordered to live with a Squaw, who was to be my Mother. I liv'd with her during the Winter, and was employed in Hunting, dressing Leather, &c., being cloath'd after the Indian Fashion.

In the Spring a French Merchant came a Trading in Bark Canoes, and on his Return wanted Hands to help him; he prevailed with my Mistress to let me go with him to Montreal. When we came there, and the Canoes were unloaded, I went into the Country and liv'd with his Wife's Father, and worked at the Farming Business for my Victuals and Cloathing; I fared no better than a Slave. The Family often endeavoured to persuade me to be of their Religion, making many fair Promises if I would. Wanting to see what Alteration this would make in their Conduct towards me, one Sunday Morning I came to my Mistress, and said, *Mother, will you give me good Cloaths, if I will go to Mass?* She answered *Yes, Son, as good as any in the House*. She did so, and I rode to Church with two of her Daughters; in giving me Directions how to behave they told me *I must do as they did*. When we came Home I sat at the Table and ate with the Family, and Every Night and Morning was taught my Prayers.

Thus I lived 'till the next Spring, when my Master's Son-in-Law, that bro't me from the Mississippi, came for me to return with him, as he was going again there to trade. I refus'd to go, and applied to the Governor. I was then put into Gaol, where I tarried 5 weeks, living on Bread and Water and Horse-Beef. When some Prisoners were going to be sent to *Quebeck*, in order to be transported to Old France, I went with them. Here we laid in Gaol

6 Weeks. But happening to see one of my Master's Sons, he prevailed with me to go back with him and work as formerly; I consented, and tarried with him till the 8th of September.

There was at the next House an English Lad, a Prisoner; we agreed to run away together, through the Woods, that so, if possible, we might get home to our Friends. But how to get Provisions for the Way, we Knew not; till I was allowed a Gun to kill Pigeons, which were very plenty here. I shot a number, split and dried them, and concealed in the Woods. We agreed to set off on a Sunday Morning, and were to meet at an appointed Place: which we did, and began our Journey towards Crown-Point. After we had travelled 22 Days, 15 of which we had no Provision except Roots, Worms and such like, we were so weak and faint that we could scarce walk. My Companion gave out, and could go no further; he desired me to leave him, but I would not. I went and found three Frogs, and divided them between us. The next Morning he died. I sat down by him, and at first concluded to make a Fire, as I had my Gun, and eat his Flesh, and if no Relief came, to die with him; but finally came to this Resolution: To cut off of his Bones as much Flesh as I could and tie it up in a Handkerchief, and so proceed as well as I could. Accordingly I did so, and buried my Companion on the Day I left him. I got three Frogs more the next Day. Being weak and tired, about 9 o'clock I sat down, but could not eat my Friend's Flesh. I expected soon to die myself; and while I was commending my Soul to God I saw a Partridge light just by me, which I thought was sent by Providence. I was so weak that I could not hold out my Gun; but by resting, I brought my Piece to bear, so that I kill'd the Partridge. While I was eating of it, there came two Pigeons, so near, that I kill'd 'em both. As I fired two Guns, I heard a Gun at a Distance: I fired again, and was answered twice. This roused me; I got up and travelled as fast as I could towards the Report of the Guns; and about half a Mile off, I saw three Canadians. I went to 'em, and pretended to be a Dutchman, one of their own Regulars, that was lost in the Woods. They brought me to Crown Point; upon which I desired to see the Commanding Officer. He knew me again, and asked me

how I came there. I told him my story and what difficulties I had met with. He ordered me to the Guard-House, and to be put in irons. About an hour after he sent me a Bowl of Rice.

After I had been at Crown Point ten or twelve Days, the Commanding Officer sent me back, under a Guard of 12 Soldiers, to Montreal, in a Battoe, and wrote a Letter (as I afterwards understood) to my Master not to hurt me.

When I came to the House, one of his Daughters met me at the Door, and pushed me back, and went and called her Father. At this House there was a French Captain, of the Regulars, billeted; he was a Protestant. He hearing my Voice, called me to him and asked me where I had been. Upon my telling him he called me a Fool, for attempting a thing so impossible. My Master coming in, took me by the Shoulder, and threatened to kill me for stealing his Gun when I ran away. But the good Captain prevented him from using any Violence. The Captain asked me if I had been before the Governor; I told him I had not; and he then advis'd my Master to send his Son with me (who was an Ensign among the Canadians). When we came to a small Ferry, which we were to pass, I refus'd to go any further; and after a great deal of do, he went without me. On his Return, he said he had got leave of the Governor, that I should go back to his Father and work as formerly. Accordingly I lived with him 'till the 19th of November; and when Col. Schuyler was coming away, I came with him to Albany.

Here I was taken Sick, and some of the Light Infantry promised me if I would enlist, that they would provide for me; and having neither Friends nor Money, I was obliged to consent. They ordered me a Bed, and Care to be taken of me. Five Days after, they put me on board a Sloop, and sent me to Kingston, and put me into a Hospital, where I was three Months.

The Regiment remained here till May, when we went to Albany, from thence to Fort William Henry, and then to Tionderoga and Crown Point; both of which Places surrendered to General AMHERST.

On Sept. 19th, went Pilot of a Scout to Cachanowaga,⁴ with Lieutenant McCurdy, and on our Return, as we were on Lake Champlain, turning a Point of Land, and under great Way, we discovered in a large Cove a French Brig,⁵ but it was unhappily too late for us to make our Escape. We were pursued and taken Prisoners (being 7 in Number), and the next Morning sent to Nut⁶ Island; where we were stripp'd by the Indians, and dressed after their manner. From thence we were conducted to Montreal and examined before the Governor; after which we were ordered to Prison. I applied to the Governor, and told him That I had been a Prisoner there two Years, and had liv'd with such a Farmer, and desired Liberty to go to him again; upon which he sent for my Master's Son, and being inform'd of the Truth of what I related, consented.

I tarried with the Farmer till November 25th,⁷ when by a Flag of Truce 250 English Prisoners came to Crown Point, where I rejoined my regiment.

After repeated Application to General AMHERST I was dismissed, and returned in Peace to my Father's House the Beginning of January, 1760, after having been absent 3 Years and almost 8 Months.

"O! that Men would praise the LORD for his Goodness, and for his wonderful Works to the Children of Men!"

"Bless the LORD, O my Soul!"

⁴ Caughnawaga.

⁵ At that time the French had several armed vessels on Lake Champlain.

⁶ Isle aux Noix.

⁷ 1759.

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THE BURIAL
OF
GEORGE AUGUSTUS
LORD VISCOUNT HOWE

KILLED JULY 6, 1758

AT
TROUT BROOK, TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

A MONOGRAPH
BY
THE LATE EDWARD J. OWEN, A. M.
Superintendent of Schools, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

ALBANY, N. Y.
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PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION

THIS paper was originally read at the Columbian celebration of July 4, 1892, at the "old French lines" in Ticonderoga, when, on the motion of the late Mr. Joseph Cook, a copy was requested for publication. It was subsequently revised and enlarged and, on invitation, read before the Albany Institute in the city of Albany on January 3, 1893, when, on motion of Judge Van Alstyne, it was unanimously resolved, "That the thanks of the Institute be and are hereby given to Professor E. J. Owen for his able and interesting paper on the burial place of Lord Howe."

In accordance with the request of many friends who are interested in the subject matter of the paper, the writer has been induced to publish the same, trusting that the arguments thus presented may convince the reader that the remains of Lord Howe were in fact buried on the battle-field in the present village of Ticonderoga, and not at Albany.

He desires to express his obligations for valuable suggestions and personal favors to Mr. D. Turner, of Washington, D. C., and John C. Fenton, Esq., of Ticonderoga, N. Y.

THE BURIAL OF LORD VISCOUNT HOWE

I COME before you to present, as carefully as I am able, the claim of Ticonderoga to be the only resting place of the remains of Lord Howe.

In these busy days of modern activity, it may seem of little moment as to what took place a century or more ago in a wilderness on our northern frontier. But to the student of history the probability or improbability of traditions or legends relating to past events becomes a most interesting study, and especially so when the event pertains to our Colonial History—a history which the genius of Parkman has so ably illustrated that we seem to have a personal knowledge of those heroic days and of the men who lived therein.

I invite your considerate attention while we enter into this realm of the past and visit those scenes of the death and burial of Lord George Augustus Howe, remembering that he was the leading Englishman in America at that time—the grandson¹ of King George I.—the special favorite of William Pitt, Prime Minister of England—the idol of the army and beloved in England and America.

It is not an unusual circumstance, in searching the records of past history, to find that either the place of birth or of death, or even the final resting place of not a few great and distinguished men has been so clouded with grave doubts as to present no sufficient or satisfactory assurance of the real truth of the case. There are so many notable evidences of this, familiar to all students of history, that we shall not spend any time in relating the many instances thus afforded. It is our purpose to present a few reasons why the former traditions relative to the burial of Lord Howe

¹ There were three brothers Howe: William the soldier, Richard the sailor, and George Augustus, who was the eldest. They were the children of the Viscount Howe by an illegitimate daughter of George I. Prof. Owen is wrong in his term of "grandson" using it in the ordinary sense.

so rest upon vague, uncertain and indefinite testimony that the accurate student may well be pardoned if he treats them with unbelief.

It is true that while men of some repute as historians have accepted these traditions, others, of as great if not greater reputation as faithful narrators of historical facts, though minutely describing the soldier-life and death of Lord Howe nowhere refer to or accept the tradition that his remains were buried in Albany.

The burial of a man, however distinguished, became in the early colonial days of anxiety and peril, a matter of little moment, and any supposition or impression as to the exact locality would naturally pass into history without any very thorough or careful examination, and thus be accepted as a fact. And so it has happened, as it has in other instances, that historical writers have accepted a general tradition as to Lord Howe's burial, and without careful investigation have assumed its truth.

We do not enter upon a discussion of the credibility of this tradition in any spirit of self-assumption, for we well know the difficulty involved in attempting to antagonize a long cherished tradition, but rather with the hope that the real truth of the case may be made manifest beyond any reasonable doubt.

The tradition relative to the removal of the remains from the battle-field and their burial in Albany may be stated as follows:

After the death of Lord Howe, young Philip Schuyler, an officer in the colonial army, was directed to convey his remains back to Albany for sepulture. He did so, and they were buried in some place in Albany. The place is generally supposed to be St. Peter's Church, known then as the English church.

This statement is generally followed by the historians Lossing and Watson.

Assuming that the remains were thus conveyed to Albany and

buried, it would be reasonable to suppose that the grave of so distinguished a man would have been marked with a monument or some suitably inscribed tablet or stone. Not to have done so would imply great neglect and a seeming indifference to the memory of a man so dear to the American colonists.

And yet there is no pretence of the existence of any such mural tablet. In fact there was none; and as a natural result we have a variety of accounts touching the place of burial, the coffin and the remains.

It is interesting to note these differences of statement or opinion or fact, as they are the substance of the entire claim furnished in behalf of Albany as the place of sepulture, and we present the same as fully as we are able to do. They may be separately stated as follows:

First. The civic procession upon the reception of the remains.

Second. The burial and the various re-interments.

Third. The various coffins and their contents.

We will briefly dispose of the civic procession without particular comment. Undoubtedly if Howe's remains were removed to Albany they must have been interred with suitable ceremony. Lossing and Watson in their histories refer to such a procession, but give no authority for their statements. No proof exists of any such fact beyond these alleged historical statements. A letter written in Albany, July 15, 1758, and sent to a New York newspaper, relates his death, speaks of his many good qualities, but does not mention or even allude to any such alleged ceremonial procession. Such a letter, written within nine days of the death, must be considered as good contemporaneous history of what actually occurred in the city of Albany. The utter silence of all the letter writers of that period regarding any military or civic display at Albany is at least very significant, for if he were buried in Albany there was no reason for any secrecy, but if he was really buried on the

battle-field, as we shall endeavor to show, there was the utmost reason for profound secrecy. Such silence, therefore, grew out of utter ignorance of any such fact.

In regard to the burial and various re-interments we have the following conflicting statements:

Proctor says that the remains were first placed in the Schuyler vault; then at some unknown time placed under the chancel of St. Peter's Church, where they rested nearly forty years. When the church was demolished in 1802 they were removed to the Van Rensselaer vault; afterwards they were placed in the new Van Rensselaer vault in the Rural Cemetery where they now rest.

Watson says that they were at once buried in St. Peter's Church.

Munsell says that a tradition prevailed to a considerable extent that the remains were buried under St. Peter's Church, but that there seems to have been no authority for it whatever. He also mentions another tradition that they were buried under the old Dutch church, and the further report that the remains were afterwards removed to England.

Another writer (W. W. Crannell), in an elaborate article in the *Albany Evening Journal* under date of November 9, 1889, alleges that the body may have been placed temporarily in a vault prior to placing the same in St. Peter's Church.

There is a curious discrepancy in the various accounts regarding the coffins which enclosed the remains.

Proctor states that when first deposited they were in a double coffin of lead. Watson says that at the time of the exhumation in 1802 a double coffin was revealed. The outer one of white pine was nearly decayed, the other of heavy mahogany almost entire.

Referring to the same exhumation, the *Evening Journal* of March 30, 1859 says that there were persons then living who recollect that at the time of the exhumation in 1802 the coffin was covered with canvas and that saturated with tar: that this coffin was then enclosed in another and then deposited under St. Peter's Church.

At the exhumation in 1859 only one coffin is claimed to have been seen by any witness.

There is the same variety of testimony regarding the contents of the various coffins as related by the different witnesses.

Watson says that at the exhumation in 1802, when the lid of the coffin was removed, the remains appeared clothed in a rich silk damask cerement in which they were enshrouded on his interment. The teeth were bright and perfect, the hair stiffened by the dressing of the period, the queue entire, the ribbon and double brace apparently new and jet black, and all on exposure shrunk into dust.

In the *Evening Journal* of November 9, 1859, it is stated, on the authority of an eye witness present at the exhumation in 1859, that the single coffin contained, besides several bones, a large tuft of human hair about six inches long, which was tied with a black silk ribbon; that the coffin bore no inscription but was supposed to contain the remains of Lord Howe.

Lossing says that he was informed by Mrs. Cochrane that when the coffin was opened many years after the burial, the hair had grown to long flowing locks and was very beautiful.

The *Evening Journal* of March 30, 1859, states that: "This morning the remains of a coffin were discovered, and in it were found the bones of a large-sized person. That these were the remains of Lord Howe there can be little doubt. Two pieces of ribbon in a good state of preservation were found."

Mr. L. B. Proctor, of Albany, states in the *Evening Post*, (N. Y.), October 17, 1889, that when the remains were re-

moved to the Rural Cemetery they were then inspected, and with the bones were found relics of military dress, such as buttons, a gold buckle, and other military insignia.

An interesting item of alleged evidence is found in the treasurer's book of St. Peter's Church, as follows: "1758, Sept 5. To cash Rd for ground to lay the Body of Lord how & Pall —5. 6. 0." No burial register covering the year 1758 has been found.

It is believed that the foregoing statements represent all the evidence that can be found to substantiate the alleged fact that the remains of Lord Howe were buried in Albany.

Upon a careful consideration of the same, it will be found that the allegation as to the conveyance of the remains from the battle-field, and the civic and military funeral at Albany, rests upon the sole authority of a letter of Mrs. Cochrane written forty-four years after the event. She was the daughter of Philip Schuyler, born in the year 1781. We have no information whatever as to whence she derived her knowledge, so that it may be determined how far her statement is worthy of credit as an historical fact. It therefore stands alone, unsupported by any corroborative testimony whatever. Indeed there is every presumption against its accuracy.

Such a removal and burial is not mentioned in any military or civil despatch, newspaper or journal, diary or letter of the time, published or printed in England or the colonies. The official documents or archives of the city of Albany are equally silent. The despatches of General Abercromby do not refer to it, and the letters of his brother officers, written from the head of Lake George under dates of July 9, 10, 12, 13, 1758, though describing the death and their sorrow, are also silent as to the final disposition of the remains; and yet the very same letters minutely describe the conveyance of the wounded Major Duncan Campbell to Fort Edward, their hopes for his recovery, his death and burial, and even the very location of his grave. How does it happen that not a word

is written regarding the disposition of the dead general? Surely if the remains were indeed taken to Albany, his comrades would have gladly attested to the fact. If they so tenderly refer to the sepulture of the dead major how much more would they have been likely to give the same facts regarding their lamented general, the acknowledged idol of the whole army!

It may be asked why should there be such silence regarding his final resting place? The answer is evident. There would have been no silence if his remains had been taken to Albany; but if his remains had been hastily buried on or near the battle-field, as these officers well knew, there was every reason for complete silence, lest by careless or injudicious word or speech, intelligence might be conveyed to the enemy. History tells us that the French commander paid sixty livres for an English scalp. Under such encouragement, so atrocious were the acts of the Indians that they even dug up the remains of the brother of Major Rogers, in order that they might possess his scalp. Hence the need of absolute secrecy in the event of the burial of a private or officer on the battle-field.

The partisan Rogers has left an elaborate journal of the war, in which he minutely gives the particulars of Abercrombie's campaign and the death of Howe; but he is also silent as to the disposition of the body.

The London files of the *Gazette* and the *Daily Advertiser* of those days contain a number of letters, dated at Albany and sent to officials and friends in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, describing Abercromby's defeat, the death of Howe, and the return of the army, but do not mention the arrival of the remains and the military display at Albany.

Neither Parkman or Bancroft, though referring to the monument in Westminster Abbey, allude to any disposition of the remains.

As the tradition owes its origin to a member of the Schuyler family, it may be interesting to consider a few facts authenticated

by history relative to its connection with Lord Howe. Mrs. Schuyler, or "Aunt Schuyler," as she was commonly called, lived at the Flats, now Watervliet. She was the mother of Philip Schuyler. In her memoirs it is related that Lord Howe so won her heart that she loved him like a son, and though not given to such effusion, embraced him with tears when he left her to lead his division to the lake. His last night prior to his departure was passed under her hospitable roof.

It is related in the same memoirs that two or three days after the battle a horseman was seen riding furiously down the road from the north, bare-headed and in great haste. Pedrom (Peter) Schuyler, apprehensive of bad news, ran out to meet him. Without checking his horse the rider cried out to him that Lord Howe was killed, and the British army defeated. Mrs. Schuyler sank under the stroke and broke out into bitter lamentations.

As the battle occurred on the 8th of July and the army reached the head of Lake George on the night of the ninth, this messenger must have started from Fort William Henry for Albany on the morning of the tenth, so that it was probably the twelfth or thirteenth when he reached the home of Mrs. Schuyler—or five or six days after the death of Lord Howe.

It is evident, therefore, that as late as July 12 or 13 Mrs. Schuyler first learned of the death. At least five or six days after the event of the death no funeral *cortège* had reached Albany. But the tradition states that the remains were started on the seventh. If so, they should have reached Albany before the messenger, or, if delayed by bad roads, have been passed by him on the way; notice of which, if it had happened, he would surely have given. But the messenger is also silent as to any such funeral *cortège*. The family history of the Schuylers is also silent. Is it reasonable to suppose that such an event, the arrival of the remains, the funeral and burial—if any such there were—would have been passed over in silence, when the family were so interested in the man himself?

In that delightful home of the past, that noble-hearted lady,

whose affection for Howe was almost that of a mother, would have sacredly received the remains for the last funeral ceremonies.

Lossing says that General Schuyler did not leave any autobiography in the form of a diary or narrative of his career; of his early life we have little knowledge except in the form of family traditions.

If the tradition that he conveyed the remains of Lord Howe was true, an honor so great would surely have been referred to in the memoirs of his mother. But it is also a matter of history that Philip Schuyler did not go on with the army in its advance to Ticonderoga, but remained at Fort William Henry as commissary in charge of the army stores and provisions, and naturally knew nothing of the battle until the return of the defeated army on the ninth.

It may be also stated that it was the custom in all cases where it was possible, to remove the remains of England's distinguished sons, who had fallen in battle, from foreign lands to their native country. This was done a year later in the case of General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec. There are many other instances. It is only reasonable to believe that the same would have been done in the case of Lord Howe if there had been a reasonable presumption that his remains had been deposited in Albany.

There is a tradition in the Howe family, alluded to in the following extract of a letter from the present head of that house: He says "it is clearly proved that the idea of removing the remains for the purpose of burying the same in Westminster Abbey was given up, and this tends to show that there must have been some difficulty in finding where the remains were laid."

This tradition, which is as worthy of credit as any statement of Mrs. Cochrane, is to the effect that Sir William Howe, a brother and a colonel in a British regiment in the battle of Quebec, after peace was declared, returned to New York by way of Ticonderoga and Albany, with the object of endeavoring to find the remains of his brother for removal to England, and that he failed in his efforts.

It is only natural to suppose that the family and friends must have made some effort in that direction, and not difficult to believe, that in such a wilderness it would be no easy task to locate the grave.

In view of these facts it may be safely asserted that there is no authentic record, no statement, official or otherwise, written or printed at that time, which can be produced to prove the truth of the tradition that the remains were taken to Albany.

We further assert that the statements, as to the alleged final resting place of the supposed remains in the city of Albany, are so confused and contradictory as to convey absolute doubt, as to the degree of reliability to be placed upon such evidence.

The first point we have just discussed being well taken, it follows of necessity that a striking difference would be found in the accounts as to the locality of the place of burial. As long as there is no contemporaneous history, reliable in itself, there would naturally be many and various accounts as to the place of sepulture. And so we find the facts to be. No accounts agree; all differ. Ingenious and ably conceived theories attempt to solve the problem, but it is, to say the least, unfortunate that no inscription or other mark of identification has been shown which would of necessity be to a certain extent conclusive as to the fact. It is true that Elkanah Watson claims that the identity of the grave in the old English church was established by a coat of arms. But he stands alone. It is not referred to by any other witness. In a matter of so great importance it is very strange that the same or other marks of identification should not have been found in subsequent graves.

The various descriptions of the coffins, as well as their contents, are at variance and equally unsatisfactory.

This, in itself, seems apparently unimportant, but when considered in connection with so many other discrepancies has its own particular weight.

Each account differs as to the material of which the various

coffins were constructed. There is no agreement whatever, and this seems to be one of the many strange features of the case. The witnesses have either drawn upon their imagination or they have not seen the same coffin. This is the only legitimate conclusion.

Watson says that in 1802, at that exhumation "all on exposure shrunk to dust, which was conveyed by vulgar hands to the common charnel house and mingled with the promiscuous dead." If this was true in 1802, how did it happen that in 1859 so many undecayed relics purporting to be the veritable remains were found? If Watson be correct, what shall we say of the statements of the other witnesses?

Perhaps the argument might be briefly stated thus: Tradition says the remains of Lord Howe were buried in St. Peter's Church. An unmarked coffin was found in St. Peter's Church containing a few relics. Therefore, in the absence of any other claimant, this coffin contained the remains of Lord Howe.

Watson further says that at the exhumation of 1802, the hair was found stiffened by the dressing of the period, the queue and the ribbon apparently entire.

Other persons also, without observing quite as much as Mr. E. Watson, saw at the same time the hair in a good state of preservation, dressed in the fashion of the day (*Albany Evening Journal*, March 30, 1859). Mr. Crannell, in 1859, saw the hair and the ribbon that held the queue.

Others saw only the ribbon. Others again saw a tuft of hair about six inches long which was tied with a black ribbon stained but undecayed.

But Mrs. Cochrane has a wonderful account and surpasses all other witnesses. She says the hair had grown to long flowing locks, and was very beautiful.

We only quote these statements as to queues and flowing locks for the purpose of saying that according to the testimony of

Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs*, Howe's hair was cropped *close*, and he ordered every one else to do the same.

The entry in the treasurer's book of St. Peter's church does not, of itself, establish the fact of the burial there.

In view of the uncertain and conflicting testimony as to the disposition of the remains claimed to have been taken to Albany, this entry might merely relate to the fact that there had been a purchase of some ground in anticipation of the reception of the remains. Under no circumstances would the mere purchase of a burial lot for the dead of itself prove the fact of the interment of the dead in the lot, unless corroborated by other evidence. Besides, it is a curious fact that the entry is in the nature of a debit entry. The entry is in September, two months after the death of Lord Howe. May we not as well infer that the entry has reference to money refunded by the church after it was found impossible to bring the remains to Albany?

Here again a most important link in the chain of evidence is wanting. The burial register, so unfortunately lost, would have furnished positive proof.

Thus it must be apparent to any unprejudiced mind, after a careful consideration of all the evidence presented, that the claim in behalf of Albany, as the burial place of the remains of Lord Howe, is not founded upon fact but rests solely upon conjecture and supposition. Whatever evidence has been presented rests upon traditions confused in the object and place; traditions not found in contemporaneous history and without any tangible foundation, documentary or otherwise; traditions which no accurate historian would accept after a careful and painstaking investigation. In fact, the leading historians of this colonial period have not accepted these traditions and thus given them the seal of their authority.

The whole argument may be briefly summarized as follows:

Different men have seen different coffins, and different men have seen the coffins deposited in different places. But there is

not a scintilla of evidence that any one of these coffins contained the remains of Lord Howe.

In the further progress of this paper, it may be well to consider a few facts relative to those early colonial days and to briefly describe the localities of Abercromby's campaign so far as they may be connected with the subject matter of this discussion.

For five years succeeding the year 1755 Albany was the principal base of military operations on this continent.

Between Albany and Lake George was the great carrying place on the Hudson where General Lyman had begun a fortification, which his men called Fort Lyman, but which was afterwards named Fort Edward. Two Indian trails led from this place to the waters of Lake Champlain, one by way of Lake George and the other by Wood Creek. In 1755 the Lake George trail was opened into a road; over which, by reason of trees, stumps, roots, and swamps, carriage or travel was necessarily slow.

The main route from Albany was from Half Moon (the present town of Waterford) along the banks of the Hudson to Stillwater; thence by water to Saratoga; thence by road to the upper falls; thence by boat to Fort Edward, and thence across the country by the new road to Fort William Henry at Lake George.*

The country around and on either side of this route was a dense wilderness or forest, affording opportunities for many strong bands of Canadians and Indians to threaten serious mischief and cut off small parties.

Ticonderoga, the objective point of Abercromby's campaign of 1758, was a high rocky promontory at the junction of the outlet of Lake George with Lake Champlain. The French fort was named "Carillon." The distance from the fort to the lower falls on the outlet was scarcely two miles. Here was a saw-mill built by the French. The only road or path was called the "carrying place," and this extended from Lake George to a point near the

* Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, vol. I. p. 387.

saw-mill. It is shown on a map in Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, vol. II., page 94. "Mountain and valley lay wrapped in primeval woods:" a forest exceedingly dense and heavy, obstructed with undergrowth and fallen trees in every stage of decay. In such a scene one hundred and thirty-four years ago Howe fell and

"From the giant tangled dark woods
In the Trout brook at the ambush,
Wet with mists of roaring cascades,
Floateth up his strong white spirit."

* * * * *

In the abbey of Westminster,
Wrote his name young Massachusetts;
Carved the word Ticonderoga
In the proud and pallid marble." *

It is authentic history that on the evening of the 4th of July, 1758, the British and Colonial army, under the command of General Abercromby, was lying at the head of Lake George preparatory to an attack upon Fort Carillon, then commanded by Montcalm; that they embarked in the morning of the 5th on the waters of that beautiful lake—a superb spectacle of the pomp and panoply of war—that at five in the afternoon they reached Sabbath Day Point, where they waited until eleven at night; that at day-break of the 6th they entered the second narrows near Rogers' Rock and at noon the whole army landed near the present steamboat landing at Baldwin. Rogers, the ranger, was ordered forward with his men to reconnoitre, while the main army was formed for the march. Rogers reached what was known as the rising ground and there remained, a fourth of a mile from the saw-mill. This rising ground is the slope of the hill where the present Academy and Union school is located, and is also noted on the map before referred to. In the meantime Lord Howe, with Major Putnam and two hundred Rangers, marched at the head but at some distance in advance of the principal column of the army.

Suddenly they encountered a company of the French, not a

* Joseph Cook.

part of the main army, but a small party who had been watching the approach of the British and, seeking their own lines, had lost their way. Shots were exchanged. A hot skirmish ensued and Lord Howe, shot through the breast, dropped dead.

The place was near Trout Brook, about seventy-five rods from where Rogers was stationed; so near that as soon as Rogers heard the firing he turned and attacked the same party of French, who were soon put to flight.

“The British army was needlessly kept under arms all night in the forest, and in the morning was ordered back to the landing whence it came.”

Such are the facts related by authentic history.

It is our purpose to show that the remains of Lord Howe were buried near the place where he fell, and that such burial was a matter of necessity.

The death occurred in the heated month of July. The army was in fighting trim, unencumbered with any superfluous baggage. Hence there were no sufficient appliances for the proper embalming or preservation of the dead. Without such means it is unreasonable to suppose that the body could have been properly carried over a long and difficult route, necessarily occupying several days, with frequent changes of land and water travel.

Besides, such removal was not practicable, in view of the danger attending the same.

Rogers, who as a participant in these very scenes is of the highest authority, says in his *Journal* that at once upon the repulse of the army on the 8th of July, he sent out five scouting parties on both sides of the lake (George), and went with one himself. The scout extended to Fort Edward. On the 8th he found a party of French and Indians, one thousand in number, on the east side of the lake. On the 17th a British regiment was attacked half way between the head of the lake and Fort Edward.

It is a matter of history that the wilderness between the lake and Fort Edward was continually traversed by bands of Indians and French in search of plunder and scalps, down to a period as late as the final evacuation of Ticonderoga by the French in Amherst's campaign. It would therefore have been manifestly hazardous to have attempted to convey the remains to Albany, requiring at least the services of a stronger detachment for a guard than could well have been spared at the time.

Watson's statement of the departure of a single barge with its naturally small company seems well nigh absurd when we consider the character and condition of the roads, the necessity of slow travel, as a funeral *cortège*, and the innumerable dangers of the journey. Such an attempt would have provoked speedy capture by a daring and watchful enemy.

It may be further stated that the exigencies of the time as well as military custom did not warrant any such removal.

When Howe fell, the army were in a peculiar condition of doubt and uncertainty. They were kept under arms in the dense forest the whole night of the 6th. Rogers held his place on the rising ground. It was evidently a general expectation that they might be attacked by the French at any time. General languor and consternation affected the courage and spirit of everybody. There was no order or discipline. All thought was necessarily turned towards their present condition. All that could have been done for the lamented dead was done. The extreme probability of a contest at any minute, the character of the weather of a hot summer month and the doubtful issue of impending events, all constrained a speedy burial. About seventy-five rods from the place where Howe fell was the oak knoll or rising ground where Rogers and his Rangers were placed. This was a suitable place for the burial, as it was near the ancient carrying place and about twenty rods east of the old military road. Such a place as this in so dense a forest might the easier be identified at any future time.

We can well imagine that sorrowful scene—perhaps in the

early evening hours of the 6th—the open grave, the manly forms of the Rangers, Putnam, Stark, Rogers and Peterson, the unfortunate Abercromby, the groups of soldiers, Campbell of Inverawe, “silent and gloomy, for his soul was dark with foreshadowings of death.” A few short words are said; the coffin is placed in the grave; a stone hastily lettered by Peterson, one of the Rangers, is put at the head of the coffin to identify the remains; the ground is carefully replaced so that hostile Indians may not wantonly disturb the dead, and the sorrowing group of soldier friends separate for their posts of duty during that long trying night, leaving the dead hero in his last restful sleep.

So Braddock was buried nearly four years before near the Great Meadows in the road, and men, horses and wagons passed over his grave, effacing every sign of it lest the Indians should find and mutilate the body.

So Colonel Williams was buried after the battle of Lake George, some twenty rods from where he fell, and the place was not discovered until long years thereafter. And so Howe was buried secretly to prevent Indian atrocities. The great battle of the 8th was fought, and no British soldier saw the locality until the following year. In the fluctuating events of the war the grave was left undisturbed. There is a tradition, before referred to in the present Earl Howe’s letter, that some attempt was made to locate the place for the purpose of removal to England. Subsequently followed the stirring events of the war of the Revolution and the place had been forgotten.

THE GRAVE RECENTLY FOUND IN TICONDEROGA WAS BEYOND ANY REASONABLE DOUBT THE GRAVE OF LORD HOWE.

The circumstances of the discovery are as follows:

On the 3d of October, 1889, a workman (Peter Duchane)* while engaged with others in digging a trench close by the doorway fence of Mr. E. M. Gifford, four feet or more under ground, came upon a piece of decayed board; still digging he lifted out

* French, *Duchasne*.

a large stone close against the board, then a human skull, then other bones of a human skeleton but so old and decayed that in exhuming them from the stiff clay they were considerably broken. The teeth were those of a young man, and round and white as to the crowns. The top of the coffin had fallen in. The sides, head and bottom were there, but so rotten that it fell to pieces with a slight pressure. The wood was thought to be pine reduced to about half an inch in thickness.

The locality is the same rising ground we have before mentioned. The ground has never before been disturbed to any depth, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The highway, on the side of which the remains were found, has been where it now runs for more than ninety years. No burial ground was ever within a mile of the spot and there is no tradition or knowledge of any burial there.

Interest was at once aroused. The stone was examined. It was a hard limestone about ten inches long by six or seven inches wide, flat on one side and oval on the other, weighing twenty or twenty-five pounds. It was encrusted with clay. In consequence of a letter or character being partly visible it was carefully washed, and to the surprise of everybody an inscription in capital letters was found cut in the hard surface in four parallel lines across the stone, the letters being two-thirds of an inch high and wide, thus:

MEM OF L^O HOWE KILLED TROUT BROOK.

The letters were apparently pricked with a bayonet or other sharp pointed instrument. It was found evidently standing upright against the head of the coffin. A fragment of a brass button; also several nails—old fashioned hand-made, such as are found in the old fort—were found, but nothing more.

The locality is identified with the eventful scenes of those disastrous days of 1758. It was in fact the only ground continuously held by the English during the 6th and 7th of July. It was a

part of the "rising ground" already mentioned. All testimony of the past and present shows that the ground has been undisturbed except by the lowering or grading of the surface some two feet, making the original depth of the grave nearly six feet.

It was discovered by the merest accident, by a man who can neither read nor write, and who had never heard of Lord Howe. There are no charges of fraud or deceit. The stone was at no time in the possession of any person who could or would have tampered with it. It was simply impossible for Duchane, the finder, to have attempted any fraud, and the high character of those who were present and aided in clearing the stone is a sufficient answer to any such suggestion.

The "o" of the "Lo" is smaller than the other letters, corresponding to the then prevalent practice in all papers and documents of designating the title of Lord by that abbreviation. The words "killed Trout Brook" are very significant, as being a fair and the only description at that time which could be given of the place where Howe was shot. The name Trout Brook is found on all the old military maps and charts of the vicinity.

Under the circumstances of the case it seems, beyond all possible doubt, that this grave so unexpectedly discovered was the last resting place of the gallant hero. The lettered stone is a relic that bears on its face the seal of truth. It is a silent witness to the establishment beyond a question of the identity of the remains. Its presence in that grave can be accounted for on no other hypothesis. It presents affirmative testimony not to be gainsaid.

But the proof so furnished is further most clearly substantiated by a tradition handed down in the Peterson family, now living in Ticonderoga.

In Rogers' muster roll is found the name of J. Peterson, a Ranger. He was a resident of Claremont, N. H., at the time of the old French War. Men are now (1893) living who remember "old Peterson," so called because he reached the patriarchal age

of at least one hundred and seven years, and because of his conversations regarding old Ti and the old war.

He had two sons, Ephraim and Amasa, both of whom eventually settled in Ticonderoga and died at an advanced age.

Joseph Peterson, who is a grandson of Ephraim, in a sworn affidavit, states that while Ephraim and Amasa were living in his father's family, he has often heard them talk of their father's services in the old French War; that for thirty years he was an Indian fighter, scout and minute man; that he was enrolled in Captain Rogers' company of Rangers; that an older brother, a provincial, was killed in the assault of the 8th on Fort Ti. That he, the father, frequently related that he was not far from Lord Howe when the latter was killed; that he was killed on the east side of the outlet of Lake George about opposite the mouth of Trout Brook; that he was present at Lord Howe's burial, and being a stone cutter by trade, he was ordered to mark a stone to be put in the grave; that the stone was lettered by him and he saw it put in the grave to identify it afterwards; that Lord Howe was buried on the highest ground right opposite the mouth of Trout Brook, and east of the outlet of Lake George.

The Peterson family have been known in Ticonderoga for three generations as very intelligent and especially upright and truthful people, and any statement made by them is deserving of the highest respect.

The statement thus related, is the only voice out of the past which gives even a hint or a suggestion as to what happened on the battle-field after the death of Lord Howe. It is worthy of credence as being connected with a family history, handed down and retained with an honorable pride by those whose ancestors took part in the stirring events of colonial times. Many an old veteran's story has gone into and become a part of our own war chronicles, all the more interesting as minute details are thereby furnished which documentary history fails to record.

It was natural to suppose that it would be necessary in the

future to remove the remains to England, and hence every possible measure to identify the grave.

If any attempt was ever made to find the place, and the traditions of the Howe family show that there was such an effort, it was fruitless. It could not well be otherwise. All external marks of burial being carefully effaced for precautionary reasons, it would naturally be difficult to locate the place in the midst of a dense forest even with the aid of any of the original participants.

A distinguished writer of Scotland, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, born in 1789, in his famous account of the Vision of Campbell, of Inverawe, in which he minutely describes the movements of the army, speaking of the burial of Lord Howe, uses these significant words:

“That he had so acquired the esteem and affection of the soldiers that they assembled in groups around the *hurried* grave to which his venerated remains were consigned and wept over it in deep and silent grief . . . and then returned to the landing place, which they reached early in the morning.”

Thus perished, in the early manhood of an illustrious career, the one man around whose name cluster the affectionate regards of the grateful colonists, so beloved by his associates that even Stark, of Revolutionary fame, was wont to say that had not death separated them he might have become a Tory and fought under British colors. “The noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British Army” was the testimony of the gallant Wolfe; “a character of ancient times; a complete model of military virtue” was the appreciative evidence of Pitt.

In memory of his virtues, for his services had not reached their full fruition, he received an honor from one of the leading colonies granted to no other leader in that war, not even to the hero of Quebec. The province of Massachusetts Bay, by order of the Great and General Court bearing date February 1, 1759, thus resolved:

"Bearing testimony to the sense which the province had of the services and military virtues of the late Lord Viscount Howe, who fell in the last campaign, fighting in the cause of the colonies, and also to express the affection which their officers and soldiers bore to his command:

Ordered that the sum of 250 pounds be paid out of the publick treasury to the order of the present Lord Viscount Howe, for the erection of a monument to his Lordship's memory, to be built in such manner and situated in such place as the present Lord Viscount Howe shall choose and that His Excellency, the Governor, be desired to acquaint his Lordship therewith in such manner that the testimony be engraved on such monument."

And yet in view of all these facts regarding the greatness of the man; his honorable reputation, the love of his friends and comrades; his illustrious ancestry and the favor of the great men of the nation, we are required to believe that while Westminster Abbey was deemed honored in containing his monument, his remains were at the same time lying unhonored and unmarked under some church or in some vault in Albany,

"and none so poor to do him reverence."

The supposition is repugnant to the mind of every reasonable person. The filial duty of the two brothers, who were but a short time afterwards in America, the loving tenderness of the colonies, would gladly have conveyed the remains to his ancestral home if they had rested where they could have been found.

But the grave on the oak knoll, a strange resting place for England's hero, failed to disclose its secret until one hundred and thirty years thereafter, and then the chance blow of a workman's pick told the long forgotten story.

It was a sad death; a young hero in the fond anticipation of coming glory cut off within sight of his crown. It was a sad and lonely grave amid the dense shades of a vast wilderness, far away from kindred and home; but it is all the more sad to know that in

view of the so-called traditional claims presented by Albany newspaper writers and imaginative historians, the remains cannot even now have suitable burial amid the scenes of his old home.

If this paper may be the means of directing the attention of this honorable Institute to a more complete investigation of the alleged Albany traditions, it will have accomplished its purpose, for they will be found to be without foundation and of no historical value.

E. J. OWEN.



THE DEATH OF LORD HOWE

A POEM PUBLISHED IN THE SCOTS MAGAZINE, OCTOBER, 1758

BRITANNIA mourns her youthful hero slain,
And sorrows flow thro' all her martial train;
The fair their tears, the brave their sighs bestow,
And sad America bewails for Howe,
Albion, with secret pride her son beheld,
Form'd for the Senate or the hostile field;
Youthful in action but in prudence old,
In counsel steady and in danger bold;
The soldier brave, with patriot soul complete,
Rever'd by all, "the virtuous, good and great."

Voluptuous ease his manly breast abhor'd,
When kindred nations British aid implored,
Without command to fields of death he rov'd,
And fell a victim to the cause he lov'd.

Oft has America extolled his care
To form the legions for the dangerous war;
How brother-like he bore with gen'rous heart
The soldier's duty with the leader's part;
Oft has beheld him with belov'd delight
Inure his vet'rans to the ambush fight.
By great example he their breasts inspir'd
To brave all danger horrid war requir'd.
Thus wisely trained, the adventurous van he led,
And fell the first among the honor'd dead.
So dy'd the hero, as he lived approv'd
By all lamented as by all belov'd.

But cease your sorrows, Britons weep no more,
Since grief cannot your fav'rite chief restore,
Then from your thoughts the fatal truth convey;
Behold his brothers honor's call obey,
Proud to avenge a slaughter'd brother's cause,
Fond to deserve their country's best applause.
Great is our loss, so dreadful be their rage,
As ruin'd Gallia only can assuage.

'Tis done! Brave *Richard* to the fight returns,
The Gauls affrighted fly, their navy burns.
William again shall scour the hostile plain,
And foes shall fly his youthful ire in vain.
Thomas enraged shall draw the avenging steel,
Till Gallia's sons their triple fury feel.
That these survive, imperious *Lewis* know
Who fear the terrors with the name of Howe.

Written at Nottingham (the home of Lord Howe) October 23, 1758.

VARIOUS ACCOUNTS OF THE ALLEGED BURIAL IN ALBANY

LOSSING in his "History of General Philip Schuyler," after referring to the advance of the British, says: "In this manner they had proceeded about two miles and were crossing a brook (Trout Brook) within the sound of the rushing waters of Ticonderoga, when the right centre, commanded by Lord Howe in person, came suddenly upon a French party of about three hundred men, who had lost their way and had been wandering in the forest for twelve hours. . . . At the first fire Lord Howe was struck by a musket ball and expired immediately. . . . On the 7th, another boat had passed over the lake upon a different errand. It contained the body of the young Lord Howe. . . . It was carried on a rude bier to Fort Edward and thence to Albany in a batteau. Major Schuyler caused it to be entombed in his *family vault*; and there it lay many years, when the remains were placed in a *leaden* coffin and deposited under the chancel of St. Peter's Church in that city. They rest there still. We have observed that Lord Howe, as an example to his soldiers had cut his fine and abundant hair very short. When his remains were taken from Schuyler's vault for re-entombment, his hair had grown to *long flowing locks and was very beautiful.*"

Macauley's *History of New York* claims that Howe was shot by an Indian, but has not a word to say of the burial.

Weise's *History of Albany* says "by some it is said that the corpse was interred in a vault of the English church; by others in one of the Reformed Protestant Dutch churches."

Watson in his *History of Essex County* says:

"The body was conveyed to Albany and buried in St. Peter's Episcopal Church, which stood in the middle of State Street. His obsequies were performed with every pomp of

military display and all the solemnities of religious rites. An heraldic insignia marked the location of the grave. Forty-four years elapsed, and in the progress of improvement that edifice was demolished, and the grave of Howe exposed. A *double coffin* was revealed. The outer one, which was made of *white pine*, was nearly decayed; but the other, formed of *heavy mahogany*, was almost entire. In a few spots it was wasted and the pressure of the earth had forced some soil into the interior. When the lid was removed, the remains appeared clothed in a *rich silk damask cerement*, in which they were enshrouded on his interment. The teeth were bright and perfect, *the hair stiffened by the dressing of the period*, the queue entire, the ribbon and double brace apparently new and jet black. *All on exposure shrunk into dust, and the relics of the high bred and gallant peer were conveyed by vulgar hands to the common charnel house and mingled with the promiscuous dead.*"

The author adds by way of a foot-note that he was indebted in part "to a published letter of Mrs. Cochrane for the fact of the interment of Howe in St. Peter's and to the manuscript of Elkanah Watson for the circumstances of his exhumation."

Munsell, in his *Collections on the History of Albany*, vol. I., page 890, says:

"A tradition prevailed to a considerable extent that the remains of the Lord Howe who was killed in Abercromby's campaign in 1758 were buried under St. Peter's Church recently demolished (1859). *There seems to have been no authority for it whatever.* There is another tradition that he was buried under the *old Dutch church* and his remains afterwards removed to England."

In the same volume, page 446, he further says:

"It is stated in one of the city papers that one of the bodies found under St. Peter's Church is supposed to have

been that of Lord Howe, from the fact that the deceased wore *long hair*. Colonel David Humphreys in his *Life of General Putnam* states, and on the authority of the latter, that Lord Howe cut off his own hair and required the soldiers of his regiment to do the same."

In the *Albany Evening Journal* of March 30, 1859, we find the following statement:

"This morning the remains of a coffin were discovered, and in it were found the bones of a large-sized person. That these were the remains of Lord Howe *there can be but little doubt*. Two pieces of ribbon in a good state of preservation were found among the bones, which are supposed to have bound his hair together. There are persons now living in this city who distinctly recollect the fact of their removal from beneath the English church, as it was then called, to the grounds of the present St. Peter's. It is alleged by them that the coffin was covered with *canvas* and that *saturated with tar*; that it was opened and exhibited the hair in a good state of preservation dressed in the fashion of the day. The coffin was *enclosed in another* and then deposited under St. Peter's Church."

In a letter to the *New York Evening Post* under date of October 17, 1889, Mr. L. B. Proctor, described as the "State Historian," although we have no knowledge of any such office at that time, is quoted as authority for the following statements:

1. That the body was first placed in the Schuyler vault.
2. Then under the chancel of St. Peter's Church.
3. Then in the Van Rensselaer vault.
4. Finally in the new Van Rensselaer vault in the Rural Cemetery, "where they now rest."

He is also quoted as saying that "when the remains were removed from the old Van Rensselaer vault to the new one in the



Munsell's *Annals of History of Albany* from 1620 to 1850, minute narrative of recorded events, fails to mention or even refer any reception or disposal of the remains in Albany.

General Philip Schuyler died November 18, 1804, and was buried in the family vault of Hon. Abram Ten Brook. It is a mere presumption, therefore, that the general did not own a family plot.

Niles' *Historical Narrative of the War in New England* (vol. page 467) edited by the Massachusetts Historical Society, in narrating various stories regarding the battle not to be found in any other history, says, "The body of Lord Howe was soon after brought to Albany and honorably interred."

Mr. Niles died in 1762. The manuscript of his narrative had been laid away in some trunk or box, where it remained for half a century or more. It was found by accident and placed in the hands of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which published it in 1856 after revising and correcting the manuscript.

A star (*) placed after the word "*interred*" in the text of the narrative as quoted above refers the reader to Minot's *History of Massachusetts*, vol. II., page 89 and note. Holmes' *Annals*, vol. II., page 82 and note, and Bancroft's *History of the United States*, vol. IV, pages 299, 308.

As these references are to modern authors, who lived from a half to three-quarters of a century after the death of Mr. Niles, it is evident that the above quotation as to Howe's burial has been adopted by those who "revised and corrected" the manuscript for publication, and it is not entitled to any consideration as contemporary authority. Besides it is strange that the writers, to whom reference is thus made, make no mention of any burial in Albany, and do not corroborate the statements of the text in reference thereto.

CONTEMPORANEOUS HISTORY, AS FOUND IN LETTERS, NEWSPAPERS,
MAGAZINES AND OTHER RECORDS OF THE YEAR 1758.

THE London *Daily Advertiser* and the *Gazette* issued in the months of August and September, 1758, contain a number of American letters, long and short, dated at the head of Lake George, Albany, New York and Boston, giving minute descriptions of the campaign and in particular the manner in which Lord Howe was killed and his many noble qualities, but refer in no instance to any disposition of his remains.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains two letters dated at Lake George, July 14 and 15, 1758, which give no account of any removal of the remains to Albany.

General Abercromby's despatch dated "Army Headquarters, Lake George, July 12, 1758," says not a word of any disposition of the body, although referring appropriately to Lord Howe's death.

The following historians of that period do not allude to any conveyance of the remains to Albany: Rogers' *Journal*, Hutchinson's *History of Mass. Bay*, etc., Humphreys *Life of Putnam*, *Memoirs of Gen. Stark*, Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

The following letter, written in Albany under date of July 15, 1758, and printed in the London *Daily Advertiser* of August 22, 1758, contains no reference to the Albany obsequies and burial. It is written nine days after Howe's death, and certainly within or shortly after the period of the alleged lying in state and burial in Albany:

"It is with the utmost concern I acquaint you that Viscount George Augustus Howe, Baron of Clenawly in the county of Fermanah, in the Kingdom of Ireland, on Thurs-

day, the 6th inst., July, was slain, valiantly fighting the French at Ticonderoga. This excellent young nobleman, at an age when others go to learn the art of war, at once appeared a finished statesman and general, sober, temperate, modest and active and did his business without noise. This brave man on his arrival in America entered into the spirit of the country and the enemy he was to engage; exercised his regulars in 'bush-fighting,' accustomed himself to long marches, carried his own provisions, generally soldier's fare—bread and pork—and by his example encouraged and brought over many to his discipline. This, all who had known him can affirm. Should I enlarge on the virtues of the deceased it would exceed the design of your paper."

The silence of this letter touching the Albany burial is very *significant*.

According to Lossing, General Schuyler, who is claimed to have taken the remains to Albany and in whose vault they were said to have been placed, sailed for England February 16, 1761, not quite three years after Howe's death. Surely if the remains had been placed in his vault or in any place in Albany he would have taken them with him to England, as a manifest duty not only to himself, as a friend, but also to the mother and brothers of Lord Howe.

The *Scots* (Edinburgh) *Magazine* of August, 1758, referring to the death of Howe says "July 6, killed in an action near Ticonderoga in North America, George Augustus Howe, Lord Viscount Howe, an Irish peer, member from Nottingham, colonel of the 55th regiment of foot, and a brigadier on the American establishment. His lordship is succeeded in honors and estate by his brother Richard Howe."

But there is no reference to any burial.

Captain David Holmes of Connecticut commanded a company

in Colonel Fitch's regiment at the battle of Ticonderoga, July, 1758. He was the author of four volumes of manuscript which comprised his "orderly books." These passed into the possession of Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., minister of the First church in Cambridge, Mass. Dr. Holmes, in his *Annals of America*, quotes largely from this manuscript in regard to the old French war and particularly, Abercromby's campaign, but finds no record regarding any disposition of the remains of Lord Howe.

Extracts from the *Memoirs of an American Lady* by Mrs. Anne Grant:

This lady in her younger years was a friend of the various representative families of Albany and vicinity and among others of Mrs. (Aunt) Schuyler, the mother of Philip Schuyler. She narrates many things of interest in connection with Abercromby's campaign, and referring to the reforms made by Lord Howe in the service says: "He forbade all display of gold and scarlet in the rugged march they were about to make, and set the example by wearing himself an ammunition coat, one of the soldiers', cut short. The greatest privation of the young and vain yet remained. Lord Howe's hair was fine and very abundant. He however cropped it, and ordered everyone else to do the same. * * * The night before the army moved, Madam and Lord Howe had a long and serious conversation. In the morning his lordship proposed setting out very early, but Aunt Schuyler had breakfast ready, which he did not expect. He smiled and said he would not disappoint her as it was hard to say when again he might breakfast with her or any other lady. * * * A few days after Lord Howe's departure, in the afternoon, a man was seen coming from the north, galloping violently without a hat. Pedrom (Mrs. Schuyler's brother) ran instantly to inquire the cause. The man galloped on crying out Lord Howe was killed. * * *" She further states that Mrs. Schuyler had her house and barn fitted up as a hospital for the wounded, and speaks of

her extreme kindness and continues, " Could I clearly arrange and recollect the incidents of this period, as I have often heard them, they would of themselves fill a volume."

Mrs. Grant left Albany prior to 1810, and yet, strange to say, she makes no statement regarding the disposition of Lord Howe's body. Her narrative, so far as he is concerned, ends with the tidings of his death as brought by the messenger. It seems impossible to believe that her story of those eventful days, so minute and particular in other respects, even to details of the reception and care of the wounded after the battle, should have failed to mention the Albany funeral and burial, if any such event had taken place.

The published letters and correspondence of William Pitt, Prime Minister of England, contain no letter or other writing in any way referring to the burial of Lord Howe.

Extract from letter of D. Turner, Washington, D. C.:

" I have searched thoroughly in the Congressional Library at Washington the *Gentleman's Magazine* from August to December, 1758, inclusive, also the numbers for the year 1759, and also the *Scots Magazine*. I then went through with the utmost care the files of the London *Daily Advertiser* (of which not a number is missing) subsequent to July 1st, 1758, to the end of the year, also other contemporaneous history. I found several letters giving in full the account of the advance, the death of Lord Howe, the defeat and the return of the army to the head of Lake George; also the names of some of the wounded, the case of Major Campbell, his death and burial at Fort Edward, but not a word or a reference in any form as to the disposition or burial of the remains of Lord Howe. It is a very singular fact, most worthy of attention, that neither Abercromby, Pitt, Schuyler, Aunt Schuyler, the officers attached to the expedition, nor any of the contemporaneous writers have a word to say as regards what was done with Lord Howe's remains.

If the body had been taken to Albany, why was not the fact recorded? There could surely have been no reason for any silence in regard thereto if such had been the fact. But if the remains were buried at Ticonderoga, on the soil of the enemies' scalpers, we can readily understand why the strictest secrecy should be observed.

Show us a line from a newspaper, letter or magazine written or printed at the time of the French war; or a monument, tablet or gravestone on which even the letter 'H' is engraved or any mark to sustain the Albany story, then it may be possibly admitted that there is a slight cause to put some credence in the tradition. In the absence of such evidence, the tradition has no legal or authentic foundation."

TESTIMONY REGARDING THE MARKED STONE FOUND IN LORD HOWE'S
GRAVE, TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
County of Essex, } ss.:

On this 1st day of June, 1891, before the undersigned, a notary public in and for said county, came Joseph Peterson, to me well known and whom I certify to be entirely respectable and worthy of full credit, and who being duly sworn by me, deposes and says:

That he resides in the town of Ticonderoga, in said county, on Trout Brook, and is 59 years of age. That his father, Benjamin Peterson, was a native of Claremont, N. H., and came from Barret, Vt., to Trout Brook valley, and settled there in September, 1837, and died there at the age of 91 years, a few years ago.

An uncle of said Benjamin Peterson, named Amasa Peterson, had settled on Trout Brook a few years before deponent's father so came there. Two or three years after Benjamin Peterson so

settled on Trout Brook, deponent's grandfather, whose name was Ephraim Peterson, came from the east, and lived with his son Benjamin until said Ephraim's death. He was 92 or 93 years old then, and died at Trout Brook aged 95 years or upwards. Said Amasa Peterson was about five years younger. He died aged between 92 and 95 years of age. Amasa Peterson was a school teacher, and said Ephraim was a veterinary surgeon. The foregoing are matters of family history gathered by deponent from his father and said old men.

That deponent, while said grandfather and granduncle were living in his father's family, often heard them talk of their father's services in the old French war, about Ticonderoga and vicinity, and of Trout Brook. Their father told them that at that time the forest in Trout Brook valley was the worst jungle that he ever traveled through. This place was called Trout Brook at the time. (1755-58)

They said that for thirty years their father was an Indian fighter and scout and minute man. Deponent was greatly interested in what they said of the events of that war in Ticonderoga, and his memory of their statements is distinct. He heard the same many times.

They said that their father was in Captain Rogers' company of Rangers. That they had an older brother who was in the same war, but in a provincial regiment, an enlisted soldier. That this brother was killed in the assault on Fort Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758, two days after Lord Howe's death. Their father told them that he was present under Captain Rogers, and he was not far from Lord Howe when the latter was shot—on the 6th of July.

The old man, their father, told them that Howe was killed on the east side of the outlet of Lake George, about opposite the mouth of Trout Brook, and he told them that he was present at Lord Howe's burial, and being a stone cutter by trade, he was ordered to mark a stone to be put in the grave. And that he lettered a stone and put it in the grave, to identify the body afterwards. He

said that Lord Howe was buried in the highest ground right opposite the mouth of Trout Brook, and east of the outlet of Lake George. From their father's description of the spot they thought they could go very near the spot themselves.

He told them that in that war he worked at the building of Fort George, at the head of Lake George, and upon other forts in these parts.

Deponent further says that it is a part of the family history handed down in the family, that his said great grandfather moved from Bridgewater, Mass., to Claremont, N. H., before the old French war. And that he was a "minute man" and ranger or scout under Rogers, and that he lived to a very great age being 107 years old or upwards at his death.

JOSEPH PETERSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 1st day of June, 1891.

JOHN C. FENTON,

Notary Public,

Essex County.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
County of Essex, } ss.:

On this 19th day of January, 1898, personally came before the undersigned, a notary public, residing in Ticonderoga, in said county, Peter Duchane, to me known and whom I certify to be respectable and entitled to credit, and who being duly sworn by me deposes and says:

That he resides in said town and is a workman. That on the 8d day of October, 1889, while deponent and others were digging a drain along the elevation of ground east of Trout Brook in said town, and about one-fourth of a mile southerly from the outlet of

Lake George, deponent uncovered a decayed wooden coffin containing the remains of a man. That said spot was marked by the stone inscribed "Mem. of L^o Howe, Killed Trout Brook." This stone was placed against the head of the coffin. No inscription was visible on the stone at that time, it being covered by a film of clay which filled all the letters of the inscription. The stone was laid on the bank of the ditch and was left there until a day later when John C. Fenton, the town clerk of said town, requested deponent to bring the stone to his office, which deponent then did. No letters were yet visible on the stone. By said town clerk's directions deponent then washed the clay from said stone at a sink near by. The inscription then appeared in the precise condition now visible on the stone. The stone has never since its discovery been marked nor tampered with in any manner, nor has any tool of any sort been used upon the stone or the inscription. That deponent, at the request of said town clerk and the town supervisor, placed the stone in the custody of said town officers directly after the inscription was so discovered and the same has ever since been in their custody until the last two or three months, during which time it has been in deponent's custody, except for a short period during which Prof. E. J. Owen had the stone in his possession to take the same to Albany to illustrate his lecture upon the death and grave of Lord Howe. That the stone is now in precisely the same condition it was in when the clay was first washed out of the inscription as aforesaid.

The said coffin laid about four or four and one-half feet below the surface, with the head and this stone in the ditch deponent was digging, and the body of the coffin extending easterly under the sidewalk along the roadside at the place.

A piece of graphite rock of four or five pounds' weight also laid at the head of the coffin beside the stone. No specimen of graphite rock is known to exist within four miles of the spot in question. Deponent further says that the human bones, together with several wrought nails from the decayed coffin, were taken up from the said grave at the same time after the discovery and at once delivered into the custody of the said town officers, and were

enclosed in a tightly nailed box and so enclosed have remained to this time in the possession of the said town officers, viz: town clerk and supervisor.

His
PETER + DUCHANE.
Mark.

Sworn to before me this 19th
day of July, 1898.

JOHN C. FENTON,

Notary Public,

Essex County.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.:
County of Essex, }

On this 20th day of January, 1898, at Ticonderoga, in said county, before the undersigned personally came John C. Fenton, a resident of said town, whom I certify to be a counselor at law and town clerk of said town, who, being duly sworn by me, deposes and says:

That he is an attorney and counselor at law and town clerk of said town of Ticonderoga. That in regard to the grave, the inscribed stone and the human remains discovered in said town on the third day of October, 1889, and supposed to be the remains of Lord Howe, deponent says that he was present at the time of said discovery of the same, and saw said grave, coffin and remains, and saw the latter taken from the ground. That said human bones, contained in a securely fastened box, have ever since that time been, and are now, in deponent's possession as town clerk.

That by deponent's direction Peter Duchane, the workman who discovered the grave, brought the stone found at the head of the coffin in the bottom of the grave, to deponent at his office, the day after the discovery. At this time no inscription was visible, the stone being covered by a film of clay, which filled up the in-

scription entirely. By deponent's direction said Duchane washed said stone in a sink hard by. This cleansing revealed the inscription "Mem. of L° Howe Killed Trout Brook" as it appears at this day, and as Duchane was unable to read, deponent was the first person after the discovery to see and read the said inscription. By deponent's advice the stone, with the remains found in the grave, was directly afterwards placed in the custody and possession of deponent as town clerk and Charles A. Stevens, the supervisor of said town, for safety. And the same have constantly remained in their possession until about two months prior to the date hereof, when the stone went into the custody of said Peter Duchane with whom it has remained to this date except for a few days, during which Prof. E. J. Owen had the stone in his possession to take it to Albany to illustrate his essay upon Lord Howe's death and place of burial.

No mark has been placed on or removed from said stone since its discovery. It has not been changed or tampered with nor subjected to any experiment whatever since its removal from said grave. The inscription, the several letters and the surface of the stone remain in the precise condition first revealed by the washing of the clay from the same as above described. The letters appear to have been formed with a punch of some sort, perhaps the point of a bayonet, used as a punch with a hammer.

On the removal of the clay, the letters appeared as fresh as they do now. There has been no change in their appearance. As above stated the human bones found in said grave, with some fragments of the coffin, still remain in deponent's possession, but so decayed that it is apparently impossible to tell the kind of wood of which it was made.

JOHN C. FENTON.

Sworn to before me this 20th
day of January, 1893.

P. J. FINN,

Notary Public.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
County of Essex, } ss.:

On this 19th day of January, 1898, before the undersigned, a notary public of said county, residing in the town of Ticonderoga, personally came Charles A. Stevens, to me known, who being duly sworn by me, did depose and say:

That he is a merchant and resident of said town, and that in the month of October, 1889, and at and after the time of the discovery in said town of the grave, supposed to be the grave of Lord Howe, and of the inscribed stone in said grave, deponent was the supervisor of said town of Ticonderoga.

That directly after the discovery of said grave and stone the said stone was delivered to deponent as supervisor and John C. Fenton as town clerk of said town for safe-keeping, by Peter Duchane, the person who discovered said grave and stone. That the said stone remained in their custody from that time, until about two months ago, when the possession thereof was resumed by said Duchane.

That during the possession of said stone by said town officers, the same was not, nor have the letters thereof been changed or altered or tampered with in any manner. No tool has been used upon the stone or the inscription. Both are now in the same condition they were in when discovered. Nothing has been added to or taken away from the same.

That the human remains found in the said grave and which were at the same time delivered into the possession of the same two town officers for safe-keeping, still remain and have ever since remained, in the office and actual custody of said town clerk.

CHARLES A. STEVENS.

Sworn to before me this 19th
day of January, 1898.

JOHN C. FENTON,
Notary Public.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
County of Essex, } ss.:

On this 21st day of January, 1893, personally came before the undersigned, a notary public of said county, residing in the town of Ticonderoga, Dr. Rollin C. Wilcox, well known to me and whom I certify to be a physician and surgeon in good and regular standing in said town and county, and who being duly sworn by me, deposes and says:

That he resides in said town of Ticonderoga and is a physician and surgeon, and has practiced in said town for twelve years last past.

That deponent has seen and carefully examined the human remains discovered in said town in October, 1889, said to be the remains of Lord Howe. That the same were in the custody of John C. Fenton, town clerk of said town, when deponent examined said remains, and were exhibited to him by said town clerk, who informed deponent that they were the same bones which had been found with the stone, inscribed with the name and death of Lord Howe and which, as such, had been deposited with said town clerk and supervisor in October, 1889, and had been in his actual possession ever since that date.

That deponent saw and examined the skull (in pieces) the teeth, the bones of the arms and legs, and other smaller bones of the skeleton. That they are very old and in a crumbling condition, being very light and friable from age.

That they are the bones of a man and in deponent's opinion the bones of a young man or a man of middle age. The teeth are sound and unworn and are not the teeth of an old man. That the skull is in pieces, being divided at the sutures, but the pieces of the skull being more dense are less crumbling or friable than the other bones. In taking the bones from the stiff clay in which they had so long laid, they were somewhat broken. With the said bones,

deponent saw some pieces of the wooden coffin in which they were found. These pieces were so decayed and sponge-like that deponent could not determine the species of wood of which the coffin was made.

R. C. WILCOX.

Sworn to before me this 21st
day of January, 1898.

JOHN C. FENTON,
Notary Public,
Essex County.

Extracts from some of the many letters received by the Author.

From Francis Parkman, the eminent historian:

"Your statements are very clear and the evidence which sustains them furnishes very strong reasons to believe that Lord Howe was buried not at Albany, but near the spot where he was killed, not far from the mouth of Trout brook."

From Ezra Brainard, president of Middlebury College:

"I am much obliged to you for the copy of 'The Burial of Lord Howe.' I have read it through with deep interest and am convinced of the correctness of your view."

From Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane, Bishop of Albany:

"I am bound to say that Mr. Owen seems to me to have made out very thoroughly both sides of his case. He certainly has shown that there is absolutely no trustworthy evidence of the burial having taken place in Albany, and I think he gives very good reason to believe that the burial really did take place at Trout brook."

From Hon. J. S. Landon, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York:

"At the time of the discovery in your village of the memorial stone, I became interested in the question of the place of Lord Howe's burial, and made such examination as my time and facilities would admit. I came to the conclusion that the remains were never removed to Albany. Your investigation is much more thorough than mine was and after reading your paper I am satisfied you are right."

From Dr. A. Vanderveer, one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York:

"I wish to thank you for reprint of your paper, which I have studied with a great deal of earnestness and interest. It seems to me that you are entirely correct in your conclusions and that there is no force whatever in the argument presented in the theory that Lord Howe was buried here in this city."

From Rev. James E. Coley, Secretary of the Saugatuck Historical Society, Westport, Conn.:

"I have read your pamphlet with intense interest and desire to say that, to my mind, there is every necessary evidence to prove that the grave of Lord Howe has been

discovered in Ticonderoga, and that the remains found were truly those of that gallant man. It seems to me that the evidence is unanswerable. You have done a good work and though a stranger, I want to thank you for it. The monograph shows much valuable and painstaking research and I am sure the proof must be conclusive to all except perhaps to Albany skeptics. I shall be surprised if your paper does not lead to a universal acceptance of this historical proof, and to the abandonment of those old-time and worthless traditions about Lord Howe's burial place."

From General Selden E. Marvin, Albany, N. Y.:

"I have read the monograph with deep interest and must say the Professor makes out a strong case in favor of Ticonderoga as being the place where Lord Howe was buried as against the multiplicity of views in favor of Albany, the latter, however, seemingly not having as authentic a record as the former."

From Joseph Cook, the eminent Boston lecturer:

"I congratulate you on the convincing power of your arguments in your admirable pamphlet on the burial of Lord Howe. They are thus far wholly unanswerable by those who think Lord Howe was buried in Albany. For one I must give you my adherence most cordially, for as the evidence now stands, your position seems to me unassailable."

The remains of Lord Howe, enclosed in an oak casket, bearing on a brass plate the inscription "George Augustus, Lord Viscount Howe, re-buried July 31, 1899," were exposed to view.* In the casket was a bullet picked up inside the coffin by Mr. E. M. Gifford, when the remains were dug up, probably the ball that killed Lord Howe. There was also placed in the casket a lead box containing a certificate that the remains were those disinterred October 3, 1889.

The boulder, which had been covered with a large American flag and the ensigns of England and France, was then uncovered. The Doxology was sung and the meeting closed.

MEMORIAL STONE IN THE OAK GROVE, TICONDEROGA

Dedicated on Champlain Day, July 31st, 1899.

These are the men whose glorious names we own;
Preserve them long, thou gray Memorial Stone.
Red Chiefs, Champlain, Montcalm, Lord Howe, Burgoyne,
Star groups with Amherst, Putnam, Allen, join;
Honor we give the honest and the brave,
Nor truth nor valor bury in the grave.

God's heroes live, nor yet have done their part;
They flame toward Heaven in every high-born heart.
On tiptoe here last stood the proud New France,
On tiptoe Britain, with a lion's glance,
Saw here her stateliest hour, her checked advance,
Beneath these Western suns. Long may they roll
Resplendent, vivifying part and whole;
Illume united lands, in God's control.

—JOSEPH COOK.

* At the meeting, July 31, 1891.

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